

the latter telegraphed a spirited protest to Constantinople, and the Sultan, to manifest his dissatisfaction with his vassal, paid marked attention to the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. So, at least, it is reported. The revival of the announcement that the Czar will visit Berlin on his way back from Denmark this autumn has its counterpoise in the fresh reports as to the warlike preparations in Poland and as to the probable reconstruction of the Russian Ministry. The ministerial crisis in Italy is doubtless only one of a series: and its successors may seriously affect the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance. But the most serious menace to the peace of Europe this week arises out of the bold Note presented by the Bulgarian Government to the Porte, with which we deal elsewhere. Meanwhile the friction between Bulgaria and her nominal suzerain has been intensified by what under other circumstances would be merely a trumpery family quarrel. A youth of twenty-three, named Kusheleff, whose father is a Bulgarian refugee at Odessa, quarrelled with the authorities of a technical school there at which he was a pupil, and took refuge at Constantinople. His father sent to fetch him, and, after an ineffectual attempt to induce him to return by peaceful means, the cavass of the Russian Embassy and the Turkish police arrested him as he was starting for Sofia. Doubtless they had no sort of right to do so. But the *patria potestas*—at any rate for sentiment and public opinion—lasts longer in Eastern Europe than with us; and as Bulgaria is not represented in Russia, and her representatives, if they existed, would not listen to a Bulgarian refugee, it is hardly surprising that M. Kusheleff, senior, acted through the Russian Embassy at Constantinople. Still it may be true that M. Kusheleff, junior, knew some awkward secrets as to the intrigues of the refugees, and was going to Sofia to reveal them to the Bulgarian Government. But this at present is only inference. That a mere family quarrel should be made so much of by European opinion only shows how great the tension is—as does the new Schnaebelé incident reported from Saint Die. Two schoolboys scribble remarks derogatory to Prussia on a post on the frontier between Lorraine and France, and, having got on the wrong side of the line, are arrested on the spot and taken to prison. The opportunities offered by a frontier for the game of Tom Tiddler's ground have never been adequately developed by ingenious youth. One has been released; but diplomatic representations will doubtless be made as to the other.

Apart from these alarms—real and imaginary—there are at present two leading topics: May Day, and the Anarchists. With the former we deal elsewhere; and need only here note that there is some justifiable apprehension of disturbance in Spain, that processions are to be prohibited in France, in many places in Belgium, including Liège, and in Italy. In Germany and Austria no disturbance is expected, though there may be some in certain agricultural districts in Hungary. The Anarchists are not very alarming. A few more bombs and dynamite cartridges have been found in Belgium and in Spain; there have been some explosions in the latter country; and in Paris it is difficult to find either jurors or judges for the trial of Ravachol, who is now posing as a martyr. In Spain, Muñoz, the supposed instigator of the recent plot to blow up the Chamber of Deputies, has declared that it has been in contemplation to assassinate the little King. But as Muñoz is regarded as little better than an *agent provocateur*, his revelations are not taken very seriously.

In one respect, however, the First of May will be a day of extreme importance to France. It is the day of the communal and municipal elections everywhere except in Paris. For the first time the Socialists—the Guesdist party—are doing their best to capture the municipal councils in many of the large towns. Citizen Jules Guesde is very confident. He expects to carry Calais, Roubaix, St. Etienne, and some other large towns at once, and, at any rate at

the second ballot, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Troyes, Nantes, St. Nazaire, Amiens, St. Quentin, and other places. Now the moral effect of even a few Socialist victories would be immense. The thirty Socialists in the Chamber have secured double that number of adherents from among their Radical colleagues. And if Socialism ever comes, it will come through the municipalities much more probably than through the central Government. In most cases the Conservatives hold the balance. Will they do as they did at Lille, and support the Socialist against the Republican, or will they be terrified at the thought of delivering into Socialist hands the control of the finances of towns like Lyons and Marseilles?

At any rate, the Conservatives will probably vote, and not for the regular Republican candidates. Last week, indeed, the Bishop of Langres issued a letter recommending his clergy to abstain from reference to politics. Since then, however, the Archbishop of Avignon and the bishops of his province (Montpellier, Nîmes, Valence, and Viviers) have issued a pastoral letter, for which they are to be prosecuted, stating that the recent Encyclical, in recommending acceptance of the Republic, merely meant to forbid actual rebellion. Catholics should respect the powers that be so long as the common good requires; but they are quite entitled, nay bound, to protest against certain legislation "hostile to religion and even to God," in particular the laws establishing secular schools and divorce. They are also bound to aid the cause of religion at the approaching municipal elections. Abstention, indeed, if it results in the return of an anti-religious candidate, may be a mortal sin. The anti-Republican papers treat this manifesto as a call to arms. To outsiders it seems almost openly schismatic. The Minister of Justice, on his part, has addressed a circular to the Procureurs-Généraux requesting them to take measures for the preservation of order in churches, but drawing a sharp distinction between services and political lectures, and strongly condemning the latter. The circular is fair enough in itself, but will exasperate Catholic feeling all the more in that it is issued at Easter.

The King of Dahomey has addressed a violent letter to the French Government, threatening to occupy Porto Novo and destroy it if the French troops advance. He is said to hold some Catholic missionaries and nuns as hostages.

As our Copenhagen correspondent predicted last week, the general elections in Denmark have resulted in a considerable gain to the Moderate Liberals at the expense of the Radical party, who have lost eleven seats and several of their leaders. The members now are: Right (Ministerial), 30; Moderate Liberals, 43; Radicals, 28. Our correspondent writes: In close upon forty divisions the Moderate Left had entered the lists against the Radical Left, and more Socialist candidates had been nominated than on any previous occasion. Of the 102 members of the last Folkething, the Opposition numbered 77—i.e., the Moderate Left, 38; the Radical Left (comprising the "Berg" group), 16; and the Hörüge group, 13; 3 were Socialists pure and simple, and 7 were more or less independent. The Right numbered 25 members, amongst whom were the Ministers of War and Marine.

It is stated that the German Emperor has been endeavouring, through Count Waldersee, to appease the ultra-Conservatives, but without success. A "Christian Centre" party is now talked of, which will unite Catholics and Protestants against "anti-Christians like the Liberals and the Independent Conservatives." How sore the Catholics are may be seen from a remarkable speech delivered by their leader, Count Ballestrem, in Breslau. The School Bill (he said) aroused opposition. Yes—among professors who preach Materialism and Atheism from their chairs, Protestants who deny the divinity of their Lord, Old Catholic heretics, and renegade Jews. He went on to demand full freedom for the Church—including the restoration of the Jesuits—and

concluded with a peroration which we could hardly quote fully without offence, to the effect that though the Chief of Staff—Herr Windthorst—had been called away, the Almighty would lead on the Centre to victory.

At last the financial experts of Italy have rebelled against the fresh burdens demanded by the needs of the Triple Alliance. But the attempt to rearrange the Ministry has failed. It remains uncertain, therefore, which side has triumphed; and it is hardly possible that the pledge to impose no new taxes can be kept. We deal with the subject more fully elsewhere.

The treaty of commerce between Italy and Switzerland was signed on Tuesday afternoon at Zürich.

The Portuguese Trans-African Railway—the only railway in West Africa—has just been opened for 220 kilometres from St. Paul de Loanda to Cuzengo, and will shortly reach a point on a tributary of the Kwango, an affluent of the Congo.

The formal secession of Matto Grosso from the Republic of Brazil is not likely to meet with opposition. Indeed, the example will probably be followed by several other States. It may, however, lead to complications in the near future with Argentina: indeed, as the interesting letter of the *Times* Lisbon correspondent suggests, the province may be to Argentina what Texas was to the United States just before the Mexican War.

The Venezuelan "insurgents" have defeated the Presidential troops with heavy loss, and, moreover, have occupied the disputed territory on the borders of British Guiana. A gunboat has therefore been sent to protect British interests. There is little doubt of the ultimate success of the revolution.

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH LOUIS KOSSUTH.

ON the 27th inst. Louis Kossuth will complete his ninetieth year, and this event in the life of the most venerable of living patriots is to be celebrated in many interesting ways. Deputations of Hungarian Nationalists, some members of whom bore arms in the brief but eventful struggle which ended at Világos, are to visit the nonagenarian hero at his home of voluntary exile in Italy and present him with addresses and other tokens of admiration and esteem. Nor will marks of reverent appreciation be confined to admirers of his own race. From every country in Europe congratulations will be sent to the one man who in a century of opportunism and compromise has remained, alike in political fortune and in exile, a stern embodiment of inflexible patriotic principle.

My object is not to write a sketch of Kossuth's career or a defence of his political actions. His own story as related in "Memories of my Exile" would make any such attempt an absurdity on my part. I only propose to recall an interesting conversation which I was privileged to hold with him in Turin in February, 1885, in which interview he was pleased to discuss with me several questions of considerable public interest, including that of Ireland.

The day after my arrival in Turin, I made my way to the offices of the Alta Italia Railway, on the beautiful boulevard Vittorio Emanuele. I soon found myself in the presence of the chief engineer of that railway, who is the eldest son of Louis Kossuth. I was courteously received and welcomed to Turin. I disclosed the purpose of my visit, and was informed that the old patriot was over eighty years of age and seldom received visitors. Many American and English tourists sought him out as one of the lions of the city; but, as their object was mere curiosity, he rarely granted an audience. Young Kossuth assured me, however, that, apart from the introductory letter with which I had been favoured, his father would be pleased to meet me. He advised me to call at his residence

between two and three in the afternoon, after he had taken his usual constitutional.

Punctually at half-past two I called at No. 22, Via dei Mille, a house—or, rather, block—with one common entrance, respectable, but not sumptuous, in appearance, and looking out upon a square—with some pretensions to passing as a small park—at that time covered with snow. On inquiring from the concierge the way to Kossuth's apartments, she directed me to a door next the top of the first landing. The name "Kossuth," on a well-polished brass plate, invited a knock, which was at once responded to by a man-servant, who conducted me into an ante-chamber which was very plainly furnished, and hung round with a few pictures and maps. Immediately after sending in my card I was ushered into the adjoining room, where, seated behind a desk upon which piles of books and newspapers lay in order and neatness, I saw the man who in 1848-9 riveted the attention of all Europe upon his acts, and who for many years after was received throughout the world as an illustrious and incorruptible patriot exile.

He is a man about five feet nine, little bent for his age of eighty-three (1885). Hair as white as snow, with beard of moderate length of the same colour; black velvety skull cap; dress the perfection of neatness, also black; features calm and agreeable, with blue or light grey eyes, completed a picture of him who stood up to receive me, and, with a winning smile and courteous demeanour, bade me welcome to his home. The room had the appearance of being a study, in which the occupant went through a deal of literary work. Maps and photographs hung round the apartment. Cases well stocked with books, seemingly of all European languages, occupied the corners, while a huge correspondence bureau or document-holder extended the whole length of the side wall. I commenced by apologising for the intrusion, knowing how few visitors he was in the habit of receiving. To this he smilingly replied that he was pleased to make my acquaintance, apart from my being the bearer of a letter from one who had been among his many staunch friends when in exile in England. "But," remarked the old man, in what appeared to me to be a melancholy tone, "I am almost forgotten by the world now. I have lived here about seventeen years, and in walking along the streets of Turin I am a stranger to the people whom I meet." I ventured the opinion that he was mistaken in the impression that he was forgotten, so far at least as the political world was concerned, and I recalled the deep interest that was taken both in England and America in the publication of the "Memories of my Exile." "Some English and Americans call here in the tourist season," he replied, "but as I know they are only actuated by curiosity, I return them my card in exchange for those that are left with me." He offered me a cigarette and, on lighting one for himself, he appeared to become more cheerful, and we began a general conversation. I asked for an expression of his opinion on the political situation on the Continent, and what he thought of the social question which was now coming so rapidly to the front in nearly every European country. The new colonial policy of Germany and Italy he believed to be resorted to by the respective Governments of these countries in the hope of diverting the attention of the working classes from the Socialist programmes at home. "England, by aid of her colonies," he remarked, "has so far succeeded in getting rid of her redundant population, and thereby steering clear of the revolutionary movements which have been giving such trouble to her Continental neighbours. Germany and Italy are endeavouring to follow her example, but, in my opinion, it is too late." Speaking of France, he contrasted her European position to-day with what it was in 1848. "At that time she led all Europe in political thought and progress. Now, when actually a Republic, she had less influence over the political development of



Continental opinion than when she was struggling against the intrigues of most European courts and the domination of the Bourbons." He ridiculed the statesmanship which wasted the resources and damaged the prestige of France in the insane expedition to Tonquin. "How Bismarck must rub his hands with intense glee," said he, "when seeing French soldiers, ships, and treasures sent so far away from the neighbourhood of Alsace and Lorraine!"

On the purely social question he spoke with apparent reluctance; at least that was my impression. "Here in Italy," he remarked, "there is little on the surface of political life to indicate what really exists underneath, and which will explode before long. Not only Socialism, such as you have described as making its appearance in England, but Anarchism has got a strong hold on the minds of Italian working men. They have their societies in every street, and propagandists in every large workshop. They talk openly of the time when the doctrines of Communism will be put into practical operation, and when the workers of society will exchange places with the capitalists and property holders in the control of the affairs of the State. The same feeling is manifesting itself all over Europe. The manifold crimes which society has committed against the people—the working classes—for generations seem to be generating an epoch of retaliation, and I tremble at the consequences to society. The stubborn opponents of reform are invariably the real parents of revolution, and unless what is called 'Society' will soon see the wisdom and expediency of legislating so as really to improve the social condition of the toiling masses throughout Europe—to lighten the burden of their lives and lessen the causes of their discontent—then all I can say is, 'God help that society when these masses, now rapidly educating themselves and studying the problem of life from their own standpoint of incessant and unjustly rewarded labour, take the task of achieving such reform into their own hands.' But I am too old to see the next great revolution; and I am glad of it, for it will be one with which that of 1789 will but poorly compare in its violence and bloodshed and the ultimate effect upon the destinies of mankind. I cannot call myself a Socialist, but if you were to ask me for a remedy for the evils which generate revolutionary Socialism, and out of which the next great revolution will spring, I must tell you I have none. God only knows the remedy!" After a short pause he added, "If the doctrines of Christianity, which are found in the New Testament, could be applied to human society, I believe the solution of the social problem could be got at."

Having related to him what had occurred in Ireland since the foundation of the Land League, and, having described, at his request, what the aims and objects of the movement were, the old man expressed his pleasure at hearing that so much had been done towards settling the Irish Land Question. "I will tell you some experience of mine," added he, smilingly, "in efforts to bring about peace between England and Ireland. It was in 1854, I think, but I am not certain of the year, that, finding myself in England, I was forced by my sympathies towards Ireland to take an interest in the Irish cause, which presented so many points of resemblance to that of Hungary. Just about that time, if I remember rightly, there appeared to be disturbance in Ireland arising out of some agitation connected with the tenure of land. I one morning read an article in the London *Times*, written as if in a spirit of virtuous despair over the everlasting Irish problem. The writer seemed to contend that all that could possibly be done to satisfy the Irish people had been either accomplished or attempted, and he wound up his article by asking, who under heaven could suggest a remedy for this ever-recurring Irish trouble? I was 'green enough,' said the old patriot, "to believe that this was written in sincerity, and I immediately sat down to the task of writing a letter in which I described the

old land system of Hungary. I pointed out that though this system retained a more feudal character than that of Ireland, still it stirred the Hungarian people to revolt against it. I next detailed the reforms which were effected in this system by our movement of '48, and then dwelt upon the security and satisfaction which followed to the cultivators of the soil. I advised that, as human nature was the same in Ireland as in Hungary, the application of the remedy to Ireland which had proved so successful in Hungary would effect similar results, and I ventured the opinion that if this were attempted a solution of the Irish agrarian difficulty would be found. I forwarded my letter to the *Times*; waited one, two, three days—a week, but no appearance of the letter in its columns. I then wrote privately to the editor, requesting the return of my manuscript if it could not be published. No reply. Not discouraged, I sat down and wrote a similar letter to the *Daily News*. The same result. Another to the *Morning Post*. No reply. I was then fully satisfied," said Kossuth, lighting another cigarette, "that Englishmen did not want to be told how to satisfy the Irish people; that they preferred going on misgoverning the country to honestly facing the simple problem of rendering your nation simple justice."

Speaking of Hungary, in answer to a question of mine as to whether there would be any obstacles on the part of the Emperor of Austria to his return, he replied that no opposition whatever would be offered were he to go back to-morrow; "but I will never visit my country again," added he, proudly and sadly. "When in 1848 I was put forward as the representative of my people's right to independence I took up a position before the world from which I can never recede. Hungary has of its own accord accepted the rule of Austria. I never will. I have no hope of Hungary repenting of her action." And advancing and laying his hand upon my shoulder he repeated earnestly, "I want you to remember this with reference to your country as well as to mine, that that which force takes away, time or chance or fortune may restore; but a right which a people voluntarily surrenders is lost for ever."

I learned from him that although his sons were in a position to support him in his old age, he elected to earn his own livelihood by literary labour. His love of personal independence of any aid outside his own exertions is in keeping with his life's resolve never to abate one jot of the independence of his country. An inflexible adherence to principle, with a corresponding hatred of compromise in which right would have to give way to opportunism, seemed to me to be the key of his character. Many critics condemn him for having refused to join in the compact between Hungary and Austria. His exalted devotion to Hungarian independence was the theme of European praise before the cause of that independence was abandoned in the compromise which was carried out by Deák. Now, however, a faithful adherence to the same principle, through years of exile and suffering, is spoken of as "mere fanatical enthusiasm."

Doubtless the worship of a principle which makes exile and its trials and sorrows preferable to the possession of power and honours, within a defined and limited liberty in one's own country, appears fanatical and perverse in an essentially practical age. It is the want of virtue in ourselves which invites us to mock at a conspicuous measure of it in others. Kossuth's spirit is as much at variance with the ease and advantages of political compromise as the life of a religious ascetic is with the temptations of personal indulgence. But are political and religious intransigents not the inevitable and indispensable standard bearers of all that is great and good in true human progress? And are they not, therefore, the mainspring of that measure of progress which less virtuous but more accommodating minds are enabled to achieve in the service of humanity? After all, those who laud Deák for his work in winning autonomy for Hungary

pay unconscious homage to Kossuth, whose uncompromising patriotism and determination were the main factors in wringing a Constitution from Austria. The capitulation of Komárom may have sealed the fate of a separate Hungary, but it laid the foundation of Hungary's present legislative independence.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

### THE BRITISH MILITARY PEACOCK.

MILITARY critics are still talking technical platitudes—*à propos* of the newest report—about Atkins's food, and his pay, and the way the Government hocusses him. But there is another subject connected with the army which no Commission reports upon, and which the orthodox military critic leaves alone. Yet it is a rather important subject. We mean the tailor's bill of the British officer, and what the tailor's bill has to do with keeping out of the army men with slender purses. There is no army in the world so elaborately, so expensively, and so uselessly tailored as ours. Our officers are embellished literally from top to toe; and of the designing and making of clothes for them there is no end. An officer of the German army, who is hardly ever seen in civilian's attire, has two uniforms only—the full dress and the undress. The British cavalry officer, who will never be seen in military gear if he can avoid it, has his full dress, his frock-coat, his stable-jacket (a much more elaborate affair than its name implies), his patrol-jacket, bound with fur and heavily braided; his mess-jacket, and in addition a serge patrol-jacket. Here is a sumptuous array, yet of all this goodly wear the article last mentioned, the plain serge patrol-jacket, is the only one which the officer takes with him on active service. For the purposes of real soldiering all his beautiful and costly coats, jackets, and trousers are perfectly valueless. In full parade dress an officer of the Household Cavalry\* is loaded with probably not much less than a hundred pounds' worth of utterly useless finery. In the simple suit of *khaki* which equips him for active service, five pounds should cover him well. The full dress of an officer of Hussars is a most magnificent affair; the official description of the tunic alone runs to fourteen lines of close print in the volume of "Dress Regulations for the Officers of the Army." Let us set it forth in the precise words of the Adjutant-General himself:—

"Blue cloth, edged all round with gold chain gimp, except the collar which has  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace round the top." [English gold lace, by-the-by, weighs twice as much as any other.] "On each side of the breast six loops of gold chain gimp, with caps and drops, fastening with gold worked olivets. On each back-seam a double line of the same gimp, forming three eyes at the top, passing under a netted cap at the waist, and ending in an Austrian knot, reaching to the bottom of the skirt, with a tracing of gold braid all round the gimp. An Austrian knot of gold chain gimp on each sleeve, reaching to 8 inches from the bottom of the cuff. The skirt rounded off in front, closed behind, and lined with black. Shoulder-straps of plaited gold chain gimp lined with blue; a small button at the top; badge of rank in silver."

Now a garment like that should not, if the military tailors know anything of their business, cost a halfpenny less than £20, yet it serves for nothing in the world but display. Such a coat, needless to say, would never be worn on the field of battle in the present day. One might quote endlessly from the "Dress Regulations" in proof of the contention that, even to the minutest detail of uniform and accoutrements, this foppery of ornamentation is carried to the very sky-line of extravagance. The shell-jacket of the Royal Engineers blazes, splendidly useless, over a full third of a page. The cocked hat of the medical officer must have its "tassels of gold crape fringe, with crimson crape fringe underneath," and its "plume of black cock's tail feathers, drooping from a feathered stem, three inches long." The pouch-bag of the 10th Hussars fills a third of a page

in the official descriptive catalogue. The full dress sword-belt of an aide-de-camp to the Queen is of Russia leather, with slings, stripes of gold embroidery, and a gilt hook to hitch up the sword. This gentleman's sash is of "gold and crimson silk net," with tassels to match. The full-dress busby of an officer of Hussars demands thirteen lines of print in the volume. His Hessian boots and spurs are satisfied with nothing less than a quarter of a page. Scarcely one single thing that the officer is compelled to purchase for mere "stage effect" at home is of the slightest use to him when he is ordered abroad. The sabretache, for example, which in its original form served the officer as a kind of portable desk, whereon he might write a despatch, is now so plastered over with gold embroidery on the face that it could not possibly be used for that purpose. The cartouche-box on the cavalry officer's belt, with its flaps of sterling silver, would not hold even his cigars. Compare, again, any of the ornamental dress-belts with the unadorned active-service belt, the "Sam Brown." Then, to swell the pomp of the parade, there is the horse furniture, for the steed is only less wonderfully bedizened than his rider. Consider the splendours of the shabracque. The shabracque is a sort of saddle-cloth fit for an emperor of burlesque, which is placed over the saddle of an officer's horse in most of our cavalry regiments; its cost is probably about five-and-twenty pounds, and an officer might quite possibly be two or three years in the service without requiring to use it. The eye of the enemy has never yet beheld it.

The greater part of this, then, is tailoring and saddlery *pour rire*; and it is the necessity of buying all this gaudy trash which helps to keep up the cost of life in the army, and which operates to keep out of the army every man with small means. Let it be admitted that in all armies something must be sacrificed to ostentation; the mean, or *via media*, is easy to find. Give the officer his tunic for parade (though not a thing which is fit only to dazzle the pit of Drury Lane or the Adelphi), and for working purposes, his serge patrol; and beyond these he wants nothing more than his simple suit of *khaki* for foreign service. Is it not a fact that, when a regiment is ordered abroad at short notice, the officers pack away every morsel of parade-ground frippery, and spend a day or two hurrying round the town to pick up the bare handful of things which are all that they want, and are allowed to carry, in the field?

The whole of this "solemn mockery" of unserviceable embellishment might be banished to-morrow. Our armies were not tricked out in this way in the Waterloo days; no great general ever despised tailoring so heartily as Wellington; and rough-lipped critics have said that the fighting men went out and the fops came in after Waterloo.

One is occasionally told that garish uniforms and fine trappings assist to maintain the popularity of the army; but the truth is that, except on very special occasions, the British public sees next to nothing of its army. The lackadaisical argument used by the officers themselves amounts to this: "Oh well, look here, don't you know, we pay for the things ourselves; so what does it matter to the Johnnies outside?" If it be objected to this that the tailor's bill prevents any but rich men, or men with some private means, from entering the army, the answer is, "If a Johnny can't pay, we don't want him, don't you know?"

This rejoinder would be perfect if regimental mess-rooms were only so many clubs for idle and wealthy dandies, and the whole duty of a soldier consisted in designing flaunting attire for parade, State balls, and levees.

But it might be maintained, with some show of reason, that armies exist to a certain extent for purposes of soldiering, and that an army which excludes from positions of command men who have not incomes to spend on fancy dress is hardly

\* Vide "Our Armies. Illustrated and described by Richard Simkin." London: Sampson Low.



likely to be in all respects the best-officered in the world. Is not the British officer's lack of serious interest in his calling notorious? Is his knowledge of his profession to be compared for thoroughness with that of the German officer, who is always aware that, as promotion in the Kaiser's army goes strictly by merit, ignorance or carelessness will quickly bring him his dismissal? Colonel Maurice, who, as Professor of Military Art and History at the Royal Staff College, should speak with some authority, has more than hinted (and in print, too) that the very existence of most of the books which constitute military literature, and which may be regarded as more or less indispensable to the soldier's complete and efficient knowledge of his profession, "is unknown even to many officers of our army"! But—apart entirely from the consideration that he cannot get into the army at all unless he have money in his purse—what leisure has the young officer for study whose time in barracks is spent in popping out of one uniform and into another; whose most serious business, in a word, bears less resemblance to soldiering proper than to the performance of the "quick-change artiste" of the music halls?

#### THE CAVE-MEN OF MENTONE.

A DISCOVERY has just been made in the neighbourhood of Mentone that is of considerable importance.

In 1872 M. Émile Rivière discovered a skeleton in one of the caves of Baoussé-Roussé at Grimaldi, close to the French frontier, caves that are commonly but erroneously called the Grottoes of Mentone. They are nine in number, and had been commented on in 1786 by H. B. de Saussure. They face the sea and the sun. Each cave has a sort of terrace before it that is strewn with the *débris* of prehistoric man, shells, bones, and chips of flint. The bones are those of the cave bear, the hyæna, the rhinoceros, the glutton, and the horse. The two latter are slightly represented; the reindeer not at all. Vast quantities of shells have been found, many pierced so as to string them in necklaces. The fact that the reindeer is conspicuously absent distinguishes this deposit from those of the Vézère, and the rarity of the horse differentiates it from that of Solutré. The tools found are scrapers of flint, very few bone weapons, and no sketches on bone as at La Laugerie and Raymonden and La Madelaine. The remains in these caves have their special character that makes it impossible to range them along with those in any one of the classic deposits of France.

In 1872 M. Rivière exhumed a male skeleton from the fourth of these caves. The head was covered with small Mediterranean shells that seem to have formed a sort of cap, and the face had been covered with red ferruginous powder. Behind the skull were two flint blades. The man was 6ft. high. Some fragments of other skeletons were found, as well as two that were complete—of children. In 1884 M. L. Jullien discovered an incomplete skeleton at a depth of 28ft. in the fifth cave; in the sixth M. Rivière discovered another male skeleton of the height of 6ft. 6½in. Another was found at a still greater depth. It was clear that all these bodies had been buried, but a controversy has raged relative to their date. MM. Rivière and d'Acy maintain that they belong to the most early period—that of the race which has left its remains on the Vézère and at Solutré, the reindeer and horse hunters. On the other hand, M. de Mortillet contends that they are much posterior interments, and belong to the neolithic age, that of the polished stone weapons. But it must be admitted that there is absolutely no evidence of disturbance of the early deposits for the purpose of late interments, and it is most unlikely that the neolithic men should have dug to the depth of 28-30ft. to bury their dead.

The recent discovery in these caves of three more skeletons—one of a man some 7ft. 9in. high, another of a woman 6ft. 3in., and of a youth—is of exceptional interest, for it allows of the solution of this vexed question. Unhappily, when M. Rivière made his first explorations there was a lack of scientific precision in his work which allowed wide range for controversy, the facts not being sufficiently established in their true connection. As the skeletons are not to be removed till the right of proprietorship of the cave and its contents has been determined by the courts, and as these are the Italian courts, some time is allowed for a committee of scientific men to assemble and note every particular as the bones are recovered from their sepulchre.

The Prince of Monaco has intervened, and has undertaken to defray the whole of the costs of M. Rivière's action claiming the cave and its contents, on condition that the remains are to become his property, but are to be disposed of in some way satisfactory to M. Rivière. It will not be amiss to place before the reader a clear review of the question in dispute.

On the banks of the Vézère is a district of limestone where the cliffs overhang and face the sun. Here from a remote antiquity men dwelt, and their remains of feasts and industry are heaped up in beds to the height in some cases of 40ft. The principal stations are Moustier, La Madelaine, Cro Magnon, Les Eyzies, La Laugerie Haute, and La Laugerie Basse. All these are near each other. Some—the four first—are now exhausted, and have been built over. This is, however, not the case with the two latter. The deposits in these shelters show remarkable differences, and indicate a gradual development of civilisation. They have been classified as Mousterian, Solutréan, and Magdalenian. The deposits of Le Moustier are the earliest, and underlie all others. They consist of rude flint spear-heads and scrapers *one side flat*, the other rounded and worked. Then comes the period of Solutré, represented on the Vézère by the deposits of Cro Magnon and La Laugerie Haute. Here the flint spear-heads are worked convex on both sides, and are of a most beautiful shape, pointed at both ends in the form of laurel leaves. Then, at length, the primeval men discovered the superior value of ivory and bone over flint, and they abandoned the use of stone weapons for spear-heads and harpoons beautifully worked in bone, the tools employed for working the bone being still of flint. This is the period of La Madelaine and La Laugerie Basse, and is the last of the three periods. It coincides with the extinction of the great beasts of prey, the cave lion, the hyæna, and also the mammoth. Reindeer formed a main staple of food to the people of these three stages, but at Solutré in Mâcon the horse was eaten to an enormous extent, and the reindeer was less common.

The remarkable and distinguishing feature of the last epoch of the reindeer-hunters is the artistic capacity of the race. Not only were their weapons graceful and delicately ornamented, but they were endowed with a singular skill in sketching and sculpturing representations of the animals they saw.

What became of this race is uncertain. Probably it retired north as the glaciers of Central France disappeared, and followed the reindeer to polar regions. This, however, is a mere matter of conjecture. Certain it is that the cave stations were abandoned for a considerable period of time, during which natural deposits were formed, burying those of the reindeer-hunters—deposits entirely free from traces of human industry. Then the period of the polished stone workers ensued; the race that erected the megalithic monuments, the cromlechs and dolmens and stone avenues, entered Europe, following the coast of the Baltic and hugging the sea, spread over France, tracing up the rivers from the West. The cranial character of this race is very well established, as it buried its dead in dolmens—cromlechs, we call them in England—and numerous skulls have been

recovered. It was a mixed race; the heads are not of one type, and in all likelihood it took up into it by marriage or adoption other races that were subjugated.

But what was the primeval race of all? Over this much controversy rages. M. de Mortillet and the Darwinian school desire to identify with it the type of skull found at Neanderthal and Cannstadt—that is to say, a skull of an almost simian character. Now, Neanderthal is near Düsseldorf, in the Rhine basin, and Cannstadt is in Würtemberg, and in neither case were the remains of these men of low type found associated with weapons. Indeed, it is quite impossible to say to what age these men of low intelligence belonged. The Cannstadt man came from a Roman *oppidum* and subsequent Merovingian interments.

On the other hand, skeletons have been found *in situ* among the remains of the earliest works of men. At Cro Magnon were found the skeletons of an old man over seven feet high, a woman, and a child. It is quite true that they were on the surface of the relics of feasts, but it is also almost certain that they had taken refuge and had died in these caves just before they were naturally buried by a fall of rock. At La Laugerie Basse a still more remarkable discovery was made by M. Massénat, of a man of the Palæolithic age who had been killed accidentally by the falling in of the roof, which had crushed his spine and thigh. The skull is as well shaped and capacious as that of an ordinary Englishman.

It would indeed be antecedently improbable that men of low, retreating foreheads and of rudimentary intelligence, such as were the Neanderthal and Cannstadt men, could have made such beautiful weapons as those of Solutré, or have sketched with such a spirited hand as did the artists of La Laugerie Basse, of Raymonden and Thayngen. Such men had the sense of the beautiful. We have sketches of theirs of horses and reindeer, where the artist, dissatisfied with the position given to the legs, has corrected his drawing to give them an attitude more graceful. And we find that the skulls associated with these remains are those of men with brains as good as ours, men who did not remain stationary, but advanced from stage to stage of culture; and there is a long stride between the rude flints of Moustier and the beautiful lances of ivory and harpoons of bone found at La Madelaine. At Solutré several skulls have been found; the burials were associated with the hearths. Where the men had lived and feasted, there they were buried when dead. These skulls were anything but simian.

When the crushed man was discovered at La Laugerie Basse, M. Massénat sent to Paris to request that a commission might be appointed to investigate the remains before they were touched. M. Cartailhac was sent down, and he, in conjunction with MM. Philibert Lalande and Massénat, drew up on the spot a statement that there was no evidence of disturbance of the soil and of the earlier beds for a subsequent burial; the man had fallen where killed accidentally. But controversy blinds men's eyes; and in his recent work, "*La France préhistorique*," M. Cartailhac, without giving any reason for a change of opinion, has stated that the crushed man is a case of burial. The Darwinian school are resolved to establish that these men of good build with well-developed skulls are Neolithic men buried in earlier deposits. It is for this reason that the recent discovery at Mentone is so important. It will prove a crucial case. We are not told what is the character of the skulls—unhappily the man is headless—but a commission it is to be hoped will be appointed to determine whether there is any trace of disturbance of the ancient beds for the purpose of subsequent burial. Up to the present, the evidence against the primeval man being a little better than an ape is overwhelming, and, unless we are much mistaken, the recent discovery at Baoussé-Roussé will not set it on its legs again.

#### PROPERTY IN IDEAS.

THE question of literary property has arisen in a specially piquant form through the discovery of an ingenious form of "conveyance" practised by one religious paper on another. The *Religious Review of Reviews* has apparently been making large use of matter which had already adorned the columns of the *Record*, and has omitted the formality of acknowledging its source. The title of the *Religious Review of Reviews* suggests, indeed, an obvious literary larceny from Mr. Stead's magazine, which, in its turn, points to a scientific application of (shall we say?) the more modern type of sub-editing. But that is precisely where the point of morals—such as it is—comes in. What is fair literary "conveyance," and what is not? Clearly the sort of borrowing, without reference to the lender, in which the *Religious Review of Reviews* has been indulging belongs to the second kind of transaction. But that by no means exhausts the question. Is an evening paper justified in printing, with acknowledgment as to its source, material for which a morning paper has paid a high price and possibly organised a special service of intelligence—i.e., into which it has put both money and brains? On the other hand, is it possible to discriminate between material which the originating paper is willing—even anxious—to see reproduced, and that which it desires jealously to guard for its readers alone? There is an absurdity involved in the position under which, as a recent writer suggested, we might be preparing the way for a line of Dukes of Shakespeare, charging the public handsome royalties for the temporary use of their ancestor's works. Just as we are all members one of another, so do nine out of ten editors and sub-editors live, cannibal-like, on their own species. The end in view is, after all, the dissemination of ideas, not their consolidation in a kind of highly select intellectual "stock." And in our anxiety to protect the rights of men who run newspapers for profit, we must not overlook the interests of the community for whom, after all, newspapers exist.

At the same time, it cannot be doubted that the present system, resting as it does on an obscure and singularly clumsy law, contains some obvious injustices and defects. Take the case of the outbreak of a foreign war. The great daily morning papers would all organise special services direct from the seat of war, costing them tens of thousands of pounds for correspondents' salaries and expenses and for the conveyance of telegrams. But the halfpenny evening press, appearing long before the sale of the morning papers is over, would be able to reproduce the essential points of these communications for half the price, and for the mere cost of "setting" the material. If we remember rightly, the fortune of one of the most reputable of the evening papers was practically ensured in this fashion at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. Or suppose a more extreme case still—that of the starting of a halfpenny morning express, appearing a little—but only a little—later than the penny morning dailies, and scientifically "gutting" their special home and foreign intelligence, on which the *Times*, for instance, spends a large portion of its revenues. The injustice of this would be palpable; and yet the law hardly affords a sufficient remedy. It may be quite true, as Mr. Strahan states, that there is a copyright in news, and that an action lies for the tort or injury done the property. But the result of such a case could, at the best, only be the protection of the matter already stolen. In other words, it could not be republished by the offending journal or by any of its contemporaries. But there would be nothing to prevent the pilfering of further news or telegrams, for the simple reason that no copyright can arise in material until that material exists in printed and saleable form.

There would seem, therefore, to be some genuine ground for a reform of the present law, which, without abolishing the healthy communism in ideas



without which—as Hegel pointed out in days when Mr. Stead was not—no intellectual life is possible, might prevent some of the grosser cases of conveyance of newspaper property. We fancy that the case could be met by some adaptation of the American law. American newspapers can always copyright special articles, and the fact that they have done so is at once notified to the reader by a line at the head of the communication. We really do not see why the *Times* should not similarly be allowed to secure for itself (if it wanted) a special despatch of M. de Blowitz, just as Mr. Knowles contrives, by threats of vague but terrific import, to save from the clutches of the daily press the poems with which Lord Tennyson is occasionally pleased to favour him. But it would be necessary to safeguard a power of this kind, so that it might not be used to stifle the healthy and honourable criticism and treatment of matter in which the whole civilised world has an interest. After all, we doubt whether any publisher or newspaper or magazine proprietor is much the worse for four out of five of the excerpts that are made from his pages. In three cases out of five quotation is the advertisement gratis which he desires. In the fifth case it may help to kill, or, at all events, to affect, the sale of his own wares. In this fifth case it seems natural that some remedy should be applied, though it is always worth remembering that we are all thieves of ideas—and that, after all, theft ceases when a whole community practises stealing from itself.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN his new collection of "Essais sur la littérature contemporaine" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy), M. Ferdinand Brunetière speaks of a certain journalist "who has made himself a manner—not to say a specialty—out of indignation." It may be vulgar to say "You're another," but one must at least think it. For we all have our special manner, and M. Brunetière's is an austere disdain. He has the most catholic contempt of any critic we know; even when he falls to praising—which, to do him justice, is a very rare weakness with him—he continues to give his praise such an air of something grudging, and, as it were, extorted, that the object of his praise seems somehow belittled. Samuel Johnson said he could conceive nothing more humiliating than to be patted on the back by Tom Davies. M. Brunetière's approbation is as humiliating as Tom Davies's. For instance, he devotes a paper to demonstrating that, after all, there is an element of truth in the theories of the modern school of Symbolists. From such a quarter, such a demonstration seems magnanimous indeed, and the first feeling of the Symbolists themselves must be one of embarrassment at the unexpected honour. But their embarrassment is likely to become a very different sort of emotion when they read such sentences as these: "If the Symbolists do not always see clearly into their own ideas, nor understand how to realise them, it is the business of criticism to come to their assistance. . . . Not that I consent to be their dupe. . . . I am aware, alas! that for the most part they are less solicitous about art than avid of advertisement and notoriety. . . . And I must admit that I can quote nothing of theirs to justify the praise I should like to bestow on it. . . ." This is what we have ventured to call humiliating approbation. Then there is a certain M. Maurice Spronck, who has been so unfortunate as to have written a book which M. Brunetière professes to like. He even goes so far as to "have no hesitation in recommending" this book—the first book—of M. Spronck. Yet he contrives in his very recommendation to hint that M. Spronck is older than the author of a first book ought to be. "I speak of M. Spronck as a young author, because the moment a man writes or prints for the first time he falls into the category of young authors. . . . Or, if perchance M. Spronck should be less young than we

have been supposing," etc. Again: "M. Spronck has ideas, but I fear they are not yet matured. . . . If the book, however, is all the worse on that account, the author is all the more interesting"—and so on. This mode of patting on the back out-Davieses Davies. No wonder that M. Brunetière is so little loved!

It is a real pity that he cannot persuade himself to be a little more genial, for his opinions are always worth considering—cannot, indeed, be safely ignored, despite the studiously disagreeable form in which they are expressed. Take, for example, his strictures on "Impressionist" criticism. The three chief professors of this school, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Anatole France, M. Paul Desjardins, have at present the ear of the literary public, and they have it—quite apart from the merit of their critical doctrine—because, unlike M. Brunetière, they possess the gift of genial writing. Their theory, too, as tending to make every man's tastes and prejudices a law unto himself, is dangerously seductive. Its central position is, of course, that there is no such thing as objective criticism. "There is no objective criticism"—says M. Anatole France in a passage which has already become a "classic place" of the subject—"any more than there is objective art, and all those who flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the cheapest illusion. The truth is, we never get out of ourselves. That is one of our greatest miseries. What would we not give, for one minute, to see heaven and earth with the faceted eye of a fly, or to comprehend nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang? But that is denied to us. We are shut up in our own person as in some perpetual prison-house." M. Brunetière replies, in effect, that this is sophistry: an adroit confusion of ideas which ought to be kept apart. "It is quite certain that we are not 'flies' nor 'orang-outangs'; we are men; and we are men, above all, by the power we have of getting out of ourselves, in order that we may seek ourselves, and find ourselves, and recognise ourselves, in other men. . . . Let us then leave the 'flies' and the 'orang-outangs' out of the question: we are not concerned with them, and they are only introduced to bewilder us. If there are any dupes in the matter, they are those who believe and teach that we cannot get out of ourselves, whereas the fact is that life is occupied in nothing else. And that for the very good reason that, otherwise, there could be no such thing as society, or language, or literature, or art." In every literary judgment M. Brunetière detects three elements. First, in a piece of literature—poem, novel, or drama—we find what we bring ourselves; and in that sense we ourselves make its beauty. We like what we are like. "Les uns s'aiment mieux en 'Candide,' et d'autres se préfèrent dans 'Paul et Virginie.'" Secondly, we find in our piece of literature what its admirers or critics have put into it, what the mere lapse of time has added to it. Thirdly, there remains "the work itself, a man, a date. That is quite enough. You may propose to determine the date with precision, and so settle at what moment of literary history, in what social surroundings, amid what preoccupations the man has lived and the work has appeared. You may propose to say what sort of man this was, merry or sad, noble or vile, admirable or hateful. And, further, you may propose to classify and judge the work. That is the whole object of criticism. What have you there which is not *objective*; which is not independent of the personal tastes and the particular sympathies of the person who proposes to explain, to classify, and to judge?" Of course, the Impressionists might reply that they use the word criticism in a narrower sense than M. Brunetière assumes: that they are thinking of purely æsthetic criticism, the analysis of beauty, while he is talking of history and biography and other extraneous matters. Nevertheless, M. Brunetière's case is not to be lightly dismissed. It

is a useful corrective of the exaggeration in M. Anatole France's statement.

One of the best essays in the book, to our thinking, is that entitled "Le Naturalisme au théâtre," in which M. Brunetière discusses, in passing, the well-worn but much misunderstood subject of stage-conventions. It is only lately that M. Brunetière has turned his attention to dramatic criticism; but the course of lectures which he has just delivered at the Odéon Theatre on the history of the French stage has at once raised him to the rank of an authority on the subject. His position, briefly, is that of a more enlightened, a more erudite, a more circumspect Sarcey. Like Sarcey, he insists upon the supreme importance of the fact that a play is something which is done in public, for the collective pleasure of several hundreds of people of different ages, sexes, humours, tastes, social position, and literary training. Like Sarcey, he deduces from this certain "conventions" of the stage as necessary and eternal. But, unlike Sarcey, he has the intelligence to perceive that there are conventions and conventions, and that while some are inevitable others are a mere nuisance. Unlike Sarcey, he has a good word to say for the dramatic reformers. "Let us congratulate these young people on their demanding, even in the theatre, an observation at once wider and more precise, more scrupulous and more keen. They are not wrong when they require the interest of situation to be subordinated to the painting of character; when they ask that plot shall be simplified, and that every other pleasure the playhouse offers shall not be sacrificed to the single one of curiosity." From a critic so conservative by temperament this is a noteworthy concession.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### "A DOLL'S HOUSE" REVIVED—"THE LIFE WE LIVE"—"THE TIN BOX."

ONLY an hour before the revival of *A Doll's House* at the Avenue this week, a letter reached me from a reader of THE SPEAKER in Queensland, who was so courteous as to favour me with some interesting information as to the state of theatrical affairs in that colony. He draws a gloomy picture. "Theatrical companies only come," it seems, "because of the lax state of the insolvency laws. In this morning's paper there was an account of the winding up of the estates of three theatrical managers, and this is but a sample of what is constantly going on. The lesser stars which visit Sydney and Melbourne seldom think it worth while to journey to the Northern Colony." Well, well: this is no very terrible privation, surely? My distant correspondent should remember the Virgilian tag about "sua si bona norint." Some of us in this actor-ridden London would be glad to find a pleasant Queensland retreat where there are no "stars," lesser or greater. The more one thinks of it, the more one is persuaded that the Joy of Living would not be materially diminished by the absence of actors—who will persist in thrusting their intrusive personalities between the dramatists and the dramatic critics. Indeed, at a pinch, I think we might manage to do without the dramatists into the bargain. So long as the dramatic critics remained, I should be of Pangloss's opinion, that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. True, they would have no drama to criticise, but they could criticise one another—and tell anecdotes about Tomlins. It was not, however, for the sake of dragging in the immortal Tomlins that I mentioned my correspondent's letter. What I particularly want to quote is his concluding sentence: "With the exception of Miss Achurch we have not had anyone with the least pretensions of knowing anything about acting for five years at least." The exception is significant. Miss Janet Achurch has evidently left her mark upon Queens-

land. I regret to have to add that Queensland has left its mark upon her, or—not to be unfair to the "Northern Colony" in particular—Australia has left its mark. That has happened to her which happened to Edmund Kean, to Rachel, to Sarah Bernhardt. She has taken her talent round for the amusement of the barbarian populations (the "Northern Colony" must not be affronted at the epithet, which I use in its Thucydidean or Pickwickian sense), and the barbarians have sent it back to us a little weather-worn, a little travel-stained. I seem to see the labels "Sydney," "Melbourne," "Brisbane," stuck all over it, as though it were a portmanteau which has sojourned in many hotels. The courage of Miss Achurch in taking out *A Doll's House* to the Antipodes was, of course, magnificent. Let us all applaud it. The ethical effect of the play in the land of the larrikin, the black fellow, and the ornithorhynchus may, for all I know to the contrary, have been seismic. At this moment, I dare say, many Australian Noras are insisting upon their rights as human beings, while Torvald (if bank-managers flourish in a country where, I gather from the pages of the ingenious Rolf Boldrewood, banks only exist to be "stuck-up") allows them to go out and bang the front door. But at what artistic cost to the actress has this moral upheaval—if upheaval there has been—found itself accomplished! To get *A Doll's House* into the heads of her barbarian or, to speak more civilly, unsophisticated audiences, Miss Achurch has had to shout it at them, to thrust it before them, to belabour them with it. She has been determined that they shall understand it. She comes back to London, and she is still under the impression that we shall not understand the play unless she is constantly "underlining" it, emphasising its "points," pausing "with intention" on the critical passages of its dialogue. It is with her as with many schoolmasters, who cannot shake off the pedagogic manner even in the society of grown men. In a word, she overacts. Needless to say that Ibsen is pre-eminently a dramatist whom to overact is to spoil. The very essence of his method is subtle suggestion, veiled irony. He wishes (like the dismal Jack-Pudding in Mr. Gilbert's *Mountbancs*) to make you think, to instil doubts into your mind about the validity of your conventional beliefs, rather than to present you, confidently and emphatically, with cut-and-dried answers to the riddles of life—in short, he is a disintegrating rather than an integrating force. A player who comes between you and this sort of work, dwelling on its knotty points, pointing out, as it were, the important passages, the clues to the author's meaning, with a wand—for fear you should miss them—is felt to be in the way. Take just one instance. In the first Act, Nora has been listening to her husband explaining how the worst effects of crime are felt in the criminal's own home, where the children breathe a contaminated atmosphere. As she has just discovered herself to be guilty of the crime of forgery, this new view of what is likely to result from her conduct horrifies her, so that, when the children are brought in, she hastily bids the nurse take them away. The incident is important. Nora's conviction that she is unfit for motherhood is the key to much of her subsequent conduct. It is for the children's sake, rather than for her own or for her husband's, that she finally bangs the front-door. Miss Achurch, seeing the importance of this point, is determined to fix our attention upon it at once: and so she shrieks, "Take them away, don't let them come near me!" with as much melodramatic fervour as though she were a Coupeau shrinking from the blue devils in the Zola-Reade play. That is to say, she forces the note, she is unnatural; in endeavouring to explain Ibsen she has spoiled him. But enough of this! I am really becoming a little ashamed of dwelling upon the deterioration of Miss Achurch's Nora. (Oh, those Australian audiences! I declare I never will forgive the larrikin and the ornithorhynchus!) After all, Miss Achurch is what she was—an



intellectual actress: if her power is misdirected and too lavishly employed, still it is a great thing to have power. She has returned to us with a deeper, stronger voice, with fuller experience, with—if the expression may pass—a richer histrionic palette. These are qualities which ought to make their mark in romantic drama, and even in tragedy. In those lofty regions I hope, at no distant day, to meet and applaud her. Of her comrades in *A Doll's House* very little need be said. The qualities which made Mr. Charrington a good Rank make him a bad Helmer. Mr. Fulton's Rank and Miss Marion Lea's Mrs. Linden are good enough, but not brilliant. Mr. Hubert Flemming, whose name is unknown to me, makes an excellent Krogstad.

It is not my fault that I have to make the grotesque transition from a play of Ibsen's to a Princess's melodrama. A new melodrama has been produced at the Princess's, the press has been invited, and so, I suppose, it would be unfair to leave it unmentioned. It is called—I only wish the author's humour had not stopped short at the invention of a title—*The Life we Live*. This is the life we live. We enlist in the dragoons, when drunk. When sober, we desert in order to visit our dying mother. Pursued, we hide in a haystack, and, on emerging, are arrested for murdering a bailiff who, in reality, was shot down by our uncle. We are condemned to penal servitude; but our uncle, with a band of rioters, rescues us from the prison-van which is conveying us to Portland, and so we are just in time to knock down the villain who is persecuting our sister. Ultimately our uncle confesses his crime, and the life we live is henceforth one of unchequered happiness. Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. W. L. Abingdon, Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Wilfrid Shine, Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Lillian Millward, are engaged in living this sort of life. Let my Queensland correspondent think of what is taking place every evening in Oxford Street, London. The thought will reconcile him to his theatreless lot.

Mr. Manville Fenn's farce at the Globe, *The Tin Box*, is one of the innumerable instances which show that a man of proved capacity to tell entertaining stories in space of two dimensions may lose all his cunning in space of three. Even the vivacious acting of Miss Annie Hughes cannot mitigate the tediousness of this farce. Its title instantly suggests Colman's play *The Iron Chest*, and it is almost as tedious as that tragedy. A. B. W.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HERE is a fragment of a conversation which I had the other day with an Academician:—

"Why are you always so down on the Academy?"

"Well, look at your elections."

"What elections?"

"The last three elections. Do those elections represent artistic opinion?"

"Perhaps not, but there are social and commercial reasons. . . ."

"Social and commercial reasons!"

"Certainly. Mr. — is a great favourite; there would have been a row if he had not been elected. His picture of — is in every drawing-room."

"Let the drawing-room be waived. Do you care for his work?"

"Well, looked at from his side, etc. Personally, I've tried over and over again to get Mr. Albert Moore into the Academy, but it seems to be impossible."

"Why impossible? Is his work not liked by the Academicians?"

"Oh, yes; next to Mr. Whistler we think him the greatest artist we've got; but—"

"I won't press the matter. Tell me about Mr. Swan. Has he a chance?"

"Yes, he has a chance; but, like Mr. Whistler and

Mr. Albert Moore, his reputation is principally among artists, and we must follow the public taste."

"But in following public taste so closely, do you not think that you are running a great risk?"

"What risk?"

"That the public will find out sooner or later that the Academy is no more than a commercial enterprise, no better and no worse than any furniture shop in the Tottenham Court Road. Lately you have been following public taste so closely that you have no one among the Associates to replace the leading Academicians: Mr. Orchardson, Sir John Millais, Mr. Hook, Mr. Alma Tadema. Whom have you among the Associates? Mr. Leader, Mr. Brett, Mr. Stanhope Forbes? Will you elect Mr. Leader an Academician?"

"If Mr. Leader's pictures keep up in price we shall have to elect him. But what you say is quite true—I've thought of it myself. There are too few artists among the Associates. I fancy we shall find ourselves obliged to elect Mr. Swan at the next election."

"And Mr. Albert Moore?"

"Well, of course, if there is an agitation in the Press. . . ."

I'm sorry I cannot give the name of the Academician with whom I had this interesting conversation. Perhaps it was with an Associate. But that is a minor point. I venture to say that it will not be denied that the reported conversation represents the known attitude of the Academy towards Art. The Academy has become a strictly commercial enterprise, catering for whatever fashion in art the general public is interested in. No one contests the right of the Academy to make money, and to make as much money as it can. But if its object is only to make money, why the Royal Charter and why the site worth at the lowest estimate three hundred thousand pounds? Neither Mr. Maple nor Mr. Pears has been granted a Royal Charter, and if Mr. Pears were to ask that a nice piece of land on the Thames Embankment should be given him for nothing, whereon to erect a soap manufactory, I wonder what sort of amazement his request would create, I wonder what sort of answer would be returned to him, if any. Yet is the difference between the Royal Academy and a soap manufactory very obvious? Yes, one is State-protected, the other is not. One turns out an article, wholesome, beautifying, and of use to everyone; the other turns out an article, ugly, degrading, and of no use to anyone. The Academy is a blot on the sacred principle of Free Trade, and it is a blot that it will be difficult to remove. It has erected a building which cost £170,000 on a site worth £300,000, and that gives it a security of tenure which Parliament itself can neither annul nor control. The Academy has successfully resisted a Royal Commission, and the many various newspaper agitations—led in one instance by a no less person than Mr. Holman Hunt, and in the *Times*—failed to obtain the slightest measure of reform from this institution. The House of Lords is a house of cards compared with the Academy; the Throne itself is not so secure—the security of the Academy is comparable to nothing except perhaps to the rock of Gibraltar. The Royal Charter, the affixes "R.A." and "A.," the age of the institution, its known wealth, and the monumental aspect of the building, these things are the precious dust with which the public is blinded and deluded into the belief that an artist is not great unless he is an Academician, and that all is worthless that is rejected by the Academy.

The Academy is a prosperous and a fortunate concern. The Sculptor Chantrey left nearly a hundred thousand pounds for the purpose of purchasing pictures, and the spending of the interest of this money is in the hands of the Academicians. How is this money spent? The Academicians purchase each other's pictures. Does anyone think that the prices they pay for pictures out of this fund represent the market value of the pictures? No one thinks such a thing. Everyone knows that whenever an

Academician is getting hard-up a hole-and-corner meeting is held, and his picture is paid for, and at an exorbitant rate, out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund. If ghosts rose from their tombs, the marks of Chantrey's fingers would be found on the throats of the Academicians.

In a few days after the appearance of this article the Academy will open its doors, and the Press will be invited to pronounce its opinion on the collection. Every prostration will be performed: there will be first notice, second notice, third notice, fourth notice, fifth notice. And this is how the notices will be written. The first five and twenty lines of every daily paper will go to the President. The nymph stands on the right, in the shadow of soft green foliage; the group of cupids are in the middle of the picture, and the golden rays of the setting sun, etc.; and the whole composition is pervaded with that sense of classic beauty and grace which we expect in the work of, etc. After the President follows Sir John Millais, and he will get some twenty or five and twenty lines, and we shall be told that in his portrait of Miss — he has again revealed to us one of those charming types of English maidenhood which, etc. And when the R.A.'s are finished, unabashed, like giants refreshed, the critics will plough their still more stubborn way through the A.'s; and when the critics are done the public will do the Academy as it does the park. It will look out the pictures of the R.A.'s and the A.'s just as it looks out the Dukes and the Marquesses in the park. At the beginning of the season there will be a banquet and a speech from the President. In ornate phrases the President will dwell on "the fact" that with the progress of education the nation is taking an ever-increasing interest in art, that art has become a necessity in the life of the nation; and when he speaks of the cultivation of our æsthetic sense, the path of the future, and the providential idea, everyone will feel that if a new Michael Angelo does not arise tomorrow that he has no one to blame but himself. And, to adequately close these happy proceedings, the unhappy R.A. whose picture did not sell will receive an extra thousand out of the Chantrey fund, just to compensate him for his disappointment, and forthwith a couple of valets will remove the picture to the cellars.

I admitted just now that the position of the Academy was impregnable, and spoke of our famous fortress. I did not do so casually, but with intent. Gibraltar itself was once captured by a small company of resolute men, and if ever there exist in London six resolute art critics, each capable of distinguishing between a bad picture and a good one, each determined at all costs to tell the truth, and if these six critics will keep in line, then, and not till then, some of the reforms so urgently needed and so often demanded from the Academy will be granted. I do not mean that these six critics will bring the Academicians on their knees by writing fulminating articles on the Academy. Such attacks were as idle as whistling for rain on the house-tops. The Academicians laugh at such attacks, relying on the profound indifference of the public to artistic questions. But there is another kind of attack which the Academicians may not ignore, and that is true criticism. If six newspapers were to tell the simple truth about the canvases which the Academicians will exhibit next month, the Academicians would soon cry out for quarter, and grant all necessary reforms. But this enterprise would require not only six honest, but six capable, critics; therefore my scheme is no more than an innocent fairy-tale: an El Dorado, a poet's dream.

The Academy will endure: it is founded on too strong a basis of ignorance and avarice ever to be uprooted. It will remain our great artistic scandal, and a warning to future Royalty to keep its hands out of art, as it has learnt to keep them out of politics.

G. M.

## THE WEEK.

NONE of the current quarterlies are more readable than *The English Historical Review*. Two of the papers—"The Siege of Belgrade by Muhammad II.," and "The Coming of Philip the Prudent"—are of exceptional interest. Whatever specialists may have to say about the latter, in it MAJOR HUME gives quite another idea of PHILIP II. than the highly-coloured picture of him as a sulky, sea-sick craven, trembling at his very shadow, which MR. FROUDE has drawn. MAJOR HUME has taken his account of the visit of PHILIP from contemporary narratives of Spaniards who accompanied him—not by any means an unbiassed source; but we are willing to accept as certain that PHILIP's beer-drinking at Southampton, of which MR. FROUDE makes so much, was only a very simple and appropriate compliment to his new country. As to the Spanish testimony regarding PHILIP's affability to the English, and his uniform kindness and even tenderness to his wife, it is too partial to be trusted. The suspicion with which the Spaniards were regarded, the contempt in which they were held, and the intolerable slights put upon them, are also matters not to be implicitly accepted on Spanish evidence.

NOTHING is more curious in MAJOR HUME'S paper than his account of the gravity with which all the Spanish narrators refer to England as the land of Amadis, of ARTHUR and his knights; and their attempt to identify localities and characteristics of England with the descriptions they had read of the land of romance, believed by them to be Britain, not Brittany. England appeared to them an enchanted garden with rippling fountains and fair arbours; but the English they could not abide; they found few Orianas and many Malvilias among the women, and the men were all barbarians. Some of the Spaniards said they "would rather be in the worst stubble-field in the kingdom of Toledo than in the groves of Amadis."

A COPIOUS but fragmentary and scattered literature has accumulated on the subject of the siege of Belgrade. Having collated the narratives of four eye-witnesses, and various Turkish, Greek, and Hungarian memorials, including the recently discovered annals of KRITOBULOS, MR. R. NISBET BAIN has written a graphic and stirring account of one of the most critical events in European history. The character of JOHN HUNYADY, the old Hungarian warrior, "a man who did everything with all his might, was always prompt in extremities, and always at hand when most wanted," appears of heroic proportions. Upon his shoulders, the shoulders of a frail old man, rested the burden of supporting the Hungarian Monarchy when MUHAMMAD II. with an immense army sat down before Belgrade. Led by HUNYADY and CAPISTRAN, an impassioned monk, the Hungarians made an adventurous river journey to Belgrade under cover of night, and, surprising the Turkish fleet, threw themselves into the city. During a three days' siege—by HUNYADY'S daring stratagems, and the patient, and at last impatient, valour of his followers—the great host of the Sultan was ruined. On the third day of the siege MUHAMMAD, "with no other helmet and cuirass than belief in Allah and confidence in the ascendancy of the star of Islam," led his troops in person, "illuminating the dark day with flashes of his dazzling scimitar"—SAID EDDIN, the Turkish annalist, is nothing if not magniloquent. But the Turks were too disheartened to be impressed except momentarily by the example of their leader, and the Hungarian victory was complete. In less than a month after, HUNYADY died. When MUHAMMAD heard of it, he sat long and silent with his eyes on the ground; then, raising his head, he said, "He



was my foe, but would that I had not lost him! His equal is not to be found among the subjects of princes."

A BATCH of letters from and to LEIGH HUNT will appear in the May number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Among them are some of CARLYLE'S, said to be exceptionally genial and interesting. MRS. RITCHIE will resume in *Macmillan's Magazine* her "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs," with further reminiscences of the house in Young Street and of the friends who came there—of JOHN LEECH especially.

THERE is but little news of forthcoming books this week. "Gossip of the Century," in two volumes, by the author of "Flemish Interiors"; and "Roundabout Recollections," by MR. J. A. O'SHEA, will be published shortly by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY. MR. FISHER UNWIN announces "The Autobiography of a Gamekeeper," edited by MESSRS. ARTHUR H. BYNG and STEPHEN M. STEPHENS. "Two Aunts and a Nephew," a novel by MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, will be published by MESSRS. HENRY & CO.; and "Mount Desolation," MR. CARLTON DAWES' new Australian romance, by MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. We have received the first volume of a revised edition of DR. MACKINTOSH'S "History of Civilisation in Scotland" (GARDNER); a new edition of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S "Dante and his Circle" (ELLIS); the fourth volume of the popular edition of LECKY'S "History of England" (LONGMANS); and two large volumes of MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART'S "Essays and Criticisms" (OSGOOD).

THE new volume of "Poets and Poetry of the Century" (HUTCHINSON) contains an anthology from the works of women who have written verse, beginning with JOANNA BAILLIE and ending with MISS MATHILDE BLIND. It seems a fairly adequate selection; but we are at a loss to know why MRS. CARLYLE'S name is included and those of CHARLOTTE and ANNE BRONTË are excluded.

IT was the wish of SIR DANIEL GOOCH that extracts from his voluminous diaries should be made public. A selection, illustrative of his career, and bearing upon the works of national importance with which he was connected, has been edited by SIR THEODORE MARTIN and published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & CO.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON'S charming novel, the "Fiskerjenten," has had the misfortune of being dramatised and put on the stage at one of the Copenhagen theatres. The attempt has shared the fate of many similar experiments. The greater part of the original charm and freshness of the tale has been sacrificed, and another striking proof afforded of the extreme difficulty involved in the task of ably and adequately transforming a good novel into anything like an equally good play.

THE astronomer, in his zeal for accuracy, is ever ready to dash to the ground any belief with which we may have become familiarised, if he feels justified in so doing by the light of new facts. Most of us have been taught to consider the latitude of a place as an unalterable and ever-constant quantity, but even in this our long-cherished ideas have to be given up. Observations extending over a considerable period have pointed out variations, which, although exceedingly small, are now beyond question. Many attempts have been made to put forward a satisfactory explanation of such changes, but the question has been found to be more difficult than was

at first supposed. Everyone is acquainted with the fact that the latitude of a place is its distance measured in degrees from the Equator, while the Pole is ninety degrees from the Equator. What astronomers have recently discovered is that the Pole does not always occupy the same position, and, therefore, the position of the Equator must also undergo a change. Thus we see that latitudes must vary. The earth is not a sphere, for its equatorial diameter is longer than its polar diameter: the latter is known as the axis of figure, and MR. CHANDLER has discovered that this does not coincide with the axis of rotation, but revolves round it in a period of 427 days; so that the latitude, say of London, should ring the period of changes in this interval of time. Assuming a period of 306 days for this rotation, and an absolute rigidity of earth and ocean, MR. RADAU has calculated that the variations in the latitudes would have to be greater than those observed. The results which NEWCOMB, on the other hand, has obtained—using CHANDLER'S period, and allowing for the elasticity and mobility of the earth and ocean respectively—accord very well with the observations, proving that the length of this period is practically correct. Thus to the already long period of revolution of our Pole, which is completed once every 26,000 years, we must add this minor one, which has been found to perform its journey in the comparatively brief space of time of 427 days.

THE REMBRANDT discovery, to which reference was made in these columns a few weeks ago, continues to greatly interest artistic circles both in Scandinavia and Holland. KARL MODSEN, the Danish art-critic, has (our Copenhagen correspondent writes) been visiting Holland in his further endeavour to unravel the mystery, and with a number of Dutch art celebrities, examined, with electric light, the painting at the royal palace at Amsterdam, representing "The Banquet of the Batavians under Claudius Civilis." This picture, which has been supposed to be by JURIAEN OVENS, is pronounced a very moderate painting, and not at all like a REMBRANDT. KARL MODSEN now maintains that the no doubt genuine REMBRANDT at the Stockholm Museum represents the above subject, for which REMBRANDT had received a commission from the town of Amsterdam, and that it was probably refused by the town and afterwards disposed of elsewhere. But then why should this refusal have taken place? And, to make matters still more confused, according to a description of Amsterdam in the year 1662, REMBRANDT'S picture, "Claudius Civilis," was at that time actually at the royal palace, then the town-hall.

THE admirers of MR. BARRIE'S writings—and where may they not be found?—will be sorry to hear that the Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums (Kirriemuir), around which so many associations have lately clustered, is now being demolished, to make way for a more imposing edifice. The wood-work of the old meeting-house was "auctioned" last Saturday. We wonder who bought the pulpit from which the Little Minister preached his famous sermon against Woman. MR. CONAN DOYLE, who has been visiting MR. BARRIE at Kirriemuir, secured many photographs of the place and its more interesting features.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of the HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, formerly Premier of Canada and leader of the Liberal party in the Dominion from 1867 to 1878; MR. JUSTICE TESSIER, of Quebec; the REV. DR. HENRY ALLON, twice president of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and long editor of the *British Quarterly Review*; CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOAQUIN JOVELLAR, who was Governor of the island of Cuba during the *Virginis* affair, and was associated with

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS in the final defeat of the Carlists; the REV. T. PELHAM DALE, whose refusal to discontinue Ritualistic practices at St. Vedast's Church in 1880 brought on him imprisonment for contempt of court; the REV. CAREY BROCK, late Dean of Guernsey; the REV. R. BIRT, the oldest of the London Missionary Society's missionaries in South Africa; HERR FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT, the German poet, essayist, and traveller; M. RAOUL FRARY, a well-known French journalist; MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, best known as a novelist, but who had latterly turned her attention to Egyptology; MR. W. CHAFFERS, an authority more especially on pottery; DR. ELIJAH WHITNEY, of New York, long a leading Abolitionist; and MR. ROSWELL SMITH, President of the Century Publishing Company of New York, whose name will always be associated with the *Century* magazine and the *Century Dictionary*.

#### RUSSIA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. VULCOVITCH.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 16th, 1892.

M. NELIDOFF, the Russian Ambassador, indignantly denies that he had any connection with the murder of Dr. Vulcovitch. No doubt he speaks the truth, but the investigations made by the Turkish authorities have brought out facts which ought to be clearly understood by the whole civilised world. It is very likely that they will be as new to the Czar as to anyone else. No one can suppose him to be any more guilty of assassination than M. Nelidoff.

It is clear, in the first place, that this was a political murder, and that the immediate actors were all Bulgarians, mostly from the Turkish province of Macedonia. The actual murderers were paid for their crime, but the conspirators were actuated by patriotic motives. They believe that so long as the present Government exists in Bulgaria there is no hope of the redemption of Macedonia and its annexation to Bulgaria. This can only be accomplished by the aid of Russia, and consequently it is the duty of Macedonian patriots to overthrow the Government of Prince Ferdinand and restore the Russian power. As there is no hope of doing this by legitimate means it must be done by assassination and brigandage, by treason and anarchy, and a general plan has been elaborated for the murder of all the leading officials—Dr. Vulcovitch was one of them. It is also clear that there are a number of Bulgarian emigrants and some still in Bulgaria who sympathise with this scheme, although the active members of the conspiracy are few. It is probable that the actual murderers are in the hands of the Turkish authorities and that they will be hung. The conspirators have escaped—and will go free.

In regard to the connection of Bulgarians with this affair nothing more need be said. The civilised world has long since judged this species of patriotism and classed it with the worst and most dangerous of crimes. The important question is what Russia has to do with this scheme of anarchy and assassination—is she to be condemned along with these murderers? It is not very easy to understand how a man like the Czar can encourage the persecution of Jews, Stundists, and Protestants, in his own Empire, or fill the prisons of Siberia with his subjects; but it is still more difficult to believe that, while in constant fear of assassination himself, he should encourage the murder of Bulgarian officials who stand in his way, or permit his Government to do so. But the facts in this case seem to be perfectly clear. The active agents in promoting this conspiracy are the Panslavic Committees of Moscow and Odessa. They furnish the money, direct the plans of the conspirators, and protect them from arrest. The Bulgarians engaged are, in fact, nothing more than the agents of these Committees—willing agents, as has already been said, but supported, directed, and

protected by the Panslavic Committee. Now, in Russia no political organisation can exist without the approval of the Government, and the constant surveillance of all its acts by the Administration, so we might infer that these Committees are really semi-official departments of the Government. But we do not need to trust to inference. It is a fact that has been made plain in this case that these Committees are a recognised part of the Government, and have almost as much authority in the Embassy here, in the Legations at Bucharest and Belgrade, and in the Consulates, as M. de Giers himself.

In the case of Dr. Vulcovitch the direction of the conspiracy was in the hands of a man named Shishmanoff—an official in the Russian post-office here—a Bulgarian, who has never lived in Russia, but was furnished with a Russian passport. He was no sooner arrested by the Turks than they were forced by threats from the Russian Embassy to give him up, and he was taken on board a Russian steamer by a secretary of the Embassy, and sent to Odessa. The Russians will not give him up for trial. This is official action. Two other conspirators have been at Constantinople within a few months with Russian passports, and conferred with Shishmanoff and the murderers on board Russian steamers and at the Russian convent in Galata under protection of the Embassy. The chief of the Odessa Committee was not long ago Consul at Philippopolis, and one of the secretaries of the Embassy is specially assigned to the duty of keeping up a correspondence with the Committee. It was well known that M. Hitrovo when he was Russian Minister at Bucharest was acting under the orders of the Committee in organising raids into Bulgaria and the assassination of officials.

A case occurred some months since in Servia, where the chief of the Bellova brigands, who had committed murder and other crimes, was actually furnished with a Russian passport while in prison and then released, on the demand of the Russian Legation, and sent to a place of safety at its expense.

At last accounts, all of those concerned in the conspiracy to murder Dr. Vulcovitch, except the two men in prison here, were in Odessa, their character and business being well known to the authorities, and their connection with the Panslavic Committee openly announced. Under these circumstances, it is not unfair to accuse the Russian Government of being directly concerned in crimes akin to those for which they are now condemning Anarchists in Paris and London. Whatever may be the exact relation of the Panslavic Committees of Moscow and Odessa to the Government of the Czar, they can command all the influence and power of Russian officials abroad to aid their agents in their work of brigandage and assassination, and protect them after their crimes have been committed. Even M. Nelidoff did their bidding in rescuing Shishmanoff from the Turks and sending him out of the country, although he no doubt took pains to know as little as possible about the reasons why he was called upon to act as he did. Such are the facts, and they speak for themselves. The civilised world may be helpless to prevent such action on the part of Russia, but it will not forget it, and some day Russia will pay the penalty.

Dr. Vulcovitch's successor, M. Dimitroff, has been received with great honour by the Sultan, and made to understand that he looks upon Bulgaria as one of the chief defences of Constantinople; that he would gladly recognise Prince Ferdinand if he could be supported in it by the European Powers, and that he was determined to defend the interests of Bulgaria in general. This interview has excited no little interest in Constantinople, and now Russia and her agents are trying to make the Sultan believe that Prince Ferdinand is only an Austrian agent preparing the way for the annexation of the Balkan Peninsula to the Austrian Empire. But the Sultan



is not a fool, and is not likely to be much influenced by such arguments. Russian intrigue and Russian gold expended upon his chamberlains may stir up his fears and keep him quiet, but he will never go over to the side of Russia or take any active steps in support of Russian policy. This assassination of Dr. Vulcovitch in Constantinople is a warning of what may befall him at the hands of Russian agents. He may fear the Russians more than he did before, but he will not trust them more.

#### A FAITHFUL HEART.—II.

IT was as the Major said. The lodge-keepers asked no questions, and they passed up the drive, through the silence of an overgrowth of laurels and rhododendrons. Then the park opened before their eyes. Nellie rolled on the short, crisp, worn grass, or chased the dragon-flies; the spreading trees enchanted her, and, looking at the house—a grey stone building with steps, pillars, and pilasters, hidden amid cedars and evergreen oaks—she said, "I never saw anything so beautiful; is that where the Major goes when he leaves us? Look at the flowers, mother, and the roses. May we not go in there—I don't mean into the house? I heard the Major ask you not to go in for fear we should meet the housemaids—but just past this railing, into the garden? Here is the gate." The child stood with her hand on the wicket, waiting for reply; the mother stood as in a dream, looking at the house, thinking vaguely of the pictures, the corridors, and staircases, that lay behind the plate-glass windows.

"Yes; go in, my child."

The gardens were in tumult of leaf and bloom, and the little girl ran hither and thither, gathering single flowers, and then everything that came under her hands, binding them together in bouquets—one for mother, one for the Major, and one for herself. Mrs. Shepherd only smiled a little bitterly when Nellie came running to her with some new and more splendid rose. She did not attempt to reprove the child. Why should she? Everything here would one day be hers. Why then should the present be denied them? And so did her thoughts run as she walked across the sward following Nellie into the beechwood that clothed the steep hillside. The pathway led by the ruins of some Danish military earthworks, ancient hollows full of leaves and silence. Pigeons cooed in the vast green foliage, and from time to time there came up from the river the chiming sound of oars. Rustic seats were at pleasant intervals, and, feeling a little tired, Mrs. Shepherd sat down. She could see the river's silver glinting through the branches, and, beyond the river, the low-lying river lands, dotted with cattle and horses grazing, dim already with blue evening vapours. In the warm solitude of the wood the irreparable misfortune of her own life pressed upon her; and in this hour of lassitude her loneliness seemed more than she could bear. The Major was good and kind, but he knew nothing of the weight of the burden he had laid upon her, and that none should know was in this moment a greater weight than the burden itself. Nellie was exploring the ancient hollows where Danes and Saxons had once fought, and had ceased to call forth her discoveries when Mrs. Shepherd's bitter meditation was broken by the sudden sound of a footstep.

The intruder was a young lady. She was dressed in white, her pale gold hair was in itself an aristocracy, and her narrow slippered feet were dainty to look upon. "Don't let me disturb you," she said. "This is my favourite seat; but I pray you not to move, there is plenty of room." So amiable was she in voice and manner that Mrs. Shepherd could not but remain, although she had already recognised the girl as one of the Major's sisters. Fearing to betray herself, greatly nervous, Mrs. Shepherd answered briefly Miss Shepherd's allusions to the beauty of

the view. At the end of a long silence Miss Shepherd said—

"I think you know my brother, Major Shepherd."

Mrs. Shepherd hesitated, and then she said: "No. I have never heard the name."

"Are you sure? Of course, I may be mistaken; but—"

Ethel made pause, and looked Mrs. Shepherd straight in the face. Smiling sadly, Mrs. Shepherd said—

"Likenesses are so deceptive."

"Perhaps, but my memory is pretty good for faces. . . . It was two or three months ago, we were going up to London, and I saw my brother get into the train with a lady who looked like you. She really was very like you."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled and shook her head.

"I do not know the lady my brother was with, but I've often thought I should like to meet her."

"Perhaps your brother will introduce you."

"No, I don't think he will. She has come to live at Branbury, and now people talk more than ever. They say that he is secretly married."

"And you believe it?"

"I don't see why it shouldn't be true. My brother is a good fellow in many ways, but, like all other men, he is selfish. He is just the man who would keep his wife hidden away in a lonely little lodging rather than admit that he had made a *mésalliance*. What I don't understand is why she consents to be kept out of the way. Just fancy giving up this beautiful place, these woods and fields, these gardens, that house for, for—"

"I suppose this woman gives up these things because she loves your brother. Do you not understand self-sacrifice?"

"Oh yes, if I loved a man. . . . But I think a woman is silly to allow a man to cheat and fool her to the top of his bent."

"What does it matter if she is happy?"

Ethel tossed her head. Then at the end of a long silence she said: "Would you care to see the house?"

"No, thank you, Miss; I must be getting on. Good-bye."

"You cannot get back that way, you must return through the pleasure-grounds. I'll walk with you. A headache kept me at home this afternoon. The others have gone to a tennis-party. . . . It is a pity I was mistaken. I should like to meet the person my brother goes every day to Branbury to see. I should like to talk with her. My brother has, I'm afraid, persuaded her that we would not receive her. But this is not true; we should only be too glad to receive her. I have heard father and mother say so—not to Charles, they dare not speak to him on the subject, but they have to me."

"Your brother must have some good reason for keeping his marriage secret. This woman may have a past."

"Yes, they say that—but I should not care if I liked her, if I knew her to be a good woman now."

To better keep the Major's secret, Mrs. Shepherd had given up all friends, all acquaintance. She had not known a woman-friend for years, and the affinities of sex drew her to accept the sympathy with which she was tempted. The reaction of ten years of self-denial surged up within her, and she felt that she must speak, that her secret was being dragged from her. Ethel's eyes were fixed upon her—in another moment she would have spoken, but at that moment Nellie appeared climbing up the steep bank. "Is that your little girl? Oh, what a pretty child!" Then raising her eyes from the child and looking the mother straight in the face, Ethel said—

"She is like, she is strangely like, Charles."

Tears glistened in Mrs. Shepherd's eyes, and then, no longer doubting that Mrs. Shepherd would break down and in a flow of tears tell the whole story of her life, Ethel allowed a note of triumph to creep into her voice, and before she could stop herself she

said, "And that little girl is the heiress of Appleton Park."

Mrs. Shepherd's face changed expression.

"You are mistaken, Miss Shepherd," she said; "but if I ever meet your brother I will tell him that you think my little girl like him."

Mrs. Shepherd pursued her way slowly across the park, her long weary figure showing upon the sunset, her black dress trailing on the crisp grass. Often she was obliged to pause; the emotion and exercise of the day had brought back pain, and her whole body thrilled with it. Since the birth of her child she had lived in pain. But as she leaned against the white gate, and looked back on the beautiful park never to be seen by her again, knowledge of her sacrifice quickened within her—the house and the park, and the manner and speech of the young girl, combined to help her to a full appreciation of all she had surrendered. She regretted nothing. However mean and obscure her life had been, it had contained at least one noble moment. Nellie pursued the dragonflies; Mrs. Shepherd followed slowly, feeling like a victor in a great battle. She had not broken her trust; she had kept her promise intact; she would return to London to-morrow or next day, or at the end of the week, whenever the Major wished.

He was waiting for them at the corner of the lane, and Nellie was already telling him all she thought of the house, the woods, the flowers, and the lady who had sat down by mother on the bench above the river. The Major looked at his wife in doubt and fear; her smile, however, reassured him. Soon after, Nellie fell asleep, and while she dreamed of butterflies and flowers Mrs. Shepherd told him what had passed between her and his sister in the beechwood above the river.

"You see, what I told you was right. Your appearance has been described to them; they suspect something, and will never cease worrying until they have found out everything. I'm not a bit surprised. Ethel always was the more cunning and the more spiteful of the two."

Mrs. Shepherd did not tell him how nearly she had been betrayed into confession. She felt that he would not understand her explanation of the mood in which his sister had caught her. Men understand women so little. To tell him would be merely to destroy his confidence in her. As they drove through the twilight, with Nellie fast asleep between, he spoke of her departure, which he had arranged for the end of the week, and then, putting his arm round her waist, he said: "You have always been a good little woman to me."

GEORGE MOORE.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

SIR,—Your article on the Scottish Universities Commission contains several grave misstatements, and is, I think, unfair both to the Universities and to the Commission. 1. You say that the academic year should be increased in length until it is as long as that in the English Universities. You further say that this change is not made because of the obstruction of the professors who insist on keeping their long holiday. The truth is, first, that the Scottish academic year is just as long as the year at Oxford and Cambridge, a little longer if you allow for the delays at the beginning of term; and secondly, the present division of the year is maintained not for the sake of the professors, but for the sake of students, who, being drawn chiefly from an unlearned class, require six months' salaried work in the summer in order to enable them to afford the six months of University work in the winter. At present about two-thirds of the students are actually engaged in professional work in the summer, and one-third in similar work, in addition to their classes, even during the winter. I am sure many of my colleagues agree with me in longing for a division of the year which would be less exhausting to both teachers and taught. When you say that the English Universities work from October to June, you are of course making a slip. 2. You speak of "a monstrous medley of fit and unfit" students paralyzing instruction in the senior classes in Greek, Latin, and mathematics. You are not perhaps aware that it has been for some time usual—at any rate, in this University—I do not know

the others—for the professor to hold an entrance examination for the senior classes. The "monstrous medley" is, without any Parliamentary interference, absolutely a thing of the past. You go on to say that since most students do not take their degree, therefore the majority of the class consists of non-curriculum students, who can attend any class without examination and drag down the standard of teaching. Now, I cannot say precisely what proportion of students proceed to their degree—you may be right, though I shall be astonished if you are—but this much is certain, that non-curriculum students so far from forming a majority, form about 3 per cent. of the whole—that is to say, out of 339 Greek students, I have either seven or eight non-curriculum students! By the way, is it not a little wild to speak of classes of 600 in Latin, Greek, and mathematics "in the larger Universities"? Glasgow is the largest of all; our numbers are—Greek, 339; Latin, about 350; and mathematics, always the largest, about 390.

Three more points: As to assistants, I agree with a good deal that you say; but the main condition which you fail to notice is that Scottish Universities are so poor, and the fees are so low, that it is not possible to have either a numerous or a highly-paid staff. The principle hitherto followed is that one teacher at a large salary, who can be to a certain extent in the front of his profession, is better money's worth to a University than two men at half the amount. I think decidedly that the salaries of the professors are at present too high, and shall welcome a reduction of my own; but I would remind you that the financial ordinances have not yet been issued, and that, as a matter of fact, most professors—I may say all of whom I have personal knowledge—are already paying additional assistants higher salaries out of their own purses than are fixed by the Court for the regular assistants.

Secondly, junior classes in Greek and Latin. Why are they not abolished? Because large numbers of students come from the West Highlands and other districts in which there are no schools giving the required teaching. By the new ordinances a man gets no privilege whatever by attending a junior class at the University. As a matter of fact, even before the ordinances the private arrangements of the professors made it practically indifferent whether a student learnt his elementary Latin and Greek in the University or outside; but by the new ordinances this is made even more explicit. There is no University monopoly. Is it desirable to destroy an organisation for teaching the ill-prepared students of remote districts inside the University, and force them to learn the same subjects outside? I do not see the advantage, but I see one disadvantage. If Highland students cannot learn Greek at home and are not allowed to learn it in the University, Greek will tend to drop out of their education. And as a consistent opponent of compulsory Greek, I am not afraid to say that I believe voluntary Greek to be one of the very highest and most life-giving of educational forces.

One last mistake in fact: You state that there is strong inducement offered to students to take the old curriculum in spite of the new options. This is the reverse of the truth. By the system of preliminary and postliminary examinations, a student taking the old course has to pass four examinations on the higher standard; by a skilful choice among the new subjects he can get in with only two. And this higher standard examination, which you make light of, I should like to see anyone attempt to introduce a harder one! There will be weeping in Ramah as it is.

As a sincere worker for educational reform, I hope that the ordinances will pass soon and unopposed. They are careful and conscientious; like everything else of their size, they have probably some serious flaws. The problems are complex, and there is the constantly recurring difficulty of small funds in the University, and limited leisure on the part of the students. Our Universities are cheap and democratic; they are very wide-reaching in their influence. It is quite illusory to expect them to have the qualities of Oxford and Cambridge: qualities only obtained by enormous endowments, fees, and resident staff, and quite incompatible with the democratic essence of the Scottish Colleges.—Yours sincerely,

G. G. A. MURRAY.

Greek Class, Glasgow, April 20th, 1892.

[The above letter has reached us at the moment of going to press. Our contributor will, no doubt, reply to some of the points raised next week.—ED. SPEAKER.]

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, April 22nd, 1892.

I HAVE a crow to pluck with the excellent Mr. Andrew Lang. In the *Illustrated London News* of last week he writes of "the poet Watts"—meaning thereby the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.—in a manner that betrays a curious, not to say incomprehensible, lack of sympathy on the part of the versatile critic. Mr. Lang seems to have stumbled upon some



of the secular poetry of the author of "How doth the little busy bee," and a perusal of it has made him unreasonably angry. Part of his anger admittedly arises from the fact that Dr. Watts praised Queen Anne because she tolerated Protestant dissent. He cannot resist a sneer at the notion of "Fair Piety" shining "under her Majesty's wing in the various and charming forms of Muggletonianism, United Presbyterianism, and so forth."

This is a provincial view of the situation at the time when Watts wrote his panegyric upon Queen Anne. Dissent, in the eyes of superior people, may be very vulgar nowadays; but even the most superior of the whole tribe of critics, if he knows anything at all, cannot pretend that it was merely vulgar in the time of Queen Anne. It represented at that time the learning, the piety, and the refinement of the English people. Those who preached in the Nonconformist chapels were for the most part men who had been removed for political reasons from their benefices in the Church of England. Those who worshipped under these preachers were the sons or the survivors of the great Englishmen of Cromwell's time—assuredly not men with whom even the most fastidious of the fine gentlemen of to-day need have been ashamed to be seen in Piccadilly. What the Church of England was at that dark period in its history Mr. Lang, who knows his Thackeray and Macaulay well, cannot be ignorant of. If one had to say on which side there was the kind of vulgarity that afflicts the souls of the modern critics of dissent, one would be driven to choose the side which possessed a thousand Thomas Tushers rather than that which could point to a Baxter and a Watts.

Dr. Watts, I need hardly say, was neither a United Presbyterian—indeed, in his day no such being as a United Presbyterian existed—nor a Muggletonian, and one can only be surprised at the fact that Mr. Lang has not suggested Mormonism among the "various and charming forms" of Protestant dissent for which he pleaded. But let this pass. A *SPEAKER causerie* is not the place in which to raise a theological dispute. It is only by the way that I have referred to the subject at all, in reply to Mr. Lang.

That Dr. Watts wrote some sad doggerel, that his rhymes were oft-times bad, his language obscure, his images ridiculous—all this I am ready to admit, and if necessary to prove by a hundred quotations far more telling than those with which Mr. Lang has furnished his readers. But that Dr. Watts never did any good work, and never merited the fame he has won and the place he holds in English literature—this contention I utterly deny. Everybody can laugh at the inflated stuff which most of the poets of Watts's day wrote at times. A hundred years hence the elegant critics of the twentieth century will probably have found something else to laugh and sneer at without going so far back as the reign of Queen Anne for it. But though Watts shared in the prevailing bad taste of his day, that did not prevent his writing some things that not only deserved to live, but that have lived.

What are they? I take up a copy of the "Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer"—not by any means a dissenting publication—and glancing through it I find that it contains just twenty hymns by Dr. Watts—twenty hymns by this impostor who added to his sins as a poet the crowning enormity of being a dissenter—which are being sung to-day by the most "fashionable" congregations in the Church of England. Of course, if I had taken any of the dissenting hymn-books I should have found that the number of Dr. Watts's effusions still in common use was vastly greater than

the proportion in the Hymnal Companion would appear to indicate. But I have taken what may be fairly regarded as unfriendly testimony to his merits as a hymn-writer, and this is the result. No fewer than twenty hymns from his pen are in use to-day among congregations the members of which must abhor his opinions as a dissenter.

Nor need those who are jealous for the fame of the good doctor feel any reluctance to place these hymns in competition with the most popular productions of the same kind from the pens of more modern hymn-writers. Granted that Watts, even in his hymns, wrote much that was offensive to the taste of to-day, his fame may still be left to rest securely on the merits of such verses as those beginning

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"

and

"There is a land of pure delight."

Not that these represent the high-water mark of Watts's poetry. Many will prefer the stirring invocation beginning

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne";

whilst it is difficult to believe that anyone can be quite blind to the merits of the well-known hymn:—

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

"Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure:  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

"A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone:  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They die forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home."

Is it a small thing that a man's words should, more than a century after his death, be used in a thousand assemblies to express the deepest emotions, the dearest hopes, the loftiest aspirations of his fellow-men? If Watts, instead of writing bad verses in praise of Queen Anne and these hymns of which I have been speaking, had written no hymns, but had rivalled "glorious John" himself in real poetic fame, would the world now owe him as much as it does? I trow not. And let this further be said in praise of Dr. Watts, that whatever may be his faults as a writer of verse, he was really the pioneer in our English hymnology. Perhaps his work was rough at times; the work of your pioneer too often is. But at least he showed the way; and

"Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed."

Very few people know how many of the images and quotations which have been current among us for generations come from Dr. Watts. Some are ludicrous, some pathetic, some merely sentimental, a few really fine. The old dissenting divine, who lived at Theobalds under the kindly shelter of his fellow-dissenter, Sir Thomas Abney, and who possibly was rather vain of his powers as a hymn-writer—though no humbler soul ever poured forth its petitions to the Almighty—was the first to tell us that "the mind's the stature of the man." (He himself had nothing to boast of in his physical stature.) And, glancing this morning through an old hymn-book, I have come, amid a thousand plaintive memories associated with "Martyrs," "French," "St. Michaels," "Dundee," and

other melodies of the far-off past, all clustering round the name of Dr. Watts, upon certain couplets that have long since attained a world-wide fame:—

"Nor mock Him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue."  
"Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high."  
"O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound."  
"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long."  
"I have been there, and still would go:  
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Some of these lend themselves to parody—and have been parodied pretty freely. One does not quote them in defence of Dr. Watts against the critical rapier of Mr. Lang. But, taking the man as a whole, remembering what he did for Congregational worship, remembering how large a part his hymns have had in moulding, if not the faiths, at least the forms, of religious expression of many generations of Englishmen, perhaps remembering, too, the days when I was more familiar with the muse of Dr. Watts than I can claim to be now, I have ventured to put in a plea against the sweeping condemnation he has met with at the hands of a great critic of to-day.

X. Y. Z.

## REVIEWS.

### ADAMS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Henry Adams. Vols. I. and II., The First Administration of Jefferson; Vols. III. and IV., The Second Administration of Jefferson; Vols. V. and VI., The First Administration of Madison. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS is a valuable book, one of the best contributions to the not too long list of good historical works that have appeared on America. It is evidently the result of a great deal of patient and careful work upon original authorities, especially upon State papers contained in the French and English, as well as in the American, public archives. Whether the documents cited and argued from are always the most material, whether we are given all that we need in order to follow and estimate the historian's conclusions, is a question on which no one can well express an opinion unless he has prosecuted the same researches as those which have occupied Mr. Adams, and which must have occupied him for years. But he gives us the impression of having done his work thoroughly, conscientiously, and with a generally sound judgment.

It is also an able book. That languid or busy readers will generally care to follow the long and tangled tale of negotiations, most of which failed—though the failure was often as significant as success—is hardly to be expected. Much of the narrative is necessarily dry; but it is not dull. The author is evidently a keen observer, somewhat cynical, yet by no means a pessimist. His reflections are shrewd and pointed. His studies of character are often penetrating and sharply etched. He wants neither an eye for picturesque points nor a sense for the broadly dramatic aspects of history, and has given us several passages about Napoleon which are fresh and telling, even after all that has been written regarding that inexhaustibly interesting figure. He sees the political landscape of the first decade of this century both in Europe and America with a glance that ranges over the whole of it and can appreciate the relation of each of its parts to the other. He has a philosophy, or at least a general theory of American history, which, be it sound or unsound—for we cannot stop here to discuss it—is quite worth stating and reflecting on. His writing is free from that rhetorical taint which was so common in the

American historians of the last generation. He is always clear, always intelligent, sometimes striking.

At the same time it is a provoking book, because the author seems to have written it rather for his own pleasure than for the benefit of his readers. He assumes an amount of knowledge regarding the events immediately preceding the beginning of his narrative which scarcely any Europeans and, we should have supposed, not many educated Americans possess; and, when a new figure steps upon the stage, expects us to know all about his previous career, making remarks whose significance is lost on those to whom that previous career is unknown. The historian of a particular period is no doubt entitled to reckon on some general knowledge among his readers of the period next preceding; but Mr. Adams could have made his book far easier and more profitable, especially to Europeans, if he had not broken so very abruptly into his story, and had now and then spared a few lines to refer to earlier events which might have slipped the recollection of even a well-instructed reader.

Nor is the book a complete survey of the field it professes to cover. It deals very minutely with the two subjects which have most attracted the writer—the diplomatic negotiations of Jefferson and Madison with Spain, France, and England, the play of political parties in Congress, and the curious episode of Burr's conspiracy. Much, however, that was happening in the United States at the same time is either passed over or touched very lightly. Some figures are painted with great care and skill, and Jefferson especially; others, not less interesting (such as Alexander Hamilton), are noticed with a brevity which seems to argue a certain prejudice or favouritism in the historian's mind.

After all deductions, however, this History remains not only a laborious, but a thoughtful and instructive, account of what was not only a critical period in the growth of the United States, but one of the most brilliant and stirring periods in the annals of Europe. The subject of its first four volumes—those devoted to the two Administrations of Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809, may be said to be the threefold struggle between the United States, France, and England, occasioned by the Revolutionary War, the protagonists being Jefferson, Napoleon, and Pitt, followed by Canning. In this struggle, on Mr. Adams' showing, America and Jefferson played by far the most undignified part. Napoleon was brutal, violent, false, unscrupulous. Pitt and Canning were overbearing even to insolence. Jefferson was shifty, timid, double-faced. The United States incurred the contempt of Europe, and, indeed, their own, for the way in which they bore the injuries of France and the arrogance of England. But though they reaped no glory, they reaped by far the largest share of profit. The one great result for them was the acquisition of the vast territory called Louisiana, the country west of the Mississippi from its mouth to its source, which Napoleon sold to Jefferson in 1802. Yet of this greatest exploit of his administration Mr. Adams allows to Jefferson little credit beyond that of having seen its paramount importance and clung steadily. Circumstances, and more particularly the failure of France to recover Hayti and Napoleon's resolve to resume war with England were the really effective causes, to which American diplomacy contributed scarcely at all.

Jefferson is the hero of the first four volumes of the book, and his character the centre of its personal interest. Mr. Adams discloses with an unsparing hand his bits of shuffling and trickery, the vanity that made him obstinate when he ought to have yielded, and the timidity that made him shirk the responsibility of measures he had advised. Yet he seems hardly to perceive the impression which all this makes on the reader's mind. His judgment of Jefferson is more lenient than most readers will form, after following his tortuous course during these eight years, especially if they remember in how many respects his action then falsified his early



attitude. Although free from the slightest taint of corruption, he was very far from being an upright man, but, on the contrary, he was slippery, shuffling, to the last degree. Yet neither was he the contemptible hypocrite which some of his most high-minded opponents took him for. Although the unctuous fervour with which he professed his doctrines of democratic equality might well excite suspicion, although he abandoned in practice most of the political dogmas which he had advocated before his elevation, and continued to the end of his life to prate about his own virtues, the view which holds him to have been genuinely attached from first to last to his peculiar principles seems, on the whole, the truer as well as the more charitable one. Convinced adhesion to a doctrine has often been found compatible with a great willingness to modify its applications, and voluble professions are not necessarily evidences of insincerity. Jefferson was evidently a man of considerable social charm as well as of a versatile and active mind and tenacious will. These qualities, however, do not fully explain the immense hold he acquired over his party, the deference which Congress paid him until his embargo policy had become disastrous, and the renewal of his popularity when the fresh memory of his unfortunate administration had begun to pass away. Mr. Adams recognises the strength of this hold, the more remarkable because Jefferson had no talent for speaking, and seldom did speak; but he does not account for it, and hardly seems to see that it needs to be accounted for. Something may doubtless be ascribed to the absence of other men of mark. After the death of Hamilton, the Federation had not only no first-rate man, but scarce any who stood high in the second rank; for that is all that can be claimed for Rufus King, George Cabot, Josiah Quincy, or Timothy Pickering. Jefferson's own party was equally weak. Nobody, except Madison, Gallatin, and John Randolph, rose above the flattest commonplace. Gallatin was a Swiss by birth, and never heartily accepted, in spite of his abilities and services. Randolph was violent and erratic. Madison, the twice-chosen President, wanted all popular gifts, and as Secretary of State showed nothing better than a sort of quiet astuteness, which, to some extent, covered his timidity. Jefferson had been a prominent figure ever since 1776, and shone brilliantly because other luminaries had died out of the sky.

The fifth and sixth volumes contain the narrative of Madison's administration from 1809 to 1813, including the breach with England—described, on the whole, with fairness as well as minute knowledge—and the first months of the war on the Canadian frontier and at sea. But our examination of these two volumes had better be postponed till the English edition is completed by the appearance of the two more volumes which are to complete the work, carrying it down to the end of Madison's second term. We shall return with pleasure to a book of so much intrinsic value, and now commend it heartily to all students of American history.

#### THE PAPACY AT THE RENAISSANCE.

GESCHICHTE DER PÄPSTE IM ZEITALTER DER RENAISSANCE BIS ZUR WAHL PIUS' II. Von Dr. Ludwig Pastor, a.o. Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Innsbruck. Freiburg in Breisgau.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES FROM THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Drawn from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Original Sources. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. London: J. Hodges.

THERE are those who look with suspicion upon any historical work from the pen of a Jesuit. No doubt weighty reasons may be adduced to warrant this distrust. Edification, rather than knowledge, has ever been the aim of the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Their method of instruction has been pious rather than scientific. No great amount of success can be said to have been attained by it, judging by the result. They had the education

of Catholic Europe in their hands during the greater part of the last century. What were the generations which they reared? Their most illustrious pupil was—Voltaire. In the department of history they have generally exhibited themselves rather as apologists than as candid narrators. They may have told the truth, but it has not been the whole truth. They may not have misstated facts, but they have manipulated them. They represented, in short, with much ability of a kind, the old ecclesiastical way of writing history. Happily, that way has fallen into discredit. The scientific spirit has asserted itself in this domain also, and the Society of Jesus, which, though not of the world, is in the world, has had to reckon with it. In these volumes of Dr. Pastor's the influence of the *Zeitgeist* is very evident. He presents the facts, so far as he can discover them, with much candour; nor can there be any question as to the amount of laborious investigation which he has expended on their discovery. He marshals them fairly and discriminately, and he draws his conclusions from them in a judicial spirit. Of course his view of the facts is largely influenced by his first principles; but of that no reasonable man will complain. An absolutely impartial historian never has existed, and never will exist. All we can expect of a writer of history is that he should tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as he knows it; and that Dr. Pastor appears to have done. His book is, in Montaigne's phrase, "a book of good faith."

The subject with which Dr. Pastor deals is the history of the Popes from the end of the Middle Ages. He justly remarks, in his preface, that a new work on this subject cannot be considered superfluous. During the last ten years a vast number of learned monographs bearing upon it have been given to the world; and the "magnanimous" action of Leo XIII. in throwing open the Papal secret archives has enabled investigators to consult documents of the highest authority, hitherto inaccessible. Those archives Dr. Pastor has diligently searched, supplementing his labours in the Vatican Library by visits to the great collections of documents preserved in other libraries, both in Rome and throughout Italy. Moreover, he has had before him a vast amount of printed literature bearing upon his subject. The mere enumeration of the titles of the books which he has consulted fills twenty-four pages of his first volume. It is not much to the credit of English scholarship, we may observe in passing, that in this long array of authorities we find only one English work mentioned, Bishop Creighton's well-known and justly esteemed "History of the Popes during the Reformation," a work the completion of which, we venture to hope, may not be indefinitely postponed by the episcopal duties cast upon its accomplished author. In using the vast material which he has collected with true Teutonic thoroughness, Dr. Pastor displays no small amount of literary skill. His style is lucid and unaffected; his reflections are well considered and pertinent. As a specimen of his candour, we may refer to his judgment of Roderigo Borgia. "In vain," he writes, "have people in modern times repeatedly made the unhappy attempt to rehabilitate this man's moral character. In opposition to this unworthy perversion of historic truth, it is the duty of the historian emphatically to insist that against this man there is evidence the strength of which annihilates all attempts to vindicate him." These are the words of German honesty.

So much as to Dr. Pastor's work. Of the translation we must speak in terms of only modified praise. It almost always conveys the substance of the author's meaning; but it is too often loose, and not seldom inaccurate. Indeed, there seems to be hardly a page which does not present examples of these faults. We open the first volume at random, and find before us the beginning of the second book. We read as follows:—"These nine and

thirty years of division were the most terrible crisis the Roman Church had passed through during the long centuries of her existence." The German, of which this is presented as the English rendering, runs thus: "Die neununddreissig Jahre, welche die Spaltung gedauert, waren die grösste Krisis, welche die römische Kirche in ihrer fast zweitausendjährigen Geschichte zu überstehen gehabt hat." This really means: "The thirty-nine years, which the schism lasted, were the greatest crisis that the Roman Church has had to surmount in the well-nigh two thousand years of her history"; and we can't, for the life of us, make out why the translator did not say so. In the next line, Dr. Pastor, quoting the testimony of Gregorovius, describes him as "ein principieller Gegner des Pöpstums," which is rendered, "an uncompromising opponent of the Papacy." Now "principieller"—an ugly word enough, by the way—does not mean uncompromising, but on principle. Again, at the bottom of the page, Dr. Pastor says, "So schien dieser edler Römer alle Eigenschaften zu vereinigen, um die allgemeine Kirche wieder mit Kraft und Würde zu vertreten," which, being interpreted is: "Thus, this noble Roman appeared to unite all qualities proper for representing once more the Universal Church with energy and dignity." But the translator, for some occult reason, sees fit to write, "This noble Roman, in fact, seemed to combine all the qualities that could enable him worthily to fill his high position": which is true enough, but is not a translation. Let us try the second volume. We open it casually, and light upon page 240, and there we read as follows: "But when the Greeks returned from Florence they found it very hard to carry into effect what had been agreed upon in the Council"; and our suspicions are at once aroused, for the Greeks found that more than very hard—they found it impossible. On referring to the German we find that this is what Dr. Pastor says: "Allein was die in Florenz anwesenden Griechen zugestanden hatten, konnten sie in der Heimath nicht zur Geltung bringen":—but what the Greeks present in Florence had conceded, they could not carry into effect in their own country. A few lines further down the translator tells us "Gennadius and numerous other writers followed in the same line, and as they fostered the national enmity of the Greeks against the Latins, their works produced more effect than those of the friends of the Union, many of whom, however, were distinguished and worthy men." Dr. Pastor's words are:—"Ihnen folgten zahlreiche andere griechische Schriftsteller, unter denen besonders Gennadius hervorzuheben ist. Da diese Polemiker den Nationalhass der Griechen gegen die Lateiner für sich hatten, so waren ihre Schriften von grösserer Wirkung, als diejenigen der Freunde der Union; doch fehlte es auch dieser nicht an würdigen Vertheidigern." This is plain enough; and the English equivalent of it is: "They were followed by numerous other Greek writers, among whom Gennadius is especially conspicuous. Since these controversialists had on their side the national hatred of the Greeks against the Latins, their writings produced greater effect than those of the friends of the Union, which, however, did not lack worthy defenders." Dr. Pastor does not say that Gennadius, and the other writers to whom he refers, fostered the national enmity of the Greeks against the Latins, although they very likely did; nor does he say that the defenders of the Union were distinguished and worthy men, which may also be true. He says one thing and his translator says another; and to this we object; the business of a translator is to translate. We wish the learned Oratorian who has edited these volumes had exercised his editorial function more rigidly. He tells us that he has endeavoured to follow the text as closely as is consistent with an idiomatic translation. But surely in the instances we have given—and they might be indefinitely multiplied—the text might have been far more closely followed with no sort of detriment to the English version.

## THREE RECENT MILITARY BOOKS.

1. THE PRINCIPLES OF STRATEGY. By J. Bigelow, jun., 1st Lieut. 10th Cavalry U.S. Army. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
2. FIELD FORTIFICATION. By H. Turner (late Royal Artillery). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
3. WATERLOO LETTERS. A selection from original and hitherto unpublished letters by officers who served in the Waterloo campaign. Edited by Major-General H. T. Siborne (late Col. R. E.). Cassell & Co.

MORE than twenty years ago Sir E. Hamley roundly condemned the diagrammatic method of treating strategic problems. "The student who is presented with a page of simple figures, squares, angles, or semicircles with a few radii, and told that these are explanations of the art of war, is apt to ask if military problems can really be dealt with in this compendious fashion." These diagrams in fact "affect too much to simplify what is in reality complicated." Since the publication of the "Operations of War" this method of misrepresentation has fallen into comparative disuse. It seems, however, to have occurred to the author of "The Principles of Strategy" that the diagram was condemned only on the grounds of its apparent simplicity, and that by calling in the aid of practical geometry this reproach might be removed. The result is unfortunate. Nothing, except illusion, is promoted by attempting to show that an army holds "direct command" of a given line when it is posted on an "equilateral hyperbola." The misuse of geometry could not well be carried further than this, and such an explanation of a strategic problem is not merely confusing but positively misleading. Strategic principles are few and simple. The whole difficulty of the art lies in their application under highly complex and conflicting conditions, and under circumstances which are rarely or never completely known.

In correctly appreciating the military importance of different objectives, in knowing exactly what your own army can accomplish, and in justly estimating what your enemy will undertake and what his force is in a position to carry out, lies the real test of generalship. The head of the strategist may be stuffed with diagrams, wise saws, and historical instances; but if he fails in this indefinable quality of military judgment, he will surely deserve to be hopelessly beaten. It is a habit of mind which has to be created, and books which affect to teach strategy by the methods of Euclid merely foster a pedantry already sufficiently prevalent. This book, in other respects, leaves much to be desired. The subdivision of the subject is crude and confusing. In a single chapter, under the somewhat vague heading "Operating from a base," Washington's movement against Cornwallis in 1777 and the cruise of the *Alabama* are promiscuously huddled together. Nothing is gained by thus mixing up irregular naval raiding with military operations. Excellent models of strategic maps exist, leaving no adequate excuse for sketchy productions which do not fulfil their office. Finally, although the great Civil War is full of valuable teaching for students of all nations, its varied operations do not, except in some special cases, lend themselves well to the illustration of strategy in its higher aspects.

Written examinations constitute at least an indifferent method of gauging individual capacity, although where a selection has to be quickly made more satisfactory tests are perhaps impossible. No private corporation or great railway company would dream of selecting its officers for promotion by analysing the answers they were able to frame to a set of academical questions. The officer of the British army, however, has twice during his chequered career to undergo this ordeal, and at the same age as that at which Napoleon, Ney, Soult, and Lannes annihilated the Prussian army in 1806, he may find himself puzzling over such conundrums as suggest themselves to the ingenuity of an anonymous examiner. He must prepare himself for the trial—even a Wellington would have to do that—for the answers that he gives must be



in strict accordance with the authorised text-books, although they may be years out of date. To enable him to abridge his studies, numerous works have been provided which frequently adopt a catechism form. Of such works is "Field Fortification," which not only gives a large number of the questions beloved of examiners, together with their answers, but reprints recent examination-papers with appropriate solutions. It is possible that a stern examiner might not be entirely satisfied with some of the answers provided by the author. The question: "What is meant by a quick-firing gun?" is not altogether met by the statement: "A quick-firing gun is merely a light field-gun firing fixed ammunition, the recoil being absorbed by the method of mounting." Some quick-firing guns already in the service weigh more than three tons, whereas our field-gun weighs only seven hundredweight. No quick-firing gun has yet been adopted as a field-gun, and in the experimental guns proposed for the purpose, the recoil is not all "absorbed" by the mounting. This, however, is a detail, and the officer who masters the contents of the work may count on passing with distinction in the subject of Field Fortification, and can then look forward, if he is sanguine, to becoming a general, or even a field-marshal, if he comes of a long-lived family.

Nearly fifty years ago the late Captain Siborne undertook the preparation of a model of the field of Waterloo, and subsequently published an excellent account of the great battle. In collecting materials for his work he applied to most of the prominent officers present, a selection of whose letters is now published by his son, Major-General Siborne. All the writers have passed away, and their collated experiences were long ago incorporated in Captain Siborne's work, or rendered upon his model; but the letters are full of interest. Many little personal incidents such as history cannot record confer vivid realism upon these fragmentary narratives, in whose varied styles may be traced the characteristics of the men who helped to win Waterloo. It is unfortunate that most of the letters were written more than twenty years after the event, by which time memory had become somewhat clouded. Still more is it to be regretted that matters which the Duke of Wellington alone could have cleared up must now remain for ever in doubt. "It would be impossible to ask him, or that he should answer any such question," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset with reference to some disputed point. Beyond the despatches and the fragments of conversation recorded by Lord Stanhope, the Duke contributed little to the history of his greatest battle. Although the letters now published by General Siborne do not touch Waterloo criticism in its later and decidedly unprofitable aspects, they will be none the less welcome to the many to whom the precise state of Napoleon's health in June, 1815, is not a matter of cardinal importance.

#### A GERMAN ZOOLOGICAL TEXT-BOOK.

A TEXT-BOOK OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY. (Part I.) By Arnold Lang, Professor of Zoology in the University of Zürich. Translated by H. M. and Matilda Bernard. With a Preface by Professor Ernst Haeckel. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE above named volume is one of 545 pages, bearing 383 woodcuts many of which are original and all of which are most excellent. It is subdivided into six chapters, and deals with the Protozoa, Coelenterata (including the Gastræadæ and Sponges), Vermes (including the Platyhelminthes), and Arthropoda. The German work appeared in 1888, and the author's notes for emendation and expansion of that have been incorporated by the translators, whereby the volume before us ranks as practically a second edition of the original. The author's task was undertaken in response to a request that he should prepare a new edition of Dr. Oscar Schmidt's "Text-book of Comparative Anatomy"—a work too little recognised in this country, and he has adhered to the excellent plan adopted in that book of prefacing each

section with a concise review of the systematology of the race with which it deals.

The Darwinian and other leading influences which have been at work upon Natural Science within the last 30 to 40 years are well known to have drawn into the field of inquiry a host of devotees, whose labours have amassed a literature of colossal proportions. The task of preparing a text-book which should incorporate all that is important in this is of such magnitude that the competent and conscientious worker stands aghast, barely knowing where to begin, and hesitating lest, in selecting, he should unconsciously fail in his duty towards his readers. We Englishmen, born of an innate utilitarianism and incapacity for organisation, have of late, and with one notable exception, laid aside the task, contenting ourselves with the production of more or less empirical treatises, meeting the demands of the examining boards and narrow syllabuses by which our educational systems are hemmed in. Our German *confrères*, nothing if not authoritative, free to devote their best energies to the accumulation of abstract knowledge, have gone to the other extreme, producing *vade-mecæ* suggestive (in the words of Marion Crawford) of their knowing "not only all that is known by other people, but also all that they themselves imagine, which nobody else can possibly know."

Without pausing to discuss either the merits and demerits of these two methods of procedure, or the conditions under which they have arisen, it may be pointed out that cognisance of the English and German educational systems, so different in their aims, justifies the belief that an ideal text-book, like an ideal scientific university, would be one based on a combination of the methods of the two countries. Professor Lang's book more nearly realises this than any which have gone before it, and with what amount of success we leave its readers to judge. The author's great wisdom in selection of material and the consummate skill which he has handled his subject, can only be sufficiently appreciated by the specialist. Authorities are cited irrespectively of either nationality or school bias, and the work is throughout imbued with that cosmopolitanism necessarily characteristic of all true science. Author, translators, artists, and publishers, have all done their utmost to ensure success; the result being the production of a work to-day unequalled by its contemporaries in all European tongues.

We could wish to see some of those organisms of doubtful affinity (not to say of doubtful existence in certain cases) dealt with in a more guarded vein; Protospongia, Megasphæra, the forced association of the sponges with the Coelenterata, and the Phylæmaria, are cases in point. Indeed, the author appears to be unaware of Saville Kent's discovery of the rhizopod nature of the latter, as represented at any rate by Haliphysema. The incorporation in text-books of unguarded descriptions of organisms whose existence as originally described is insufficiently proved is an old error, into which writers of all nationalities have fallen; and we are firmly of opinion that where a doubt arises in the trained mind (as it must do with certain of those "creations" above alluded to) it would be well to give the student the benefit of it. The author comments, among other things, upon the attempt in recent years to associate the King Crabs with the Arachnoidea—a subject which has much exercised English zoologists—and his remarks are exceedingly cautious and well-chosen. The translators have introduced in a footnote a reference to Jaworowski's recent discovery of the transitory development of antennæ among the spiders, in full appreciation of its very important bearing on the affinities of these animals; they might advantageously have added reference to the discovery of proctodeal nephridia in the Chaetopod worms and of the allied mode of origin of the Malpighian tubes of the Orthoptera, which have a no less significant bearing on immediately related questions, especially as these observations are of slightly earlier date than that incorporated. The

author tells us on page 212 that "we cannot yet decide what should be considered as the body cavity" in the Leeches. This problem, which has been unapproached for some six or seven years, has received its solution while the final sheets of Professor Lang's translation were going through the press, and mention of the fact will suffice to show how difficult is the task of producing a text-book of science which shall be fully up to date. Here and there important classes of animals are very inadequately dealt with, for example, the Rotatoria (p. 185). Under the division Vermes, the author having excluded the Platodes, includes all other worms, the Leeches, Sipunculids, Brachiopods, and Bryozoa, (retaining the term Polyzoa for the segmented Cestoda). In doing this he remarks (p. 177) that these "Vermes" form a "by no means natural and well-demarcated" division, but rather one like a lumber room, to which all those groups are relegated which cannot be placed elsewhere. We venture to suggest that there is here something radically wrong both in arrangement and deduction, hardly doubting that a rectification will be effected in subsequent editions of the work. Defects of this kind must be expected in so pretentious a volume; in consideration, however, of the immensity of the zoological field, of the difficulties of the author's task, and of the general excellence of his labours, our verdict upon the book as a whole is one of unstinted praise. Labour of the kind which has produced it, in a field so unremunerative, is a labour of love. The author of such a treatise seeks his reward in the possible awakening of latent ability, whereby fresh workers, born for the toils and pleasures of investigation, shall be secured; and in the case before us he will most certainly reap it.

#### FICTION.

1. THE THREE FATES. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
2. HORSLEY GRANGE: A Sporting Story. By Guy Gravenhil. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

A WRITER in the *Spectator* recently devoted an article to the remarks upon human vanity which are to be found in the first volume of Mr. Crawford's new novel. Such remarks are beginning to abound in Mr. Crawford's work; something in his story reminds him that he has opinions on the manufacture of the novel, and he runs away from the story to give us his opinions; or he remembers that he has something to say about the *dilettante* of literary criticism, or the requisites of the perfect life, and again the story has to give way to the disquisition. Some of these disquisitions are thoughtful and readable; but they tend to make the story straggling and incoherent. They give it, too, the appearance of padded work, plumped out to the requisite three volumes. And at times the moralising is very cheap. "It is certain that neither birth, wealth, nor talent, will of itself make man or woman popular;" that is true to the verge of being a truism. Mr. Crawford shares a fault with one of his characters; he rather likes the use of the scriptural phrase; in some places his humour depends on the incongruity which he obtains in this way. It is a fault, because it is a trick—a thing of which anyone can see the secret, which anyone can learn.

The hero of "The Three Fates" has character and individuality. Although he does some things which are foolish and some which are weak, showing in one case astonishingly dull perceptions, he does not lose the reader's sympathy. He is human and distinct; the delineation of his character and its development is by far the best thing in the book. His three fates are three women. The first of these, Constance, has the indecision of extreme conscientiousness and uncritical introspection. She takes the hero, as it were, on approbation, and she returns him after years of deliberation. No engagement takes place between them; but he has had every

encouragement to believe that an engagement would take place, and his disappointment at rejection is intense. In his period of dejection his cousin, Mrs. Sherrington Trimm, shows him great kindness, and he goes on a long visit to her. The kindness is not wholly disinterested; she has learned, by means conventional and unscrupulous, that the hero will inherit her brother's vast fortune, and she has a daughter, Maimie, of marriageable age, for whom she would be very glad to secure that vast fortune. The hero knows nothing of the money which is to come to him, believes that he will never have more than moderate means, and entirely trusts his cousin's kindness. Maimie herself is entirely ignorant of her mother's plot, although she naturally lends herself to its consummation, for she is very much in love with the hero. She betrays her feelings in many ways, and some of them are very obvious. The hero at last engages himself to her; he is, we feel, not the subject of a passion for Maimie but the victim rather of her mother's strategy and his own tendency to ordinary civility. The story does not by any means end here, although we will carry the sketch of the plot no farther. There is a third woman, a third fate. The interest of the story is chiefly the interest of love. The author puts words into his hero's mouth which may possibly embody his own views. "A love story. What else should I write about? There is only one thing that has a permanent interest for the public, and that is love."

But there is another interest in this book. The hero's career is literary. He passes from journalism to very successful authorship; Mr. Crawford is writing about a subject which he thoroughly understands, and the interest is strong. In spite of the hero's success Mr. Crawford's views are pessimistic, justifiably pessimistic, although there is not the settled gloom in these pages that we found in Mr. Gissing's "New Grub Street." Any critic of this book must write with the uncomfortable feeling that the author knows precisely how criticism is done, and what it is worth.

Novels of sport are as a rule very much like each other. Occasionally one finds something exceptional. There was, for instance, a touch of poetry in the works of Whyte Melville; but the incidents of the sporting novel are mostly taken from a very limited stock, have been used often before, and are not used well. This is a little surprising because many good sportsmen are very observant of nature, and could tell us, if they would, much that is very new and very interesting. "Horsley Grange" is quite upon the old lines. There is a lottery ticket which succeeds; it is part of the irony of fiction that its lottery tickets always succeed, just as surely as its most respectable banks always fail. There are in this book all the scenes that we should have expected—the scene in the yard of the horse-dealer, the scene on the racing-course, and the scene in the hunting-field. Unfortunately, this kind of book requires that its reader should not only be very much interested in horse but also that he shall be very little interested in man. If he has very much interest in humanity, he will hardly be able to stand the dummies by which this story is peopled. And after all there are incidents which have been repeated too often, and can only weary us now. We are tired of the dark horse and of the attempt, unsuccessful, which is made to injure his chances. We are tired of the undeserved suspicion, and we should be equally tired of the triumphant vindication, were it not that this makes us fairly certain that we are now at the end of the book. "Horsley Grange" is quite an average novel of its kind—no better and no worse; quite unmarked by individuality, but not altogether destitute of spirit.

Stories of sport and stories of school life are, as a rule, very badly done. Why does not some author of established literary reputation attempt their regeneration?



## THE QUARTERLIES.

WITH the exception of such repositories of special criticism and information as the *English Historical Review* and the *Economic Journal*, which are most carefully edited and carefully written, the quarterlies, it becomes clear after a prolonged study, are inferior in literary quality to at least half a dozen of the monthlies. Nor is the inferiority merely a matter of style or of backwardness in opinion. A literary upper chamber applying a break on what the quarterly reviewer regards as the present rapid descent of letters Hades-ward might be defensible; but the break must be of other stuff than leather and prunella cobbled together in a hurry. Such a vamped-up article is that on John Lewis Mallet in the *Edinburgh*. The writer is reviewing a privately printed "Autobiographical Retrospect" of the first twenty-five years of Mallet's life. Mallet was a son of Mallet du Pan of French Revolution fame. He had interesting adventures in Geneva as a boy, and a brief residence at Venice as private secretary to the British Minister there. His account of Venice in the last days of her independence is said to be very entertaining. Why, then, is the article not entertaining? The reader never knows certainly when the reviewer is talking of Mallet du Pan, when of his son: the article consists mainly of extracts and undigested *résumé*; and the writer, he with other quarterly reviewers, is frequently, like Sigismund, King of the Romans, *supra grammaticam*. When a daily reviewer receives a book in the evening, and his notice appears next morning, copious extracts, linked together with the minimum of comment, is all one can expect; but when a man has presumably three months in which to meditate his review, we object to be fubbed off with raw gobbets torn from the carcase. The Tartar cookery of the daily journalist we accept; but we want our quarterly fare well-selected, well-baked, and served up neatly, somewhat in the manner of the article on "Snakes" in the *Quarterly*. We can imagine what a jug of inextricably intertwined reptiles some quarterly reviewers would have made of it. In arrangement, in the selection and condensation of the matter, and in style, it is quite admirable. There are, of course, too many extracts. Lavish extract is indeed one of the main faults of the quarterlies. Had the twenty pages of quotation in the *Quarterly Review* been condensed, there would have been ample room for another article; and for two articles in the *Edinburgh*, had the quotation there, amounting to over thirty-five pages, been kept within bounds.

Lack of humour has often been noted as a "most plentiful" characteristic of the quarterlies. One example which seems to us of a very exquisite pattern occurs even in the careful article on "Snakes." The writer, speaking of the boa-constrictor, says: "It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin, made into an elegant waistcoat, worn by one of the trustees of the British Museum." We can account for the unmoved gravity of the writer only on the supposition that he regards this as a new fact in Natural History.

The quarterlies have long been noted for their wisdom after the event. There, indeed, they ought to have the pull over dailies, weeklies, and monthlies; and yet how seldom they win in the "tug-of-war"! Their prophecy of "things past" is either a wrong interpretation, or it does not go back far enough. When the writer on "The French Decadence" (*Quarterly*) declares that to read Guy de Maupassant is, "in every sense, a mistake, which would never be tolerated by sound judges of literature," and when we are told, in the same magazine, as the last word on Mr. Hardy's later work, that it "is crammed with inartistic blunders and improprieties," we have two admirable examples of misinterpretation. When an *Edinburgh Reviewer* points out that the French Revolution was the cause of "appalling sufferings, of generations thinned and maimed by the sword, of lasting injury done to the estate of

man—of the arrest, nay, of the putting back, of human progress," and asks, "has not that cataclysm done more evil than good?" he stops much too short in his past prophecy, failing to see back to the giant hypocrisies and intolerable wrongs which the French Revolution overturned, and to overturn which was worth the sacrifice of many generations.

The quarterly brooms are always busy against the tide. The wielder of a desperate mop in the *Edinburgh* has stuck a brilliant thread from Burke among his bunch of rags: "A political party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed." Upon what particular principle, asks the reviewer, are the Liberals agreed? He can find none except a desire to overthrow the Government, and it does not seem to occur to him that that might promote the national interest. When the next Parliament is elected, and the Liberals are in power, we shall ask the Opposition if one of the most particular principles upon which the national interest depends is not the overthrow of the Government.

We sometimes think that these two ancient quarterlies are the most astonishing example of the survival of the unfittest in literature. Established at a time when monthlies and weeklies were practically unknown, they have made but little change in their methods, and are consequently doing over again what has been thrice done already. Occasionally of late, as in the present numbers, where opinion on certain matters as expressed in the monthlies is reviewed, an attempt is made to constitute the quarterlies into a sort of court of appeal; but there is evidently much difficulty in getting on to new lines. Is there any reason why a quarterly editor should not appoint the bitterest pen in London to review literary opinion as expounded in the *Saturday*, *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, etc.; the most ruined politician to review the political opinion of the "greatest circulations"? And why might he not have a joint article on ecclesiastical matters in which a renegade from every denomination should have a free hand to bless his old friends? Anything to keep out of ruts.

## ROYALIST LETTERS: 1645-47.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS. Domestic Series of the Reign of Charles I. 1645-1647. Edited by W. D. Hamilton, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London.

MR. HAMILTON, in the present volume of his Calendar, carries his readers from the King's retreat after Naseby almost to his surrender by the Scots at Newcastle. The more important of the documents noticed by him fall under two heads. We have Royalist letters intercepted by the Parliament, and also the papers of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, which was the executive authority on the Parliamentary side. The documents of the first class necessarily throw a fitful light upon the fortunes of the losing side, as the greater part of the correspondence to which they belonged reached their destination, and, where they are not entirely lost, have found their way into other receptacles than the national repository in Fetter Lane. Of those to be found here some of the most interesting are those taken after Lord Digby's defeat at Sherburn, which were only second in importance to the papers captured at Naseby as revealing the King's secrets. The documents of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, on the other hand, are defective, through the carelessness of those who were entrusted with their preservation. The books, as the editor tells us, "containing letters received by the Committee are wholly wanting, and those of letters sent extend only till March, 1647." The loss of the first-named books is by far the most grievous, those which were given us in the preceding volume of the Calendar containing accounts of military movements and political transactions of the most interesting kind.

Many of the intercepted letters were, as might have been expected, in cipher, and some of them appear to have baffled the skill of the Parliamentary decipherers. If so, Dr. Wallis, who boasted that he had never failed to read Royalist ciphers, was not yet at work, though we have specimens of his skill dating from 1648. Mr. Hamilton has, however, been fortunate in securing the help of Colonel J. S. Rothwell, who appears to be able to read any purely numerical cipher in which figures correspond with letters of the alphabet, though two or even three figures are usually employed to signify the same letter. In this way several very interesting despatches have been recovered for the use of historical students.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

MASHONALAND, in its political and mining aspects, has within the last two or three years been brought prominently before the nation, in consequence of the action of the British South African Chartered Company, but hitherto next to nothing has been heard of missionary enterprise amongst the native tribes. Yet before the scheme of the Chartered Company was heard of by the outside world, the present Bishop of Mashonaland, Dr. Knight-Bruce—under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—was already laying, in the region south of the Zambesi and north of the Transvaal, the foundations of future aggressive work. Three years ago the northern border of the Transvaal was the limit of the white man's sway and practically of his settlements as well, and even two years ago Mashonaland was kept by the paramount chief of the Matabele as a Scotch laird or an English capitalist keeps a deer-forest in the Highlands. In 1883 Dr. Knight-Bruce obtained permission from the Matabele chief to enter Mashonaland, and he then made a pioneer journey of two thousand five hundred miles through a country which hitherto, to all intents and purposes, had been unknown. He found that the raids of the Matabele warriors had established a perfect reign of terror; indeed, after the Bishop crossed the border, he met in a week's journey neither man, woman, nor child. The mountainous upland country, however, was thickly populated, but even there it was pitiful to witness the fear which brooded over every village community. "Their little huts were crowded in among the rocks on the tops of the hills, perched there more like birds'-nests than houses, with difficult paths, blocked with rocks and walls. All comfort and cleanliness were sacrificed in hope of safety from the Matabele." Dr. Knight-Bruce gives an exceedingly interesting account of his intercourse with the people, and he is inclined to think that the presence of the Chartered Company has proved already of great advantage to the Mashona, since, wherever it has come, it has put an end to Matabele raids. Apart from the Matabele question, he believes that the natives prefer white men living in their midst, so long as they behave with common fairness and do not seize land already occupied. The movement of the white man northward in Africa is inevitable, and the Bishop of Mashonaland thinks it will be time enough for the friends of the natives to speak when the Chartered Company show signs of demoralisation, or attempts in any way to relax its righteous rules. Meanwhile, these pages bring out in a very clear and sensible way the need of immediate help if the Church Missionary Society is to take advantage of the great opportunity which it has made for itself during the last three or four years in Mashonaland.

Beyond most men the late Dr. Rowland Williams was distinguished by intellectual courage and an earnest love of truth. Opinions will always probably differ as to the value of his work as a theologian and controversialist, but there can at least be no question concerning his moral worth, practical self-denial, and deeply religious spirit. Controversy was the accident of his life, and he never pursued it for its own sake, though he was too brave a man to shun it when the circumstances of the hour demanded it. He possessed to a marked degree the religious temperament, and this led him to turn his thoughts to the consideration of prayer in its relation both to philosophy and ethics. This circumstance lends special interest to his "Psalms and Litanies," of which a new and cheap edition has just appeared. Many of the petitions in this volume are singularly beautiful, and reach an uncommon level of thought and expression.

There is truth in the assertion that during the last thirty or forty years scientific knowledge has advanced with such rapidity that it has become impossible for any one man to keep pace with its progress in all its departments. "The Year-Book of Science" is avowedly intended to be a record of the progress annually made in physics, chemistry, geology, biology, and other allied branches of knowledge. Professor Bonney, the editor of the manual, has been fortunate enough to enlist the practical co-operation of a number of well-known men of science, and, with their assistance, he has compiled a concise and valuable epitome of the results recently achieved by specialists who are actively

engaged in various parts of the wide field of physical research. The volume gives the pith of the experimental papers contributed within the year to the scientific journals, and the transactions of the learned societies. We are quite sure that such a book meets a want, and we have little doubt that it will quickly take its place with standard works of reference.

Nothing of importance is missed in the new instalment of "Annals of Our Time," a record of events, social and political, at home and abroad. This indispensable work of reference presents the pith and marrow of the daily papers of the last twelve months in the compass of a pamphlet of a hundred pages; and both in the selection of facts and in the vigour and yet brevity with which they are recorded this "day by day" record leaves little to be desired.

A capital little book on "Camping Out" has just made its appearance well in advance of the summer, and the subject is one which appeals to the gipsy instincts of all who like to live at random in free and vagabond fashion during the hot weather of the holiday weeks of the year. Dwellers in large cities ought assuredly to pass the short vacation, which is all that is at the disposal of most of them, as much out of doors as possible; and the aim of Mr. Macdonell's handy volume is to point out how to combine a camping expedition with plenty of boating. It is always best, declares Mr. Macdonell, for boating men who wish to enjoy their favourite form of exercise with a life under canvas, to make their first experiment in camping out on the banks of an English stream. Nothing could well be better for such an adventure than that stretch of fifty-six miles of the Avon between Warwick and Tewkesbury, though navigators of that picturesque stream must be prepared for a certain amount of physical exertion over and above the plying of their oars. There are weirs and locks to pass, and places where the river is so shallow that a boat will hardly float at all unless her crew are content to wade. The Severn is navigable for a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, and no river in England is more beautiful than the Wye between Symonds Yat and Chepstow. The Irish rivers, notably the Shannon and the Barrow, and the Scotch lakes are admirably adapted for excursions of this kind, and it is needless here to speak of the Thames, either above or below Oxford. Boating men who have exhausted the capabilities of the home rivers and are thirsting, in consequence, for what Mr. Macdonell terms "fresh streams and waters new," will find in rivers like the Rhine, the Moselle, the Danube, the Seine, the Loire, and the Elbe much that ought to satisfy their cravings. No aspect of this subject appears to have been overlooked by Mr. Macdonell, and he gives explicit directions about the boat and its equipment, various kinds of tents, the commissariat department, charts, maps, distances, and a thousand and one other matters of practical importance. Every young fellow who makes up his mind to go on a camping expedition should, of course, be prepared to rough it, and he ought to take with him a few books, a stock of good temper and courtesy, and last, but not least, in Mr. Macdonell's words, "Something of the spirit which made Mark Tapley such a cheerful man."

Although the late W. H. G. Kingston wrote, we believe, considerably more than a hundred stories of adventure by land and sea for the wide and ever-enthusiastic circle of his boy admirers, a good many of his tales have already slipped into comparative oblivion. Amongst the best of its kind is "The Three Admirals," a book which is likely to hold its own for many a day in the front rank of books for boys. Mr. Kingston was all his life inspired by a genuine love of the sea, and, if he could have had his own way in youth, he would have entered the navy. He was obliged to follow his father's business instead, but in the course of his subsequent career he made many voyages, and he turned the knowledge of the sea and sailors which he thus acquired to excellent account. Few men were more completely at their ease amid a group of boys than the author of "Peter the Whaler," "Dick Cheveley," and "Ben Burton," and a score of other stories which most lads know by heart. It would be difficult for any boy to find better change for sixpence than "The Three Admirals," a lively, picturesque, and entertaining naval romance of the old-fashioned sort.

## NOTICE.

—o—

## EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, F.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	...	...	...	...	...	...	14s.
Quarterly	...	...	...	...	...	...	7s.

\* JOURNALS OF THE MASHONALAND MISSION, 1888-92. By G. W. H. Knight-Bruce, D.D., Bishop of Mashonaland. Maps. London: The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Demy 8vo.

PSALMS AND LITANIES, COUNSELS AND COLLECTS FOR DEVOUT PERSONS. By Rowland Williams, D.D. Edited by his Widow. New edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE YEAR-BOOK OF SCIENCE. Edited for 1891 by Professor T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF OUR TIME. Vol. III. Part II. 1891. By Hamilton Fyfe. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Demy 8vo. (1s.)

CAMPING OUT. By Arthur A. Macdonell, M.A., Author of "Camping Voyages on German Rivers." Illustrated. (The "All England" Series.) London and New York: George Bell & Sons. 12mo. (2s.)

THE THREE ADMIRALS, AND THE ADVENTURES OF THEIR YOUNG FOLLOWERS. By the late W. H. G. Kingston, Author of "The Three Midshipmen," etc. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. Demy 8vo. (6d.)



# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

FROM an evasive answer given by MR. BALFOUR to MR. LABOUCHERE it is inferred in some quarters that Ministers may hold on till February. They may meet Parliament, it is suggested, and then dissolve immediately. What advantage would accrue to them from such a policy is not evident. They might devote the whole of the recess to beating the drum all over the kingdom; but this would not break the inevitable fall. What is perfectly clear is their unwillingness to dissolve on a proper register. If they can find any plausible way to jockey the new voters they will take it. It is rather a shabby procedure, especially for a Ministry of all the virtues, but the meanest dodge is sanctified when it is practised for the sake of the Union.

THERE are two perfectly inconsistent arguments in the Unionist journals about the SAUNDERSON section of Ulster. We are commonly told that to set up an Irish Parliament is to abandon the Ulster Presbyterians to Roman Catholic oppression. But the *Times* has now discovered that if the Irish Parliament be allowed to manage Irish affairs without British interference, the SAUNDERSON section will be perfectly well able to take care of themselves. This admission is made simply as a foil to the further assertion that if the Imperial Parliament should exercise an active intervention it will be as much burdened with Irish business as it is now. These statements throw an interesting light on the manufacture of Unionist principles. It is a hand-to-mouth business, and next week the *Times* will implore the sympathy of English Nonconformists for the SAUNDERSON section who, under Home Rule, are sure to be burnt at the stake by the TORQUEMADAS of Dublin. The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE lends himself to this game by declaring that the crisis in Ireland is like the crisis in England in 1688, as if there were any parallel between the functions of an Irish Parliament and the arbitrary will of JAMES II. The Government had better dissolve soon, if only to save the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE from extemporising parodies of history in the desperate hope of catching votes.

SPEAKING at the meeting of the Irish Unionist Alliance in Dublin on Thursday, LORD LONDONDERRY adopted the view of the *Times* cited above. More astute politicians would accept the situation, and look forward to ruling Ireland through the divisions of their opponents. But for electoral purposes it is necessary to alarm the English voter. Accordingly, LORD LONDONDERRY, falling into the delusions of the REV. DR. CLUTTERBUCK, assumed that MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD would be asked to float loans, and would fix the interest at 20 or 30 per cent. Less exalted persons are aware that an Irish loan, held as it would be largely in Ireland, would be safe for the same reason as French Rentes are: and that the assistance of MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD in floating it would no more be asked for in Ireland than in England or France. The distinguished Unionists of whom honourable mention was made on Thursday—MR. LECKY, PROFESSORS MAHAFFY, JEBB, STOKES, and so on—were absent, as were apparently all the Irish Unionist M.P.'s. But seeing how rarely most of the latter defend the

Union on English platforms, we do not attribute their absence to astuteness.

MR. BALFOUR's case for SIR ALBERT ROLLIT's Bill is typical of the weakness and irrelevance arrayed in support of women's suffrage. It is notorious that the great mass of women do not care a button about the franchise, so MR. BALFOUR argued that their indifference is no greater than that of the agricultural labourers in 1885. From this piece of inaccuracy MR. BALFOUR proceeded to assert that, although women could not exercise the physical force which is at the basis of all government, they had to pay the bill for our wars. Women's suffrage, if it means anything, means in the long run womanhood suffrage; and MR. BALFOUR knows perfectly well that, out of some ten millions of female electors, very few will have anything to do with the payment of any national bill. There was no attempt on Wednesday to meet the argument that womanhood suffrage would involve the control of national interests by women. It would entail the admission of women to Parliament, and a claim to hold offices of State. Does MR. BALFOUR suppose that the country would submit to see a woman at the head of the War Office? And if not, what becomes of the "equality" of the sexes?

It is a pity that the discussion of DR. HUNTER's very moderate scheme of Scotch Home Rule was interrupted by a count-out on Tuesday night. But nothing else could be expected from a Parliament in the last stage of decay. Formerly, we believe, English members generally let Scotch questions alone, scared, we believe, by the terms of Scotch law. Of late years the Southron has dared to meddle with them, as he has always, to their great detriment, meddled with the scarcely more comprehensible details of the Irish land system and Irish administration. Years ago MR. J. BOYD KINNEAR, who was then one of the soundest of Liberals, but has since gone over to Unionism and been beaten on his native heath by MR. ASQUITH, proposed a scheme of Home Rule for Ireland—to be instituted by consent, not by legislation—under which English members should agree to stay away from Irish debates as they then usually did from Scotch debates. The time has long gone by in Ireland even for such a scheme as DR. HUNTER proposes in Scotland. For the latter country legislation, within certain limits, by the Scotch members, subject to the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as to whether those limits have been exceeded, seems—on the face of it, at any rate—to be a moderate and reasonable proposal.

THERE is one point about the Anarchist trial in Paris on which surprisingly little has been said in the English press, and nothing at all in the French. If it be true that most of the newspapers in Paris published the names and addresses of the persons summoned on the jury some days before the trial actually began, and that in consequence they received many threatening letters, we can hardly wonder at the fact that their courage was not what it might have been. But for this fact the people of Paris ought to hold not the jurymen but the editors as being primarily responsible. We know how in England we have journalists who labour under the

belief that publicity is a kind of panacea for every evil, and whose one conception of their duty as journalists is to get any news which is likely to be read with interest or curiosity, no matter whether its publication is for the general benefit or not. Such persons are a pest here, and they are proving themselves a public danger in Paris. The very fact that we claim an almost unlimited freedom for the Press in its treatment of public questions ought to impose upon our journalists the strictest regard for those interests which are common to all of us, and which are certainly immeasurably superior to the interests of any particular newspaper. The Parisian editors who are now grumbling at the verdict in the RAVACHOL case ought to ask themselves how far they are personally responsible for that verdict.

THE motion just carried in the Lower House of the Canadian Parliament in favour of a kind of commercial treaty with the Mother Country is a most audacious attempt to spread a net in the sight of the prey. Innocent readers on Wednesday morning may have wondered for a moment if the Canadians desire to revive the production of mum and spruce, or to push the trade in dried peaches, or to develop a taste for Old Rye to the detriment of English distillers, or to send us beet sugar from the North-West, or to grow chicory or tobacco. Yet otherwise we must discriminate against competing foreign produce—in other words, unless we are to tax Norwegian timber, corn from the United States, wool and hides from Argentina, we cannot comply with the wishes of the Dominion Parliament. And of course this is what they want—as the applause of the United Empire Trade League sufficiently indicates. Now, in the first place, the rapid development of the North-West is answerable in a great measure for the depression of the grain trade, and the fall of prices, which, in spite of the Russian famine, and the maintenance of Protection in Germany, has gone on pretty steadily since last autumn; and it is hardly desirable to stimulate or multiply the process. In the next, do the Canadians seriously propose—first, to admit our manufactures to the detriment of their own National Policy of Protection? secondly, to conduct their traffic over the Intercolonial Railway, or to send goods in bond over the two outlets through United States territory which the Canadian Pacific Railway has found for itself?

WHILE we in London are preparing to view the May Day celebration as an interesting pageant from the terrace of the National Liberal Club and elsewhere, the Continental Governments, stimulated no doubt by the recent explosions—in Spain, Italy, and Belgium, as well as in Paris—are preparing as if to suppress a revolution. In the French army all leave was suspended after Thursday; the troops to-day are confined to barracks, and various Anarchist centres in the suburbs, such as Levallois and Clichy, are to be occupied by strong bodies of soldiery and police. Belleville is to have a whole regiment of Hussars brought up from Melun. Special attention is to be paid to various suburban bridges over the Seine, and the police are to be supported by the garrisons of Mont-Valérien and other forts. However, the Paris cabmen will ply for hire as usual; the race meeting at Longchamps will go on; the railway servants have emphatically refused to “play”; and the reports of a police strike are unfounded. So far the organisers of the demonstration have failed to secure any building large enough for their meeting. At Liège, in Belgium, there was a sort of dress rehearsal last Sunday of the precautions to be taken to-morrow. No serious trouble, however, is anticipated. In Italy all meetings are prohibited, save ticket meetings: in some towns even these. Both in that country and in Spain, stringent military precautions have been taken against disturbance, and numerous arrests have been made.

There is no apprehension of disorder at present in Vienna or Buda Pesth, or apparently in any of the German towns. We shall be curious to see if the militant Socialism of Holland will make itself felt, and how that of Denmark will bear its recent defeat. Roumania, like the western nations, has a Labour Day, but keeps it according to the old style, so that it falls on the Friday of the week after next.

It is satisfactory to know that the Government intend to put the coastguard stations into telephonic communication with the nearest post-offices. Estimates of the total cost are now in preparation, and the communication is to be completed at once in urgent cases—in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe, on the Dorsetshire coast about Swanage, at Bude, Beachy Head, and the neighbourhood of the Needles. Next winter this step ought to prevent much shipwreck, not to speak of loss of life. The extension of the system to sea lighthouses and lightships must wait till the experts have devised means of carrying it out.

THE Stock Markets have been very dull throughout the week. Owing to the Easter holidays, the strike in Durham, the lock-out in the cotton trade, and other labour disputes, as well as to the steady decline in trade, railway traffic returns are disappointing, and Stock Exchange operators have been selling the stocks speculatively. There has also been an attack by speculators on the American Market, and the Continental Bourses are being affected by the dynamite explosions and by the fear of May Day demonstrations. There has, however, been an improvement since Thursday morning. Still, the public is holding aloof, and markets consequently are dull and difficult to move. Stockbrokers complain that for years there has not been so little doing, and it is alleged that seven-eighths of the members of the Stock Exchange are not at present earning enough to pay rents and salaries. Probably there is a good deal of exaggeration in all this kind of talk, but that it is circulated proves clearly that the Stock Exchange at present is not doing well, and that the public is holding aloof altogether from speculation, while it is not investing on the usual scale.

THE Directors of the Bank of England lowered their rate of discount on Thursday from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., at which it had stood for exactly three weeks, to 2 per cent. Why they did not make the change a fortnight ago is not easy to understand; and why they made it this week is equally non-apparent, for gold will now go in large amounts to Scotland, and there are fears that Austria-Hungary will attempt to raise a gold loan in the course of a month or two. We presume the Directors found it useless to keep a rate that was not effective, and whose only result, indeed, was to drive business away from themselves. Their reserve of unemployed money exceeds  $15\frac{1}{4}$  millions—nearly 9s. for every sovereign for which they are liable. The price of silver has been gradually creeping up this week; on Wednesday it rose to 39½d. per oz. Apparently the announcement that our Government had consented to send a delegate to the International Bimetallic Conference has encouraged speculators in New York to begin buying again. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has often expressed the wish to see a wider use of silver, and it is understood that he excuses his consent to take part in the proposed Conference on the ground that MR. GLADSTONE had done so before. In reality that is his strongest condemnation. MR. GLADSTONE did so out of consideration for the United States, and the Conference came to nothing. Experience having shown that an agreement cannot be arrived at between this country and the United States, the experiment should not be repeated, for it will only lead to another wild speculation in silver, and to greater trouble in India.



## WOMEN AND PARLIAMENT.

THOUGH the division in the House of Commons on Sir Albert Rollit's Bill on Wednesday may have disappointed the hopes of the opponents of female suffrage, there is every reason to feel satisfied with the position in which that question is now left. We have been in danger, down to a year ago, of allowing a great political and social revolution to be accomplished unawares. Members of Parliament languidly acquiesced in the claim of women to vote, not, as a rule, because they had ever investigated that claim, or thought out the consequences of its acceptance by the legislature, but because they believed they were merely giving a pious opinion in favour of a movement which could never succeed. As we remarked last week, the danger caused by this state of things is now happily at an end. The female suffragists have reached a point at which they are being taken seriously, and the moment this is the case their hopes of success must vanish into thin air. It is, perhaps, natural that they should show not a little irritation and even anger at the strength of the opposition they now have to encounter. For years past they have mistaken public apathy for general acquiescence, and their disappointment, now that they know the truth, is naturally great. But it is a pity that we cannot discuss this question without heat or ill-temper on either side. For the small knot of women who are in earnest in demanding the vote every man must feel a sincere respect. They are for the most part women whose personal qualifications for the exercise of the franchise are infinitely greater than those of the majority of men. If we feel bound to combat their opinions and to oppose a steady resistance to the movement of which they are the leaders, it is certainly not out of any want of respect for them, or any desire to turn to ridicule a cause which they, at least, regard with serious eyes.

Wednesday's debate did not, as a matter of fact, add much to our knowledge of the general question. But for the present the House of Commons is not the place in which the general question need be discussed at all. There are certain preliminary matters which must be cleared up before the House is in a position to approach the question in a practical spirit. Our remarks last week as to the inopportune-ness of the movement for the enfranchisement of women evoked from one of our critics the retort that if our words were applied to the Home Rule movement their exact value would be seen. Let us explain to this rather unobservant authority the practical difference between the two movements at the present moment. In doing so we may possibly give a useful hint to the advocates of female suffrage. When the party who wish to bring about the greatest revolution ever attempted in our electoral system are able to satisfy the country that five-sixths of the women of Great Britain are passionately desirous of gaining the franchise, when they have moreover succeeded in maintaining in the House of Commons for scores of years a female suffrage party, so resolutely devoted to that particular question that it will place it before everything else, and when by these means they have made and unmade Ministries, changed the policy of the country, and sapped even the strength of Parliament, they will stand in the position in which the Irish Home Rulers stood six years ago, and will be entitled to demand of the responsible Ministers of the day a serious attempt to grapple with the question of the woman's vote in such a manner as to satisfy its advocates. At present, we need hardly say they have done none of these things, and any attempt to compare their position with that of the Irish Home Rulers is obviously silly.

In what position do the female suffragists now stand? We have admitted their personal claims to our respect, and it is not upon that point that any more need be said. But what is their strength in the country? So far as their own sex is concerned we know that nine women out of every ten are actively hostile or absolutely indifferent to the attempt to give them votes. If the women of England were to be polled to-morrow on this question there would be an overwhelming majority against any Bill brought forward by the advocates of female suffrage. All this is admitted even by the warmest advocates of the revolution. Their excuse is that we have so long deprived women of the right to share in the government of the country that their present apathy and hostility are only the necessary result of their prolonged exclusion from political life. But what about the men? Is there a single constituency in England in which, if female suffrage were to be made a test question to-morrow, the advocate of the extension of the franchise to women would have a chance of being elected? We do not believe it. Where members of Parliament have given their adhesion to the female suffrage party they have certainly not done so as the representatives of any considerable section of the voters. We do not like to inquire too closely as to their actual motives, seeing that to do so would probably be to give fresh ground for anger to the estimable but, as we think, mistaken women who are the real leaders of this movement. Everybody knows, however, the kind of influences to which amiable M.P.'s are subjected with regard to this question, and the ease with which too many of them have succumbed to pressure which has been personal and social rather than political. The fact remains that there is no party of any numerical importance in any constituency in the land which really supports female suffrage on its merits, and until such a party exists, the House of Commons cannot be asked to consider seriously a proposal which would revolutionise the political and social life of the country, and, to use an old phrase, change the balance of power.

Obviously the first business of the female suffragists is to convert first their own sex, and then the present electorate. We do not believe in their ability to do so. On the contrary, we hold that full and serious discussion of this question in all its varying aspects will convince many even of the present supporters of the movement that, after all, the unit of the family, on which society in Christian countries is now based, is the best obtainable, and that to attempt to change it would be to court grave dangers, not merely political in their character. But whether we happen to be right or wrong on this point, we are at least clearly right when we say that neither a Government nor a Parliament would have the right to make this great change until it had been made clear that both men and women desired it. It is a long, a difficult, and, in our opinion, a hopeless task which lies before the female suffragists, and all their enthusiasm and energy will be needed if they seriously attempt to perform it. But until it has been accomplished there can be no possibility of success for the movement in favour of the admission of women to the franchise. Indeed, before the advocates of that movement can hope to influence the mind of the public they will have to come to a good understanding among themselves. We do not by any means wish to exaggerate the differences which at present prevail in the woman's camp; but it is clear that until they have been healed there can be no probability of success in the much more arduous work of converting the nation as a whole to a belief in the wisdom of this great revolution.

## THE DUKE'S DÉBUT.

IN breaking at Derby last Monday the silence he had so long preserved, the Duke of Devonshire maintained a creditable courtesy towards the distinguished Member for that borough. Although the Tories, who formed the bulk of his audience, could not refrain from hissing the name of Sir William Harcourt in revenge for the many rebuffs he has inflicted on their party, the Duke himself was content to employ what Gibbon calls the weapon of a grave and temperate irony. The abominable hybrid "Opportunist," which has superseded in the slang of the day the good old English "Trimmer," enabled him, with the assistance of old jokes and a new dictionary, to represent Mr. Gladstone's principal lieutenant in the House of Commons as rather a skilful calculator of rival forces than a conscientious adherent to settled conviction. Sir William Harcourt can take care of himself. But these purely personal controversies have no great interest or importance. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and Sir William Harcourt was not the first man to change his mind. The Duke of Devonshire thinks that "miracles do not occur nowadays." Perhaps, with the same ingenuous sincerity as Montaigne, he believes in no miracles except religious ones. The particular instance of the miraculous which overtakes his credulity is Sir William Harcourt's sudden conversion in the year 1886. But in a small way the Duke underwent a more rapid reversal of opinion still. For, having expressed at the outset of his remarks a determination not to attack Sir William Harcourt, he almost immediately afterwards advised the electors of Derby to turn Sir William Harcourt out. However, the main purport of the Duke's speech was to prove the insolubility of the Irish problem. It is not a position which naturally excites enthusiasm, or which affords scope for the highest powers of an orator and a statesman. But if the Duke of Devonshire holds it, he is quite right to make the most of it at every available opportunity. We cannot, however, say that his views of the past inspire us with much confidence in his forecast of the future. He considers that the Liberal party underestimated the forces opposed to Home Rule, and are now sorry for having taken it up. This is a strange sentiment to come from the late Member for Rossendale, and was probably committed to paper or memory before the recent return of Mr. Maden. But if the Duke of Devonshire is satisfied with the course of the bye-elections since 1887, we are not aware of anyone who has reason to be displeased, unless it be those supporters of the Paper Union who are actually in office. That the Duke has a pretty shrewd idea of the way in which the General Election will go is shown by his renewed reference to the duty of the Lords, and to the necessity of a dissolution after Home Rule. But these menaces are mutually destructive. If the Lords rejected a Home Rule Bill, there would be no change in the Constitution, and therefore no need for an appeal to the people. If the Duke contemplates the demand for such an appeal, he must assume that the Peers will accept Mr. Gladstone's measure.

The Duke of Devonshire has decided that religious bigotry is his strongest suit, and at Derby he played a strong lead from it. We do not, of course, mean that he is a religious bigot himself. Nothing could be farther from the truth. But he hopes that by more or less adroit management of the glorious revolution, of Popery and wooden shoes, and of the Battle of the Boyne, he may elicit a response in the shape of prejudices from which he is himself entirely free. To stir up sectarian animosities which wise legislation has allayed is sorry work even

for a pious fanatic. From a man like the Duke of Devonshire these deliberate attempts to stimulate envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness deserve the severest condemnation. The Duke was a member of the Cabinet which disestablished and disendowed the Church of Ireland. As the deathblow of Protestant ascendancy, that policy tended infinitely more than Home Rule to promote the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Yet this Orange intolerance which the Duke of Devonshire then despised he now invokes, and after more than twenty years of religious equality have delivered Ireland from the curse of these unchristian feuds, he endeavours to revive them for the sake of a few contemptible votes. How different was the conduct of John Bright! Mr. Bright was quite as much opposed to Home Rule as the Duke of Devonshire can be. He denounced it in the most vigorous terms, and it was impossible for anyone to hold a lower opinion of Mr. Parnell's followers than he. Yet he told Mr. Barry O'Brien in 1886 at the interview published in *THE SPEAKER* last February that he regarded the fear of religious persecution as altogether chimerical, and the whole of his published letters on Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, which have been reissued by the *Birmingham Gazette*, may be searched in vain for any expression of the alarm which the Duke of Devonshire pretends to feel. With what is pompously called "the attitude of Ulster"—that is, the threats of Colonel Saunderson, Mr. T. W. Russell, and the corner-boys of Belfast—the Duke of Devonshire palters and dallies in a fashion neither courageous nor straightforward. It is all, he says, a question for Ulstermen themselves. If they think they can successfully resist the law, they are justified in giving notice that they will do so, and in fulfilling the notice they have given. This is curious doctrine to come from a political leader who backed up Her Majesty's Ministers by speech and vote when they applied, not the ordinary law, but a special Coercion Act to the authors of the Plan of Campaign. The Duke of Devonshire makes an exceptionally harsh law for Nationalists, and for Orangemen no law at all.

## ANARCHISM IN PARIS.

MORE outrages in Paris, and a return of the panic caused by the explosion on the Rue de Clichy. The Anarchists have struck this time more cleverly than usual. The owner of the *café* in which Ravachol was arrested is wounded, perhaps mortally, the day before his trial begins, for the purpose of intimidating the jury; and the plan succeeds, for three of the prisoners—Chaumartin, Beala, and Soubère—are acquitted; and the jury, apparently in a helpless state of terror, append to their verdict of guilty, against Ravachol and Simon, a rider of extenuating circumstances. The explosion on the Boulevard Magenta by which M. Véry was injured has caused widespread alarm, and the signal cowardice of the jury has made matters worse. We hear of wild doings by panic-stricken citizens; and the Anarchists must have a grim satisfaction in reading the foolish proposals with which the Paris journals are flooded. The really grave fact is that jurymen are afraid to do their duty. Had the verdict of last Wednesday been a manly expression of opinion, we should not doubt that all terror would quickly pass away. Society has never yet been worsted or long baffled in its conflicts with secret societies if there were no real abuses to be eradicated. The Camorra and the Mafia, which flourish under a corrupt government, die out when the people are free to govern themselves. For a time the friends of law



and order seem powerless and the secret emissaries of destruction irresistible. But the advantage is only passing; the strongest secret agencies are always shortlived if shut off from popular sympathy.

The natural history of political assassination has often been written, but always incompletely. The favourite theory of last century—that which Voltaire, Diderot, Rivarol, and D'Alembert delighted to put in various forms—was that religious enthusiasm was always at the bottom of all such crimes. Damiens and Ravallac were the typical assassins; only fanatics bribed with the promise of eternal felicity would outrage humanity and brave death. Voltaire's imagination did not include latter-day miscreants of the type of Ravachol. We have with us, it must be recognised, a class of people—"poseurs of crime," as the Procureur-Général called them—who do from vanity and diseased egotism things as evil as any committed by religious fanatics. Wilkes-Booth and Guiteau—monsters of morbid egotism—are of the same family as Ravachol. Modern Anarchism has no very noble origin; it is often little better than the last resort of the disappointed and baffled in life. We can conceive of honest enthusiasts, sick of the misery of the world, and despairing of its removal by pacific means, persuading themselves that all is permissible in order to put an end to the old order of things. Such enthusiasts are not to be found among the Anarchists. The recruits of their active army are a contingent from the ranks of vulgar crime. They date their conversion not from some paroxysm of enthusiasm, but from some debauch. They have been coiners or worse before they were dynamiters.

What is to be done with such criminals? The Parisians are advised to consent to the proclamation of a state of siege, an enlargement of the law as to *provocation*, and the creation of stringent penalties against all journalists who in these perilous times write exciting articles. We hope that there will be nothing of the kind. All this betrays terror, and only encourages the committing of fresh outrages. Of the dozens of short modes of dealing with the Anarchists which have been proposed, none is satisfactory. What is needed is in the first place a firm, fearless administration of the law as it is; juries and judges must do their duty, and not in a craven way talk about "extenuating circumstances" when none exist. This is the capital point; and if we see juries repeating the mistake of Wednesday, honest citizens will soon be obliged to resort to lynch law—the inevitable corrective when Courts of Justice fall into discredit. We put our trust still more in the slowly operating effect of the removal of those social inequalities upon which the Anarchist founds his arguments. On the railings in front of a small house in Camden Town are placed at intervals of a few days powerfully drawn, vigorous, and original cartoons by an anonymous artist of some phases of the Social Question in London—the theme being always Labour oppressed and sweated, men toiling to enrich the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, and other great ground-landlords. If someone in the groups of men and women who hang about these pictures is stirred to acts of violence, who is to be blamed? Not solely the clever artist who depicts real evils: those also who would perpetuate untenable privileges are responsible. Some day, and perhaps soon, we shall have to make a decision similar to that which the French Government have now to take. The advice to resort to exceptional measures will, it is to be hoped, find no favour. In a vigorous and courageous administration of the ordinary law, accompanied by public expressions of sympathy with the victims of assassination, is the true policy. Karl Marx declared that Bakunin, the father of modern Anarchism, was the worst enemy the working men ever had. We do not despair of seeing a similar opinion as to Bakunin's followers becoming almost universal.

#### THE REFERENDUM IN BELGIUM.

**D**URING the debate on the Revision of the Constitution which took place this week in the Belgian Parliament, M. Beernaert, the Conservative Premier, showed that the Government is prepared to go a long way towards conceding the popular demands. He admitted that the Constitution of 1830 is out of date; he was willing to put the suffrage on the same basis as it is in England; he favoured the election of the Senate by the Provincial Councils, approved of proportional representation, and upheld the Royal referendum. These concessions to the Progressive party have spread dismay in the ranks of the Clerical Right, but the Radical demands for manhood suffrage and the popular referendum have united all sections of Progressives. It is probable that the compromise proposed by the Government will be accepted by the present Chamber, but that will not satisfy the Radicals, who will make it the issue of the general election in June.

Since 1883 Progressives of all shades in Belgium have kept up a brisk agitation for a revision of the Constitution and for manhood suffrage. Liberals like M. Henri Bergé, Radicals like M. Paul Janson and M. Feron, and Socialist leaders like Anseele and Volders, have united in fighting the people's battle. The King began to feel so uneasy at the results of the agitation and at the menacing attitude of the Labour party—which, among other means to get the suffrage, proposed a national strike—that he capitulated at the end of 1890. He promised revision of the Constitution, and the unwilling Clerical party had to consent.

Revision of the Belgian cast-iron Constitution is not a simple matter, and all through last year the legislators laboured at the question. The Bill for revision was considered by the six bureaux or sections into which the Belgian Chamber divides itself, but without any satisfactory result. The agitation did not abate. With the demands for universal suffrage came another for a democratic referendum. The working classes would be content with nothing less. They had waited long, and were not to be put off with half-measures. The Clericals were more alarmed than ever, and opposed the referendum by saying that it would lead to the suppression of religious teaching in schools, to the abolition of the monarchy, and other terrible calamities. Again the King proved more amenable to the popular will than the stiff-necked Conservatives who have shown themselves to be *plus royaux que le roi*. He intervened and proposed the referendum. But it was a referendum after his own heart, and now the grand question which is being thrashed out by the Belgians is whether the royal referendum or the popular democratic referendum—that which originates with the King or that which is set in motion by the people—is to become the law. One party—the Extreme Clericals—will have nothing to do with the referendum on any terms. The more advanced Progressives see in the King's scheme a "plebiscitary and Napoleonic Caesarism," while many of the Liberals accept it as a step towards the real democratic referendum as is practised in Switzerland.

In the *exposé des motifs*, M. Beernaert, the Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative dominant party, defends the Royal referendum on the ground that it will enable the King to consult the electorate directly instead of dissolving the Parliament, and thus that it is a scheme at once democratic and conservative—democratic in that it recognises the principle of popular right, conservative in that "in moments of difficulty it will give time for reflection." Of course, all depends on the way the King puts it in operation. If he dislikes a measure passed by

Parliament he can order a *plébiscite*. A veto is placed in his hands. The result of a *plébiscite*—as we have seen in the case of the Napoleons—depends a good deal on the way the question is put to the public. King Leopold need only consult the people when and how he likes.

Belgium offers a good field for the operation of the real referendum, such as is already practised in some of its communes on local questions. Its population is compact, and they have many grievances which ought to be heard, and suffer injustices which would have been redressed many years ago if the mass of the industrial classes had been granted a voice in the government of the country; but they are outside the franchise. There are not 135,000 voters in the country. Not more than two in every hundred of the population have votes. A large measure of electoral reform is now assured, and if the Progressives succeed in supplementing it with the type of referendum which carries with it the sovereignty of the people, as in Zürich, Belgium, long the victim of Tory rule, will be on the straight path of democratic reform.

#### THE MCKINLEY CENSUS.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT, in the *Times* of Tuesday, sounds an alarm because the census now being instituted in the United States to ascertain the effect of the McKinley Tariff brings out the fact "that in the last eighteen months no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven new factories have been established and fifty-three old ones expanded; that four well-known English textile firms have moved the whole or a portion of their plant across the Atlantic; and that many of the most skilled hands from the tin-plate mills in South Wales have emigrated." But we would ask in the first place, Where is the evidence that all this is due to the McKinley Tariff? The United States have been growing in wealth and population at a very rapid rate all through the century. Is it very surprising, then, that new factories should be established in considerable numbers just now when the States are specially prosperous because last year's harvests were so good while they were so bad in Europe? Further, even if the establishment of all these factories is due to the McKinley Tariff, what grounds are there for assuming that they will all be profitable and that those who have founded them have acted prudently? Quite recently here at home the great financial houses of London brought out loans and companies innumerable for Argentina and other South American countries, and the public for a long time subscribed eagerly. We all know by grievous experience how mistaken were the great financial houses and the subscribing public. Is it not possible that the capitalists in the United States and in this country who are now starting new factories on the strength of the McKinley Tariff may be falling into as great an error? Surely all experience leads us to expect that a wild rush into any kind of new enterprise is only too likely to lead to disappointment and loss. Thirdly, we would ask, What reason is there to suppose that our trade will seriously suffer even if the McKinley Tariff should be maintained and should not injure the United States as much as the best-informed think it will? We have now been a Free Trade people for nearly half a century, and the rest of the world has refused to follow our example, and of late has been building up Custom House barriers against us. From time to time, all through the half-century, alarmists have

warned us that we should be ruined; but, on the contrary, our country has grown steadily in population and wealth. Why should we suppose that it is now suddenly about to lose its pre-eminence? The worst that can happen is that a portion of our trade will be diverted, that less capital and labour will be employed in supplying the people of the United States, and more in supplying other countries, while, on the other hand, the United States will have to pay more for everything they buy from the rest of the world because of the high tariffs they maintain. It must be a strangely constituted mind which believes that by making everything that a people buys from abroad artificially dear that people is increasing its prosperity.

The depression in trade from which we are now suffering, and which, unfortunately, is only too likely to last for some years, is due only to a very small extent either to the McKinley Tariff or to the other protective tariffs that have lately been imposed. It is really the result of the Baring crisis and the wild speculation which brought on that crisis. The crisis gave a shock to credit all over the world, and it restricted greatly the facilities for trading that were formerly given. Before 1890 the great financial houses of London were in the habit of opening credits, as the City phrase goes, to correspondents abroad; that is to say, of allowing those correspondents to draw bills upon them for amounts up to a specified sum, the financial houses accepting the bills, and the great credit of the financial houses practically making the bills so accepted equal to cash. Two of the very greatest of those financial houses have now been disabled, and others, though they have weathered the storm, have been compelled to lessen very greatly the amount of acceptances that were in circulation; in other words, they have been obliged to refuse to their foreign correspondents the old credits that used to be given. Having no longer those borrowing facilities, the foreign houses are under the necessity of restricting very largely the business they do, and for a considerable part of the remaining business to find ready cash instead of trading only upon credit. Therefore the volume of business is largely reduced. And it is not merely the direct trade between this country and the rest of the world that is affected in this way: the trade even between other countries is similarly affected, since London is the clearing-house and the banking centre of all the earth. As a consequence, speculation has ceased, prices have fallen heavily, losses have been incurred by trading firms, and there is a general disarrangement of commercial business. The firms engaged are now busily adapting their arrangements to the new conditions: they are seeking for fresh credits elsewhere; they are reducing the cost of production; they are seeking out new markets; and, after a while, the adjustments will be made and trade will begin to improve once more. It is a very uncomfortable process while it continues; it not only wastes capital, but it throws workpeople out of employment, and it creates anxiety and *malaise* everywhere. But nothing is to be gained by trying nostrums that we know very well would only aggravate the evil. Mr. Howard Vincent does not frankly speak out, but we all know what his hinted remedy means: it is simply the adoption of Protection by this country—a thing as likely to happen as the squaring of the circle.

If we were to impose a duty upon wheat, let us say, we should very kindly benefit the landlords of the whole United Kingdom. Where leases do not exist, they would be able to raise rents at once, and even where there are leases they could raise the rents as soon as those leases fell in. In plain language, we should transfer a portion of the earnings of the working classes to the pockets of the landlords, and



we do not think that the general body of the people would be likely to adopt that course. We should like to know, indeed, what the landlords have ever done to entitle them to put their hands in that way into the pockets of the people. Again, suppose we were to impose duties upon the raw materials of manufacture, we should at once thereby raise the cost of those raw materials. By so doing we should increase the cost of producing all our manufactures, and thus we should weight ourselves in the race of competition with the rest of the world. Is that a result that any reasonable man desires? Nearly all our great manufactures depend upon foreign countries for either the whole or the greater part of their raw material. Cotton we import altogether; the greater part of the raw wool we work up is imported from Australia, South Africa, and South America. Jute we also import; a considerable part of our flax is imported; and even iron, which we raise so largely, is to some extent imported. Every pound of cotton, wool, flax, iron, copper, and the like, so brought from other countries would be increased in cost by imposing protective duties, and as a consequence the purchasing power of our customers abroad would be reduced. If it were so, workmen would be thrown out of employment and wages would fall. Thus while we should be increasing their bread-bill, we should be reducing the wages of the working classes. The thing is so preposterous that it is surprising the editor of any great paper should give admission to a letter even hinting at such a remedy. It is in other directions that we must endeavour to make up to the working classes for the trials they are likely to experience during the next couple of years. Our object ought not to be the fostering of trade, for legislation cannot do that except by removing any artificial obstacles that can be shown still to exist; but we can improve their condition at home by a wise and well-considered policy.

#### SLAVE-TRADING IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

A BILL has just been passed by the Queensland Parliament, and, for all we know, has ere now received the assent of the Governor of the Colony as the representative of the Queen, which authorises the renewal for ten years of what is euphemistically termed the recruiting of Polynesian labourers for the North Queensland sugar plantations. In plain English, the Legislature of the Colony has approved a proposal of the Ministry for the temporary resumption of the trade in Polynesian coolies which, since the end of last year, has been prohibited by law. People who are not acquainted with the peculiar nature and past history of this trade will not attach any particular importance to the new law. The coolie is an established institution in several British Colonies and possessions—in Mauritius, for example, in British Guiana, and in some of the West India Islands; and since it is notorious that the districts of North Queensland which are adapted for the culture of the sugar-cane have too tropical a climate for the successful employment of European labour, it may seem to be reasonable enough that those who are interested in one of the most important agricultural industries of the Colony should be permitted to import Polynesians for the performance of the necessary work. But the East India coolie traffic, conducted under strict regulations and efficient superintendence both in the country from which the labourers are procured and in the countries to which they are carried, is one thing: the Pacific labour trade, carried on in regions where, as experience proves, no such regulation or

superintendence is possible, is another and a very different thing. Not to mince matters, this particular form of the traffic has in the past been attended with circumstances of crime, cruelty, and disregard of the natural rights of its unhappy victims scarcely less atrocious than those which characterised the old African slave trade; and this being the case the people of Great Britain surely ought to have something to say against the renewal of so detestable a system with the Queen's sanction and under the British flag.

"Blackbirding," as this labour trade was called by those who carried it on, originated in the Pacific when the outbreak of the American Civil War led to the extensive cultivation of cotton in Fiji and other islands. The planters wanted labour, and as they did not particularly care how they got it, and were ready to pay liberally for it, a regular business of kidnapping natives, chiefly from the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, soon sprang up. A few years later, when the fitness of the Mackay district of North Queensland for sugar culture was discovered, that Colony entered into competition with Fiji for its share of these kidnapped labourers. For some time the trade was very brisk, and it was carried on without even a pretence of regulation. The islanders were lured on board the "recruiting" ships on all kinds of false pretences, or carried off by force, and sold to the sugar-planters like so many cattle. The planters undertook to pay them wages; to get work out of them it was essential that they should be fairly well fed, and not too badly treated; and there was an understanding that, after a certain term of service, they should be permitted to return home. As a matter of fact, however, few of them, especially in the early years of the trade, ever did return. They either died on the plantations, or, acquiring the worst vices of the white man without any of his redeeming qualities, became town loafers of the most degraded and vicious type. The abuses and evils of the traffic at last became so notorious that in 1880 the Queensland Government felt obliged to interfere, and passed an Act for its regulation. This measure stipulated that no Pacific islanders should be engaged for the sugar plantations without being made thoroughly to understand the nature of their engagement and the length of its duration. Every ship employed in the trade was to have on board a qualified interpreter and a Government agent to see that these stipulations were complied with, and inspectors were also stationed for the same purpose at the ports of arrival. The traffic continued, the law was evaded or disregarded, and the evils of the system were little, if at all, diminished. In 1884 the energetic protests of the missionaries labouring in some of the islands where the kidnappers were most active, backed up by the efforts of some humanitarian politicians in Queensland itself, led to another, and ultimately more successful, endeavour to put an end to the scandal. A Royal Commission, appointed by the Governor, inquired into the facts, and reported that the islanders were systematically "recruited" by fraud, not infrequently by force, and that cases had occurred in which they had been shot down or otherwise murdered when attempting to escape the kidnappers' clutches. A new law was consequently passed, subjecting the trade to more rigid and efficient regulation, and providing that it should finally cease and the importation of Polynesian labourers into Queensland be altogether prohibited at the end of 1891.

But as this date grew nearer very uneasy apprehensions began to prevail as to the future prospects of the sugar industry. This is a very important branch of Queensland agriculture; the capital embarked in it is considerable, and it has been in

various ways fostered and encouraged by the State. Queensland, like the other Australian Colonies, has of late been suffering from commercial and industrial depression; and it was felt—by the sugar-planters, at any rate—that if the supply of Kanaka labour was cut off they would find great difficulty in conducting their enterprise at a profit. An agitation was set on foot in favour of legislative sanction for the reopening of the trade—the chief arguments being that such a measure was necessary for the prosperity of the Colony, and that white labour, when it could be procured on the plantations at all, had to be remunerated at a rate which left no margin for the employer. On the 12th of February last the Premier of the Colony—Sir S. W. Griffith, who had long been a strenuous opponent of the importation of Polynesian labour, and was, indeed, the framer of the Act which put an end to it—came out with a manifesto in which he set forth at considerable length his reasons for thinking it expedient to “permit for a time the resumption of Polynesian immigration.” Sir Samuel Griffith’s reasons, like the arguments of the other supporters of the project, are purely and undisguisedly selfish. They are just such as might have been urged by an American cotton-planter in vindication of the “peculiar institution” in the United States half a century back. Sir Samuel admitted that he had entertained strong objections to the trade, and declared that those objections still had force; but the sugar industry is very important to Queensland. Experience has shown that sugar can be profitably cultivated by small farmers, and Sir S. W. Griffith holds—though on this point many practical men disagree with him—that eventually European labour can be “acclimatised” and made available for the culture. In the interval the sugar industry must be left to struggle on as best it can, or else immediate provision must be made for the supply of some labour which will be at once available. The Premier of Queensland prefers the latter alternative, and so he has brought forward, and succeeded in passing, an Act reopening the Pacific labour trade for ten years.

The new law professes to contain “adequate provisions for preventing abuses in the introduction of the Kanaka labourers and for preventing them from entering into competition with white labourers in other occupations.” These last stipulations have been introduced to appease the Trade Unions and other labour organisations of the Colony, which, while they are opposed to the employment of white labour on the sugar plantations, have regarded the proposal for importing Polynesians with much jealousy and hostility. The Kanakas are to be brought in, like so many beasts of burthen, to do work that white men will not or cannot do; they are to be carefully debarred from qualifying themselves for any other or better work. What is a scheme of this kind but a proposal for the establishment of slavery? The limitation of ten years imposed on the resumption of the trade is illusory. A limitation was imposed before, and has been overruled. What guarantee is there that ten years hence the Queensland sugar-planters and the Legislature may not find the supply of Pacific labour more necessary than ever? That the trade is productive of fearful evils for the islanders, alike for those who are “indentured” and for those who remain in their native haunts, is attested by the experience of the past twenty years. Sir Samuel Griffith knows perfectly well that its effective regulation is impossible. Not all the efforts of the powerful Government of India can keep the coolie traffic altogether free from abuses. How is it possible that the ignorant, uncivilised Pacific Islanders should be

able to do for themselves what the Viceregal authorities find it almost impossible to do for the Hindoo ryot? To the Queenslanders the welfare of a parcel of wild Polynesians may be a trivial consideration in comparison with the prosperity of their sugar plantations; but for the people of this country, who, during the present century, have made enormous sacrifices for the suppression of slavery, the question ought to wear a very different aspect. Perhaps it is too late in the day to call for the vetoing of the new Kanaka Labour Law by the Home Government. It is not too late, however, to send out strict instructions to Her Majesty’s Commissioner in the Western Pacific to adopt energetic measures for the protection of the native population within his jurisdiction; and, if no stronger step is practicable, such instructions ought to be despatched without a moment’s delay.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EARLY this week the *bourgeoisie* of the Continent were looking forward calmly to May Day, and preparing to look back with almost equal calmness on the recent Anarchist outrages. On the previous Friday there had been numerous arrests of Anarchists in Paris (followed presently by others in Berlin and Rome), and a stampede of most of the fraternity to England. Some of the Radical papers condemned these arrests as arbitrary and over-hasty. Ravachol’s judges and possible jurors were receiving threatening letters, but it was suspected that these were practical jokes. But Monday’s explosion at the restaurant where Ravachol was arrested has revived the panic. Even a Republican paper, the *Voltaire*, now demands that Anarchists should be tried by court-martial. And, in fact, the alarm is justified. Suddenly, and without warning, the front of a restaurant is blown into the street, and the interior disappears into the cellar, burying the proprietor and his customers. Then, of course, it is remembered that a suspicious party dined there just before the explosion; that they did their best to divide the attention of the proprietor and his servants; that one struck a match under the table, and that they were seen driving rapidly away in a cab. There is no doubt that this is their revenge for the capture of Ravachol. Its first effect, unfortunately, is seen in the verdict of Wednesday morning. The court wisely did not adjourn for the night; but the jury found “extenuating circumstances” for Ravachol and Simon—who were, however, sentenced to penal servitude for life—and acquitted their three companions. Ravachol was frank and cynical as usual, and frequently excited laughter in court. It is now proposed to try him for his murder of the hermit of Chambles. But the result has revived and intensified the panic. Doubtless one effect will be that the various European Governments will have their hands strengthened in repressing disorder on May Day. With the prospects for that day we deal elsewhere. In France the municipal elections may cause some additional disturbance, in view of the attitude of the Catholics and the militant Socialists. Citizen Culine, who is in prison for exciting to riot at Fourmies last year, is a candidate there. Will the Catholics support him or not? His former fellow-prisoner, Citizen Paul Lafargue, the elect of Lille, has just deeply disgusted his Radical allies, as well as his Catholic constituents, by his violent attacks on the *bourgeoisie* and the existing social order.

Meanwhile the conflict between Church and State, and in the Church between Moderates and Extremists, proceeds in view of Sunday’s elections. The Archbishop of Aix—who was recently fined for criticising M. Fallières’ reminder to the Bishops as to their duties—has issued a pastoral letter endorsing



that of the Archbishop of Avignon. For this he will be prosecuted afresh. The circular for which the Bishop of Mende is to be prosecuted was read throughout his diocese at mass on Sunday. The Bishop of Nancy has published a protest against the recent official condemnation of lectures in church on social subjects, and in defence of liberty of preaching. On the other hand, Cardinal Richard is at Rome—either converting the Vatican to a more militant attitude or being subdued by Papal authority; the *Osservatore Romano* has published an article recommending submission to the Republic; and the Bishop of Dijon has issued a pastoral letter in the same sense.

However, the Government scored two electoral successes in the senatorial bye-elections on Sunday. M. Spuller, of the *République Française*, easily defeated two Radical opponents in the Côte d'Or, and in the Orne a Republican replaced a Conservative, beating two other Conservatives by a large majority. In the Seine-Inférieure, for which M. Poyer-Quertier was defeated last year, the Conservatives did not attempt a contest. M. Spuller's election is significant, since he had pronounced definitely for the maintenance of the union between Church and State.

Reinforcements and two war vessels are on their way to Dahomey. Meanwhile King Behanzin is ravaging the neighbourhood of the French settlement at Porto Novo.

Of the General Election in Denmark our Copenhagen correspondent writes:—In Copenhagen the Conservative votes fell some few hundred short of those recorded at the former election, whereas the Radical and Socialist votes showed an increase of some seventeen hundred. Dr. Ernst Brandes, a brother of Dr. Georg Brandes, will probably become the Radical leader in lieu of Mr. Hörup. Of the fifteen Socialist candidates, only the two old Copenhagen members were again returned, the Socialists losing their one provincial seat and failing to score any fresh successes. It has been suggested that the Ministry might now consider their mission as ended, and that they would resign and make room for a less distinctly Conservative Ministry; but this is, no doubt, premature. It is, however, likely enough that some change will be attempted in the constitution with a view of avoiding future deadlocks.

The session of the Prussian Parliament was resumed on Tuesday. The situation has not by any means improved. The Ministry and the Conservatives and Catholics are still at daggers-drawn, and the debate on the supplementary estimate rendered necessary by the separation of the offices of Chancellor of the Empire and Prime Minister of Prussia has been extremely acrimonious so far. The estimate, however, will be voted nevertheless. Dr. Bosse, the new Minister of Education, has announced that no new Education Bill will be issued at present, and implicitly condemned that recently withdrawn. A dissolution, which should naturally take place next year is improbable now, and a new combination, probably of Liberal Conservatives and National Liberals, will form the nucleus of the new Ministerial party.

The latter part of the Session will be taken up with a discussion of the financial reforms just devised by Herr Miquel, and sketched in the *Reichsanzeiger* of last Saturday. Essentially, the plan is to relieve local taxation by contributions from the revenue of the central Government. The increase of income tax due to the new method of assessment will enable the produce of the taxes on land and on industries to be handed over to the local authorities. Moreover, the income tax will be supplemented by a new tax, which will cause interest to pay more in proportion than earnings. And as small incomes and small businesses will be exempted from taxation, the principle of progressive taxation will be recognised. The sketch is not altogether clear, and the scheme has been attacked as a piece of State-Socialism. But its publication for criticism before

its presentation to the Landtag meets with general approval.

The Italian Cabinet has resumed office, except the Minister of Finance, Signor Colombo, whose office is united temporarily, and it may be permanently, with the treasury. Signor Luzzatti, it is said, will not hear of increased military expenditure, and the Minister of War will have to get the 16,000,000fr. required for the new rifle by reducing the number of army corps, and the expenditure on the miserable colony in Abyssinia, which possibly will be confined to Massowah. (The Porte is said to have protested afresh against the Italian occupation.) The failure of the attempt to construct a fresh Ministry has been explained as being caused by the difficulty of deciding between the claims of different groups and districts to Ministerial representation. But, according to the *Secolo* of Milan, it was all the fault of Signor Nicotera. He is on bad terms with Signor Luzzatti, who, however, cannot be spared. He it was who kept out General Ricotti and others. Now he is ill with some throat affection. Signor Colombo, it seems, resigned because of General Pelloux's demands, and Signor Luzzatti only remains under a promise that they shall be moderated.

The fact is that the Ministry is confronted not only with an unexpected deficit of 25 or 30 millions of francs this year, but with the prospects of increased deficits in the next four or five years. The Army Estimates cannot be reduced, nor can those for the Civil Service. Yet an Italian paper has lately noted that in going from Piacenza to Bologna (92 miles) you may see five prefectures, three universities, three courts of appeal, and twenty civil courts; and only three of the sixty-nine provinces reach a population of more than a million of inhabitants, while five provinces in Tuscany, taken together, barely attain that figure. But this remedy is too unpopular, and the Ministry propose to raise increased revenue by a monopoly of matches. Meanwhile, the financial debates when the Chamber reassembles next Wednesday must delay indefinitely the new law on banking, which seemed certain of an unfavourable reception.

The Austrian Government has raised a fresh storm in Bohemia by instituting a court, of which German is to be the official language, at Weckel-dorf in Northern Bohemia. Now, the adjustment of the respective claims of the German and Czech languages was the main feature of the compromise, which is still nominally before the Bohemian Landtag. The Government is within its rights, but the Czechs are furious at its disregard of the legislature, and have proposed the impeachment of the Minister of Justice. The step is said to have been forced on it by Count Kuenzburg, the representative of the German Liberals in the Cabinet, who threatened to resign were it not taken. Considerable concessions are announced to the Nationalist party in the Italian Tyrol.

In spite, however, of all the racial and economic ill-feeling which threatens the peace of the Austrian Empire, a monument to Radetzky, the victor of Novara, was inaugurated at Vienna on Sunday, amid great enthusiasm.

The United States Senate has modified the anti-Chinese legislation of the House of Representatives by extending for ten years the present law permitting the return of Chinese who have previously lived in the United States.

The Brazilian Government is attempting to recover the seceded province of Matto Grosso.

The Venezuelan revolution (according to the *New York Herald* telegrams, our chief source of information) is proceeding actively, and the insurgents have won fresh successes. Last week, however, a Venezuelan of some authority denied (in the *South American Journal*) *a priori* that there was any revolution at all; and now its complete suppression is officially announced. The politics of South America are hardly less obscure than the details of the geography of its interior.

## OUR SECOND AND OTHER STRINGS.

IT is universally acknowledged by Liberals that while Home Rule must occupy the first place in the programme to be set by the new Ministry before the new Parliament, something else will have to be put with it in the Queen's Speech. The necessary pauses in the proceedings on the Home Rule measure must be filled by popular legislation. Welsh Disestablishment occupies the second place in the party programme. Raising as it does the whole question of the relations between Church and State, and involving the thorny topic of disendowment, it is more likely to figure as the first measure of the second Session than as the second measure of the first. To place it second to Home Rule in the first year might not be the best way to advance the cause of Welsh Disestablishment.

The tactics of the Conservative party will, as we learn from authorised exponents of their opinions, be to confine us to Home Rule. The Conservatives mean what Lyndhurst meant when he turned against Melbourne the words of a former King, which Melbourne had once quoted:—"The worst Government is that which cannot carry its own measures." This is what Disraeli meant when he sneered at "Place without power," as well suited to the Whigs. It is hoped that the rural labourers, who, admittedly, will vote Liberal in 1892, will, if British legislation should be prevented, vote Conservative in 1893 or 1894.

Four main suggestions have been made with regard to what should be the second measure, and the smaller measures for the late days of the Session—the Bills the passing of which is intended to counteract this so-called Conservative policy, or, by raising conflict with the House of Lords upon a popular issue, to bring about a renewed expression, at a further dissolution, of the Radical opinion of the country. These measures are "one-man-one-vote," a Registration Bill, payment of members, and reform of local government outside the boroughs. There are, of course, other subjects which will early engage the attention of the new Parliament. Mr. Thomas Bayley, of Nottingham, who is likely to be returned for the Chesterfield Division of Derbyshire, long ago devised a motion with regard to Parliamentary limitation or control of hours of men engaged in dangerous and unhealthy trades, which, covering as it will the cases of the chemical workers, the miners and the railway servants, and, supported as it must be by some of those who have not hitherto seen their way to support Parliamentary action relating to some of these trades, will in all probability be carried. A resolution with regard to shop hours will stand in a similar position. On such resolutions legislation will, no doubt, be based; but I am alluding here to the subjects which will, with more or less certainty, find a place in the Queen's Speech.

With regard to "one-man-one-vote," the difficulties of legislation are considerable, and the Bill will give ground for much obstructive delay. The House of Commons will have a foretaste of these difficulties in the debate of the 18th May if the Plural Voting (Abolition) Bill comes on. Mr. Lefevre and Mr. Gladstone will, no doubt, plead, and plead with truth, that the matter can be dealt with by itself. That is so. But will it? If registered in many places men will vote in many, even under penalty. Mr. Lefevre's Bill would prevent the scrupulous and the well-informed from voting in more than one constituency. It would not prevent, as I shall show, the double voting of those who pretend not to know the law, and are aware of the difficulty of proof in such a case as theirs. Under Mr. Lefevre's Bill the person voting in two electoral areas during the same electoral year would be exposed at the worst to fine. At the present moment a person voting twice, even innocently, in one constituency is guilty of felony, and liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. The difference of penalty is startling;

and if it is the case, as it notoriously is the case, that the enormous penalty upon double voting in the same constituency does not entirely prevent the practice, it surely follows that the mild penalty of Mr. Lefevre's Bill (especially when we consider the difficulty of proof in most such cases) would fail to deter the keen partisan, when of such social standing as to prevent the facts from being notorious.

If we try to "stop this earth," we shall find that it is not easy to devise machinery for preventing people being registered in more than one constituency. At the present moment there are many county constituencies in which there are five per cent. of unstarred duplicates within the constituency itself. In the case of common names, it is extraordinarily difficult to detect duplicates; while in the case of scarce names, there are more close resemblances than is generally supposed; and attempted detection is not always a safe process for the detector. I know a case in a county where both sides have been annually represented in the Revision Court, where one voter is still five times on the register, unstarred. I know a case where a voter is "on" four times, unstarred, in a single polling district. Now, there was notoriously at least one election in 1886 where a candidate was defeated by the "duplicates" voting more than once, in spite of the heavy penalty on the offence, which was not once inflicted. In such cases petition is not always easy, for financial or for local reasons, or because the defeated candidate does not much care about claiming the seat or fighting a fresh battle. How would it be where the proof of double voting had to be laboriously gathered at vast cost from all parts of the United Kingdom? For one man who will risk double voting now, as many risk it, in spite of the tremendous penalty, hundreds would trust to the difficulty of conviction and risk it under the lighter penalty of Mr. Lefevre's Bill. I should myself support Mr. Lefevre's Bill, in spite of what I have written. It would, on the whole, do good; but my contention is that it could not be carried without great expenditure of time, and that when carried it would prove an imperfect remedy for the evils against which it has been aimed.

Some contend that if the freeholder were abolished occupation duplicates would not much matter. The abolition of the forty-shilling freeholder is a serious question. Although the vast majority of freeholders are occupiers, the abolition will be represented as a slur upon them, and party use will be made of our desire to do away with a "bulwark of the State" and with "our most ancient franchise." The freeholders are very numerous. In the Forest of Dean division, out of 9,990 effective voters at this moment there are 3,101 freeholders, as against 6,889 for all other qualifications—occupation, service, lodger, and the rest; duplicates and dead being excluded in both lists. The abolition of the freehold franchise, besides giving to our opponents a cry, would raise some difficult questions certain to form handles for prolonged debate. The redistribution of 1885 was based upon the retention of the freehold vote. There are many county divisions which would be altogether below the county average in number of electors, as they are below it in population, if the non-resident freeholders were taken out of them. In Middlesex, for example, two of the northern and one of the western divisions have a specially low population, because of the large number of non-resident freeholders set to vote within them. The difficulty of retaining University representation in face of the adoption of a mere occupation, lodger, and service franchise, would also be apparent; and undoubtedly the Conservative party would reproach us with opening up again the whole subject of redistribution. They would demand that that question should once more be dealt with in connection with our adoption of the principle one-man-one-vote. They would complain that Ireland and Wales are over-represented as compared with Scotland and England; and they would point out, with truth, that the anomalies



of the distribution of seats are still so great that electors in one part of the country have eight times as much representation as electors in another.

It is often assumed, but erroneously, that in 1884-5 some different principle was applied to Ireland and Wales from that applied to England. Nothing can be further from the truth. Exactly the same line was drawn throughout the United Kingdom, and if a redistribution of seats were to be again attempted upon the old lines (the lines which have been followed on all the occasions when a redistribution has hitherto taken place) the principle of enfranchisement above a certain line, and loss of the second member below a certain line, and total disfranchisement below a certain other line, the positions of Wales and Ireland, as compared with England and Scotland, would not be altered. The first seat to go would be a Scotch seat, although Scotland is less represented than Ireland and Wales, and only fairly and not disproportionately represented on the whole. About the first seat to be given would be to Cardiff in Wales, although complaint is made by the Conservatives that Wales is over-represented on the whole. Personally, I have no objection to a distribution of seats based solely upon the population principle; but it must be understood that this means a wholly new departure; that it involves the complete break-up of the borough system, the absolute effacement of borough boundaries, the total disappearance of University seats, and the loss of a member by the City of London—for census population must be followed, or we should get into difficulties in the case of every large town. It would then, I think, not be easy to do away with the freehold vote in the course of a session mainly devoted to Home Rule. A milder but a wise suggestion—which has, I believe, been made by Mr. Labouchere—for immediate legislation to provide for the holding of all Parliamentary elections on one day, would in part meet the difficulty outside London and the Home counties, and is, of course, a simple matter.

Other claimants for immediate attention are a Registration of Voters Bill, a District Councils measure, and payment of members.

Mr. Stansfeld's Registration Bill contains many valuable clauses. It is doubtful, however, whether as a whole it commends itself to experienced agents and electioneers. It is impossible to go far towards satisfying those who are discontented with the present registration law without dealing in a drastic way with franchise. I should make this article far too long were I to even hint at many of the franchise difficulties by which our present registration system is surrounded. But it will not be easy to touch the subject at all without dealing with the lodger franchise in the rural districts. At the present moment in many of the counties in England the lodger franchise and the service franchise are both dead letters—the service franchise, because the overseers do not understand it; and the lodger franchise, because the rent specified, which is low in London and admits most lodgers, is high in the country and excludes nearly all.

To turn to a District Councils Bill, such a scheme for London might be established without the smallest trouble. Everybody is agreed upon the principle. There is in London plenty of work for the District Councils to do without touching the Poor Law, and there is a general acceptance even of the main details of the suggested measure. Neither would there be much opposition to a London Bill, even if it were proposed in the same measure to give the London County Council extended powers to promote gas and water schemes. Outside London it is very questionable if it is worth creating District Councils until the Poor Law can be simultaneously dealt with, and certain that the Poor Law cannot be touched without prolonged debate. On the other hand, parochial reform would not be difficult. The parish vestry might be thrown open and revived, and free choice of overseers given to it; the cumulative vote got rid of from parish polls, and

even from Guardians' elections; the qualification got rid of for Local Boards, Boards of Guardians, and London Vestries, as it has been abolished for Parliament and for Town Councils, and avoided for School Boards and County Councils. Such changes, of far-reaching importance, which would be compatible with future further reform of local government, might be effected by a short and simple measure, and probably without a division.

Payment of members will, of course, have to be accompanied by a public payment of charges for election expenses, and ought, in my opinion, to be further accompanied by the prohibition of all expenditure upon elections except that to be borne by the public; otherwise payment of members will not permit the representation of Labour in Parliament on a large scale, for it will not give the poor man of talent an equal chance with the rich. A speaker from the Liberal front bench lately praised the last Corrupt Practices Act for its maximum scale. There is, perhaps, a little hypocrisy about the maximum scale. We all know that the adoption of a limit at elections has led in most divisions to more effective but more costly organisation in advance, and that if the party expenditure on either side during the six years of the present Parliament be added up and scored down as election expenditure—which ought to be the case—there has been little general diminution. A measure for payment of members, however, could hardly be made to take so much time in discussion as a general reform of local government or a general reopening of the electoral system. It might easily be accompanied by a humble but useful Bill which would give the labourer that which he most needs in reform of local government, and also do for London that which is most needed in the Metropolis, as well as by some other very brief measures.

Less has been heard of an Employers' Liability Bill than of those measures which I have at present mentioned; but a Bill to amend the law with regard to compensation of workmen for injury, by dealing with the doctrine of common employment and with some of the unfortunate effects of the doctrine *volenti non fit injuria* on employers' liability, would not take much time.

These facts, I think, point to holding over Welsh Disestablishment as the first subject for the second session, to holding over any complete treatment of franchise or registration or local government, and to naming in the Queen's Speech five short Bills in addition to Home Rule—an Employer's Liability measure, confined to two or three points only; a Bill providing that all elections should be held on one day; a very brief Registration Bill containing only portions of that of Mr. Stansfeld; a Bill for the payment of members and of election charges; and a Bill for the abolition of qualifications and plural voting.

In any case it is essential, not only that there should be a programme in addition to Home Rule—for that is a matter of course—but that this programme should be acted on, and the measures in it, if brief ones, carried into law. The Conservative policy is avowedly a policy of delay in the Commons, and, in the last resort, rejection by the Lords, in order to keep us to Ireland only, and to bring about a further dissolution before any question except the Irish has received treatment. The only way of meeting these tactics is to be sufficiently in earnest about the other measures named in the Queen's Speech to keep the House of Commons sitting in 1893 until the judgment of Parliament upon them has been secured. If no obstruction in the House of Commons is allowed to prevent their ultimate passing through that House, threats of rejection in the Lords will cease to be heard, for such threats are not advantageous to Conservative interests in the constituencies. London showed at the recent elections to the County Council that it has learned the lesson which Scotland, Wales, and Ireland learned long ago. England, with her ups and downs in politics, had not hitherto shown a disposition to

follow, in this respect, Scotch or Welsh or Irish lead. London has understood that when the County Council were thwarted by Conservatism in Parliament in their desire to obtain greater powers, the wisest course in order to overcome resistance was to return a still larger majority of the same opinion. The rural voters in England will soon learn this lesson, and will follow in the footsteps of the Londoners, but on condition that the leaders of our party, by showing that they mean business with their programme, encourage the country in the exhibition of a similar resolution.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

#### LABOUR, CAPITAL, AND BRAINS.

THERE is a remarkable feature in the conduct of life, both in the case of the individual and the society, which has received little attention from economists—namely, that our life, and our views of life, are regulated by something less than the whole amount of knowledge which is available at the given moment. In respect of individuals, indeed, to sin against the light has long been an offence to the moralist, but at present we would consider life rather in respect of business than of morals. That the individual should fail to regulate his actions according to contemporary knowledge may be forgiven to him: life is short, and art is long. There seems no reason, however, at first sight, why societies—which live long, and consist of members so various as to have relations with all kinds of knowledge—should not recognise and obey all the known conditions under which they exist. It is more curious still that societies not only talk and act upon imperfect data, but that the facts they ignore are often the obvious and not the remote or obscure. The most reasonable of societies evidently have, as have individual men, their tempers or attitudes, which at a given moment make one kind of knowledge acceptable rather than another. To one nation certain aspects of things are always more acceptable than they are to another, and thus nations have permanent differences; but even in the history of single nations we find that some truths are, at each successive period, more acceptable than others, and that progress, being thus based upon partial estimates of things, is variable and relatively incomplete. Instances of this kind will present themselves at once to the mind of the reader. We wish now to draw attention to a particular instance—an instance which, at the present time indeed, applies not to one nation alone, but to many; and this instance is taken from the field of productive energy.

Every thoughtful economist knows well that the main factors of production are not "capital and labour" alone; nay, that while these factors are indispensable, there is a third factor—if possible, more essential, or more intimate, than either. Yet we stand in no fear of contradiction when we assert that current writing and current talking proceed upon the assumption that "capital and labour" are the only main factors of production. In our journals and magazines, instead of such a general heading as *Industry*, we find invariably that "Capital and Labour" is the title of the chapter which deals with this matter. All employers are "capitalists," and capital and labour are regarded as the parents of "production." We are told, and told with some truth, that the use of the capitalist is to make advances upon future products, and thus to enable the labourer to live until these products are realised. If this be all, as these products come to market and profits accumulate, the labourer may well assert that these profits are "built up by his efforts," and that the share of the "capitalist" should consist only of the interest due upon the use of his advances, together with a payment for "management." Now the "manager" may not be, and often is not, the

owner of the capital; so that in this common case it is assumed that the "capitalist" is merely an expensive and troublesome appendage to capital, and that were capital provided, say, by the State, or by co-operation on some narrower basis, it would be released from this appendage, and the labourer would receive the profits which his hands have made, less interest and the salary of "management." On this belief great schemes of State workshops and of co-operative associations have been dreamed of, and in a measure realised. How far, on the other hand, the hopes based upon this defective reasoning have been dashed our readers know too well. With a few doubtful exceptions, "co-operative societies" for production have failed; and if "limited companies" have in a measure succeeded, it is equally well known that failures and heavy losses have been innumerable, and the successes not only far below the estimates of promoters, but, in so far as they persist, have in great measure been the successes of companies carrying on pre-existing schemes—successes, one may say, *per vim inertie*. Associations for mere distributive purposes—such as railways, banks, stores, and the like—are of course left out of consideration; in these the several rewards of management, capital, and labour, are easily regulated.

Now surely capital and labour, whether taken separately or together, are but brute forces, and can produce no fruit. For this end there must be a shaping process—a function composed of foresight and inspiration, and exercised in freedom; a function which, for lack of a better term, we may call *Enterprise*. Let us ask whence comes this factor in production. A company of shareholders clearly cannot act promptly, vigorously, boldly, irregularly, or ingeniously. A board of directors may carry on a tradition, may excel in organisation, and may have some slow power of adaptation, but can never adapt themselves rapidly to wholly new conditions or suddenly revolutionise their methods. To run those risks, which at certain moments are the summit of wisdom in a private person, would be impossible to a committee entrusted with the interests of a body of shareholders, were even the committee unanimous. Speaking generally, the management of share-held capital must be jog-trot, and will succeed only so long as the original formative impulse survives, or so long as the business—such as banking, say—is little more than administrative, or has to deal only with familiar difficulties. But in production these conditions rarely continue more than two generations. No doubt there are a few manufactures—such as the production of certain kinds of boots and shoes, of livery cloths and the like—which change but little; in these, however, profits tend to fall to small margins as competition increases and the workman's first charge is relatively large; the business, in fact, becomes simply distributive. But in most cases markets are capricious, tariffs change suddenly, profits diminish, better machinery must be invented and the old ruthlessly sacrificed; buyers tire of old patterns or stuffs, and the eye must be caught by some novel and striking combination. Mills at home must be abandoned and the business transferred to a foreign soil, and so forth. Producers must meet such shifting conditions by bold, ready, and even premature revolutions, by great immediate sacrifices, by inexhaustible inventive capacity, or by foreign adventure; and these will become not less, but more and more necessary as the Western world grows older, and its wants more complex and imperative. Without the factor which we have called *Enterprise*, no great productive business was ever begun, and no such business can long continue to thrive. In the larger fields of production capital without *Enterprise* is sterile, labour is sterile, and capital and labour united are sterile.

Now where is *Enterprise* to be found? Speaking generally, it is to be found in individual men only, men who are natural "sports" of a more or less rare and highly specialised kind. Boldness alone,



strength of purpose alone, even invention alone, will not fructify; a man must be found in whom such qualities are combined—a rare combination. The great producing trades of the North of England could not have arisen without capital, nor without labour; but still less could they have come into being without Stephenson, Armstrong, Whitworth, Bessemer, Fairbairn, Lister, Holden, Salt, Donisthorpe, and men like these. It is said of one of these, that on his methods becoming known, he broke up all his machinery at a stroke and invented afresh; of another it is known that after passing middle life he twice ejected and reconstructed the whole of his vast machinery; of another, that he had transferred his vast mills abroad whilst his rivals were rubbing their eyes. Could the blind force of labour, or the blind capacity of money, have led to the magnificent development of Elswick, or of Manningham Mills? So scarce are these natural "sports" that such a man is said to be paid twelve thousand a year by the members of a great English firm which has outlived its originators, but continues to be under the control of one family. It is idle to price these qualities, seeing that one such man may appear in about a million births, and that he will command an enormous reward so long as supply and demand regulate prices—we speak provisionally. Now this need of extraordinary men for creative purposes, and of capital free to their free hands, means not only a large reward for a rare and fragile article, but also for great risk of capital always, and great loss often. It may not be true that three fortunes went to Lord Masham's last success, but such is the common history of events of the kind. No calculations can be free from error; all schemes gang more or less agley; and if schemes are nevertheless to succeed, there must not only be a great schemer to force failure into the paths of success, but also a great command of capital placed freely, even recklessly, in his hands to make or to mar. Labour no more made the Forth Bridge than the gardener's boy who drills in the seed makes leaf, flower and fruit. Money and men are the sinews of war, but battles are won by great captains.

Still, it may be objected that if capital and labour be found, efficient management should guide the combination to happy results. This is only true in so far as the business handled approaches to the "stationary state"; and when this becomes generally true of English fields of production, England will be nearing to the "stationary state." The "stationary state," however—once a dream of some economists—in real life has never been, and the biologists have taught us that in living function it can never be; to cease to advance is to decay. Now the best friends of democracy, those who know that every form of government has its own faults, see that in democracies there has been—and in modern democracies there now is—some jealousy of pre-eminent men, or, at any rate, of more than one such man. We find, however, that Nature's way is to make great works depend upon great men, but to make these rarely, and therefore to make them costly; moreover, the breed cannot be "seeded on," as are choice varieties in the flower-fields at Reading. But democratic societies even for municipal purposes need great works—works rarely requiring perhaps the higher kinds of adventure, but often more than an ordinary administrative intellect to plan and develop them; yet such societies too often act as if they had rather see many thousands of pounds spent more or less ineffectively, and many a good cause lost, than pay a few more hundreds to secure servants of exceptional ability.

"Why should one man having but two eyes and one pair of hands be paid more than another who is possessed of the same furniture, and needs as much meat and drink?" Well, this is a subject which modern societies must consider, and consider rightly, or fall behind; if they are ignorant at present, this is due not to the darkness of history, but to their want of stomach for its lessons.

T. CLIFFORD ALBUTT.

#### FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THE few days which follow a vacation have always been the happy hunting-grounds of Ministries, to whom the House of Commons is particularly rational and agreeable when there are no scenes, and few speeches, and the machine grinds quietly and quickly.

It is then that they get through a large number of those estimates which at any other time are fertile and exhaustless opportunities for prolonged debate. This year, with the fatuity which seems to mark all the proceedings under Mr. Balfour's leadership, Supply was put back, and an Indian Councils Bill was put forward. An Indian Councils Bill is not a subject calculated to inspire passion or to evoke a more than rational amount of discussion. But there are circumstances connected with India in the House of Commons which are not visible to the extra-parliamentary eye. Mr. Fawcett it was who first started the notion of a legislator whose special interest would be the wrongs of the people of India; and since then there has always been a Member for India. The last occupant of the place was the late Mr. Bradlaugh; but Mr. Bradlaugh is dead, and there is a certain scramble for the heritage. Hence the Indian Councils Bill was about as bad a measure as could be put forward after a vacation; and hence it was that the Government did not make much way or much credit for themselves by putting it as their first business. On one thing only could they congratulate themselves. India always has an unhappy knack of emptying the House of Commons; and the oratory of the friends of India, though excellent in purpose, is a powerful auxiliary in producing the same result.

Members who did not take any particular interest in this particular business meantime wandered disconsolately through the deserted and chilly lobbies. It is not hard to guess what two Members are talking about now if they be seen in any of the corridors. This man wails that he can't let his house; this other that he is uncertain about his precious vacation; the other complains that his constituents are driving him mad with meetings; and the next declares that he must reconsider his determination to stand again. The plaint is varied in tone and in expression, but it all comes from the same cause. The House of Commons is driven almost distracted by the suspense hanging over the date of the Dissolution. This temper has at last begun to tell even in the Olympian quarters on the Treasury Bench, where the mortal ills of the ordinary legislator are alleviated by handsome salaries paid with great punctuality every quarter. There was talk just for a few days of the Government holding on till the spring of next year; but the thing was too monstrous; and that lamest of *canards* waddled off the stage in a very short time. Now the universal impression is that the Government are clearing the decks for action; and that we are separated from the appeal to the country by but the thin partition of a few months or perhaps a few weeks.

There is not much to be said about the debate on giving women the vote. Sir Albert Rollit is a keen, hard-headed man of business, a lawyer in a large and lucrative practice, an experienced and deft wire-puller, and a *paulo-post* future Minister in the dim and azure future when the next big Liberal majority will give the Tories their next change. He is scarcely the man to take up any cause because of the appeal it makes to sentiment or enthusiasm, and would state any case in a plain, business-like fashion, with strong arguments drawn from statistics and the rate-book. But if Sir Albert had been a Demosthenes his oratory would have remained ineffective. No man can hope to touch an audience which does not exist, and the unhappy creature who has to start debate on Wednesday is always in that position.

Mr. Samuel Smith is well known for civic courage, but on Wednesday he astounded even the most trained admirers of his sturdy valour by a long

Latin quotation. Mr. Roby is now a man of business and a hard-headed politician; but he sacrificed to the Muses in his early days, and helped to make boyhood darker by an excellent Latin grammar. Perhaps the inspiration of the pedagogue still remains; at all events, he was seen in earnest converse with Mr. Smith after this brilliant display. History does not record the conversation. Mr. Asquith alone gained any oratorical laurels out of the fray. Cool, clear-headed, as well as eloquent, he is just the kind of orator to capture the ear of the House of Commons; and whenever he speaks there is that earnest and almost audible hush—to use a conscious paradox—which proves to the attuned ear the overwhelming effect of a speaker who can command not only attention but emotion, and the sensitive and impressionable nerves of a public assembly. There is no man in the House—with the possible exceptions of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sexton—whose sentences flow so evenly, melodiously and easily as those of Mr. Asquith; he has the true, genuine, unmistakable oratorical gift. On the other hand, such a debate as that of Wednesday brings out all the weak points of Mr. Balfour as a speaker. Though he has plenty of audacity and coolness under fire, when his own side is strongly with him, he is not a good man for an ugly quarter of an hour, when enemies sit frowning and silent in the once friendly ranks behind him. He has a strong tendency to disconnectedness—not so much of thought as of manner and phraseology—at the best of times; but when he is in this unhappy position, the tendency becomes so developed that his speeches are scarcely intelligible, and we have an orator more unbearable than any other clever man in the House—with the exception of Mr. Courtney.

However, whatever happens in the House of Commons, it has still Mr. Gladstone; and with Mr. Gladstone it is always secure of moments of greatness and highest enjoyment. It was known that the Liberal leader had no sympathy with the somewhat narrow and rancorous notion of retaining drunken and immoral vicars by way of disparaging Establishments. The Government had put their Clergy Discipline Bill as their first order on Thursday. Mr. Balfour made a somewhat lame and fumbling speech in its favour, and Mr. Lloyd-George—rising from the midst of the solid, vigorous, and ardent group known as Young Wales—put the attack with as much ingenuity as a weak case could supply. But what the House really wanted to hear was Mr. Gladstone. Whenever Mr. Gladstone is going to make a speech of any moment there is one inevitable herald. In the right-hand corner of the portion of the Ladies' Gallery which is under the control of the Speaker's daughter, there is to be seen a figure now almost as familiar as that of Mr. Gladstone. The figure used to be very erect, and the hair seemed scarcely touched with age a few years ago; but though it still is abundant, it has visibly whitened, and Mrs. Gladstone begins to show some signs of age. But in the freshness of love and devotion there is eternal youth; and whenever the great leader speaks that figure is there, keeping its vigil over his fortunes and happiness and health.

There is little space left to speak of the speech of Thursday, and what can one write of one speech of Mr. Gladstone that is not true of nearly all? Suffice it to say that there was in his speech of Thursday that exquisite playfulness, tenderness and lightness of touch, perfect modulation of voice, that commingling of earnestness with easy and self-controlled voice and expression, which prove always so strangely effective in the House of Commons. The full effectiveness of his mastery could be seen when Tories joined in the loud shout of delight which greeted another triumph of the great orator, and still stronger testimony was given by the utter break-up, collapse, and disappearance of that sturdiest, stoutest, and most unimpressionable of all parliamentary forces—an opposition prompted by the rigid code of the Non-conformist conscience.

#### SIR JAMES ALLPORT.

IF there were any romance in railway management, the achievements of Sir James Allport would long ago have taken an enduring hold on the popular imagination. George Hudson was a speculator, with no personal qualities that entitled him to a lasting memorial; yet he is likely to keep his place in the wide range of the *littérateur's* allusiveness, merely because he blew a great bubble and burst it. About the financial will-o'-the-wisp who plunges the money-hunting community into a morass there is a perpetual halo of legendary interest which the man of business who leaves behind him conspicuous monuments of practical genius and public benefit can never hope to attain. Hudson will be "the Railway King" to the end of time; but Allport, who created a great railway and not a crazy speculation, and who initiated the most striking reforms in the machinery of modern travel, may cease to be even a name to those who profit most by his energy and foresight. In the annals of the Midland Railway, however short the memory of the travelling public, Allport's memory ought to shine with undiminished lustre. He made the Midland one of the greatest corporations in the country by an administration which has not been surpassed in originality and resource. The idea of the first excursion train probably belongs to Mr. Thomas Cook, but the Midland Company provided the train, and was prompt to recognise the possibilities of expansion in Mr. Cook's enterprise. Moreover, it was the manager of the Midland who first acknowledged the right of the third-class passenger to travel express. Until that time it was the conviction of railway companies that rapid transit was the exclusive privilege of the well-to-do. To carry a poor man to his destination by express train was a revolution which must have made some worthy directors shake their heads. They reflected, perhaps, that the democracy was already too impatient and impetuous; and that to allow the third-class passenger to whirl through the country at fifty miles an hour might be the means of precipitating anarchy. A more tangible apprehension was that this concession to cheap fares would be bad for the pockets of shareholders. This idea must have taken an even more alarming turn when Allport abolished the second class on the Midland, and made the third-class carriages equal in comfort even to the first-class on some lines of no mean pretensions. A more daring stroke is unknown in the history of railway management. It has found no imitators, though its effect on the fares of other companies is gratefully appreciated by all sorts and conditions of travellers to this day. But it stands alone in the course of railway statecraft, like the French Revolution amongst the readjusted monarchies. As a financial *coup* its success was prodigious. The volume of passenger traffic on the Midland increased in an enormous ratio, and the popularity of this line was established on an invulnerable basis. Elsewhere the second-class traveller continues to be tried in the balance-sheet and found wanting. He is the pale ghost of the old-fashioned division of society which finds its aptest expression in the philosophy of the gasfitter in *Caste*. "Life," says the oracular Mr. Gerridge to the admiring Polly Eccles, "is like a train: first class, second class, third class. Any passenger found travelling in a carriage superior to that for which he has taken his ticket will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." That was more than twenty years ago, and now Mr. Gerridge can journey with his vivacious partner on the Midland in almost sumptuous ease, without regretting that the middle term has been knocked out of his social system.

It was not alone in the abolition of the second class that the Midland Railway, under the guidance of Sir James Allport, distanced its contemporaries. The Pullman car made its earliest appearance in England on this line, and at first blush it might have



been regarded as some compensation to superior society for the democratic ravages of Allport's policy. The Pullman, as we know it, is essentially aristocratic. It is a movable drawing-room or smoking-room. You can breathe in it the air of Belgravia in all the native purity of that ethereal atmosphere. The bluest blood need not disdain its handsome appointments, and if the Lady Ermytrude should espy a *parvenu* sitting in one of the luxurious easy-chairs, she may remember that this particular social blend is only what she is accustomed to now even in the best houses. But such is the conservatism of railway companies that the rivals of the Midland have not been eager to borrow this idea. The other day there was a great flourish on a well-known line over a gorgeously fitted train composed of "corridor" cars. These have apparently been designed to reconcile the Briton's theory of travelling privacy with the craving of the animal to stretch his legs. How far this compromise may prove a successful salve to the national pride we do not know, but there is still an indomitable conviction in the Englishman's mind that to be jammed in a small compartment with nine other mortals is the ideal of comfort and high-breeding on a railway journey. Cribbed in a narrow seat for several hours, with a very limited number of geometrical permutations for tired legs, and an armed truce with his neighbours as to the disposition of the two windows, the Englishman entrenches himself behind the *Times*, or varies observations on the weather with expressions of patriotic disgust at the vulgarity of the American system of travel. Arrived at a station where there are five precious minutes for the miscellaneous gobbling which is called refreshment, he bounces into a *buffet*, and retrieves his seat at the last moment, still proudly conscious that he is vindicating the surpassing excellence of British customs. In a Pullman train he has ample space for exercise, as much or as little social intercourse as he cares for, and every opportunity to eat his dinner like a civilised being, instead of bolting a bun like a bear at the "Zoo." In course of time, perhaps, British prejudice may be so far conquered that all our great railway companies will offer the public the Pullman as the only rational vehicle. The Midland, at all events, has lost nothing by instructing public opinion in the arts of convenience, instead of accepting the assumption that it is comfortable as well as patriotic to travel from London to Perth in a small box. When the Pullman car is generally adopted in this country, we shall hear no more either of assaults on women in trains or of attempts at blackmail. This aspect of the compartment system is worthy of the attention of our legislators when they happen to be revising the Parliamentary regulations of railways. After all, the supposed privacy of the compartment is rather dearly purchased at the risks which sometimes cost women their peace of mind, and which, in the instance of Mr. Fyffe, cost a blameless and estimable man his reason and his life. It is such considerations which dispose us to hope that Sir James Allport's initiative in a most important branch of his administration has still to bear its best fruit.

#### THE NEW UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON COMMISSION.

IT is a little unfortunate that the proposed Gresham University Charter, which has been so decisively rejected by public opinion, should be laid down as the starting-point of the new Royal Commission. Under the circumstances, this is perhaps inevitable, and at any rate the terms of reference, as stated in the House by Mr. Balfour on Monday, are wide and comprehensive enough to ensure the Commissioners the fullest freedom in dealing with the question. "To consider, alter, amend, and extend the proposed charter so as to form a scheme for the establishment under charter

of an efficient teaching University for London" represents with exactness the task which all the friends of higher education in London would wish the Commissioners to accomplish. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that no member of the late Royal Commission has been included. The reason is, no doubt, that the principle upon which the new Commission has been formed is wholly different from that upon which the late Commission was nominated. Lord Selborne's Commission was essentially a judicial, non-interested body. In the new Commission nearly every member is the representative of some interest concerned. Lord Reay, Bishop Barry, and Mr. Charlton Palmer (a relation, and presumably the nominee of Lord Selborne) obviously represent University College, King's College, and the Gresham Committee; Sir William Savory and Sir George Humphrey medical education and the medical schools; Canon Browne the University Extension Movement (which had so much to do with defeating the late charter); Professor Sidgwick the interests of the higher education of women; Mr. Anstie the Senate of London University; Principal Rendall the Victoria University and the provincial colleges. Sir Lyon Playfair and Professor Ramsay will bring to the work the practical experience of Scottish University life and methods; and Professor Burdon Sanderson the experience of scientific education at Oxford during the last ten years. It would, perhaps, have been advantageous to have had a representative of London University Convocation, and also of the minor teaching organisations, such as the Birkbeck Institution and the City of London College; but with these exceptions nearly all the chief interests of the higher education of London have been included; while it is also a distinct advantage that—unless exception be taken to the three representatives of the Gresham Charter promoters—no individual interest predominates to any undue extent. There is, perhaps, some force in a complaint that the interests of literature and of the humaner studies as such have been overlooked. However this may be, one cannot help feeling that the most noticeable defect of the Commission from the standpoint of practical efficiency is that, collectively and individually, it lacks that inventiveness and enterprise, that open-minded readiness to apply new ideas which is especially necessary for the work now to be done. The thirteen new Commissioners are persons of weight, authority, and experience in University matters, but they all represent the cautious conservative side of educational politics and of University opinion, rather than the advanced, the enterprising views demanded by the exceptional nature of the problem they have to solve. This is decidedly a disadvantage. Unless carefully watched and guarded against, it may have unfortunate effects on the result of their deliberations, for the undertaking before them, while it is unique in its opportunities, is, at the same time, entirely without precedent or parallel. It is the first time that an attempt has been made to construct and establish a new efficient teaching University for a single city of five million inhabitants. For such a task boldness of conception, enterprising and hopeful confidence, are of the highest importance; and the Commissioners will certainly find that, in dealing with the problems of the higher education of London, a lively confidence in the possibilities of the future is more necessary than an over-cautious respect for the precedents and experiences of the past.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE public stock of harmless pleasure was diminished, if the gaiety of nations was not eclipsed, when M. Ludovic Halévy gave up dramatic authorship and left his partner, M. Henri Meilhac, to continue, single-handed, the business of the famous firm. M. Halévy is now of the Academy and be-aves as sich. That is, he relieves a dignified leisure by the occasional production of what our

ancestors called graceful prolusions. Graceful is distinctly the word for his new book "Karikari" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy): the very book one would have expected from an Academician who is minded to unbend in recollection of the days when he heard the chimes at midnight and to chat complacently about the Bohemianism of his old playhouse life. About the world behind the scenes he cannot choose but write well, for he writes with intimate knowledge and with plenary indulgence. Evidently what he likes best in this microcosm is the humbler class of its inhabitants, the old prompter, the tragedian who has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, the box-opener who was once a "diva," the mute, inglorious super. He drops in at stage-entrances, and haunts the "wings," to gossip with these old friends about old times, and to describe for us their little foibles, vanities, hobbies, and eccentricities. The naïve, childlike, colossal but quite harmless vanity of the "cabotin"—the word is less brutal than our own "mummer"—especially delights him. Here is his friend Lambescasse, the "second Bocage."

"Yes, I was a second Bocage. . . . I came out in November, 1845, and I at once made my mark in the legitimate. . . . But a 'creation' was the thing I wanted. . . . They cast me for a part in M. Pyat's *Diogène*, a part of no importance. It had only one scene. But I accepted it. I saw at once what was to be made of this scene, and besides, I have never been one of those artists who estimate their parts by the weights. . . . It was a scene of thirty lines between Bocage and myself. . . . The piece was played on the 6th of January, 1846, one of the dates of my life—and that evening, for five minutes, I found myself face to face with Bocage, and I dominated. I crushed him! . . . Yes. . . . I was the victor in that brief struggle! . . . Bocage began, and they applauded. . . . But when I had spoken, the applause turned to delirium! . . . I looked at Bocage. . . . He turned pale under his paint. . . . At the end of the act all the artists were called, and a woman's voice was heard: 'Bravo, Lambescasse, bravo! . . . I looked at Bocage, he was livid. It was the end of my career. . . . They gave me nothing but makeshift parts after that—wretched utilities.'

And then Lambescasse hurries from the wings of the burlesque theatre, whither after forty years he has drifted, to play a black slave, and be kicked—where black slaves of burlesque are wont to be kicked—by a more fortunate actor.

As a dramatic author and purveyor-in-chief to the opera bouffe stage, when her anything but Serene Highness the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein was regnant there, M. Halévy has a lively recollection of the torments playwrights have to endure from their leading ladies; and such a stormy scene as that which he describes between the actress who insists upon taking two steps to the left and the author who wishes her to take them to the right, is, one may guess, a piece of autobiography. No wonder that (with M. Anatole France and Mr. Oscar Wilde) he prefers the docile marionette. For your puppets are never discontented and never ill, never come late to rehearsal and never shirk a performance. They play what you like, how you like, when you like. Their modesty is exemplary. They never throw up a part, they respect the author's text, never want an increase of salary or big capitals on the posters. Above all, they don't go away from rehearsal exclaiming that "if the drama is dying, it's all the fault of the authors, who no longer know their business. We actors have as much wit and talent and genius as our predecessors; but the authors, no! Actors there are still; but there are no longer any authors!" But even in the puppet-show, it seems, art has its revolutions and its periods of decadence. M. Halévy tells us how the Guignol, or Punch-and-Judy, in the Champs Élysées was nearly ruined by an injudicious attempt to introduce romantic drama—with love episodes which affrighted the English governesses and bored their charges. The little people prefer Punch and what the author of "The Shaving of Shagpat" calls the thwackings. Altogether, "Karikari" is a pleasant little book.

La Rochefoucauld has much to answer for. The apparent simplicity and ease of his "Maximes" have deluded many naïve persons into supposing that they can turn out sententious reflections and

epigrammatic "pensées" as well as he. They forget that the Horatian tag about "mediocribus esse," etc., applies to the maximist as well as to the poet. A collection of "pensées" is only to be forgiven on condition that it achieves the exquisite. It should offer the essence of wisdom and experience, double-distilled. The mere typographical arrangement of such a book, isolating each thought, presenting not a rivulet, but a few rain-drops, of text in a meadow of margin, raises the reader's expectations. Where there is so much casket we look for jewels. But we shall look in vain for them in "Étincelles" (London: Griffiths, Farran), by the Princess Karadja, a lady who dates her collection of somewhat Batavian "pensées" from the appropriate locality of the Hague. It has been maintained that, with the help of a dictionary and a chance collection of copy-book headings, any ordinary person could turn out "pensées" by a purely mechanical process. Half of the Princess's might be produced by a simple application of the Rule of Three in arithmetic. Take the formula

A : B :: C : D,

and fix on any two first terms; then the two last will follow almost of their own accord. Suppose you choose "politeness" and "society." Now, politeness diminishes social friction: this suggests "oil," and "oil" suggests "machinery." You have, at once, the Princess Karadja's Maxim 84:—

"Politeness is to society what oil is to machinery."

Or let your first two be "envy" and "mind." "Mind" suggests "body," and out pops the Princess's Maxim 88:—

"Envy is to the mind what gangrene is to the body."

The simple rule of passing from mind to body will give you any number of maxims. Thus to "sick" in body corresponds "unhappy" in mind. "Sick" suggests "medicine." Hey presto! you have produced the Princess's Maxim 160:—

"Religion is to the unhappy what medicine is to the sick."

Another recipe is to take an outworn commonplace, and boldly state it with a negative inserted. Take, say, "to play the piano is a charming accomplishment"; now prefix a negative, and you very soon arrive at the Princess's Maxim 4:—

"Not to play the piano is a talent as rare as it is charming."

For the rest, you ring the changes on such words as "amitié" and "amour," "flatterie" and "sottise," "vêtu" and "habillé"; add cheap cynicism, and serve hot, with a garnish of familiar jokes on the selfishness of husbands and the self-sacrifice of wives. As a specimen of the Princess's style we quote her last reflection in the original:—

"Les pensées des hommes sont comme des étincelles: la plupart s'éteignent dans la nuit du temps, mais parfois il-y a une, qui réussit à allumer un grand feu."

The "pensées" of Princesses sometimes only succeed in lighting the pipes of reviewers.

## THE DRAMA.

"PERIL"—"TIME IS MONEY"—"THE WHITE ROSE."

ONE of the most striking pieces of evidence that a real theatrical revolution is in progress is furnished by the deposition of Sardou. Time was, and that not so long ago, when Sardou was thought to have spoken the last word of dramatic art. The drama was still regarded as a bit of ingenious mechanism, a matter of skilful contrivance and arrangement; and as a master-mechanic Sardou was preeminent. But the theories of Zola and Daudet (both of whom are far more important as theorists of the theatre than as dramatists) and the practice of Ibsen have, in spite of violent and implacable opposition, at last begun to tell. Their influence as yet is rather negative than positive. It has left us still disputing as to which, if any, of the new



formulas we shall accept, but all agreeing in the rejection of the old. We have learnt to conceive of a play as a live thing, a bit of organic growth, and to have learnt that is to have renounced Sardou and all his works. We call him trickster, professor of legerdemain, the Robert Houdin or Buatier de Kolta of the stage. Conjuring tricks, however, though they have ceased to convince, may continue to amuse. It is impossible any longer to believe in *Peril*, for instance, the English version of *Nos Intimes*, revived by Mr. Tree for a series of Saturday night performances at the Haymarket, but it is quite possible to be diverted by the play. It offers a complete assortment of fireside games. You might compile from it a handy little manual of parlour-magic. As thus:—

1. *The Shutter Trick.* Introduce an amorous captain into his hostess's boudoir at midnight. The lady, when the captain presses his suit too hotly, pretends to hear footsteps on the balcony, and invites the captain to go and look. As soon as he is outside she bars the shutters on him, and falls in a faint, just as her husband is heard knocking at the door. This is an excellent game for winter evenings, and as it only requires a pair of shutters and a balcony, can be played in any suburban back drawing-room.

2. *The Cork Trick.* Take a corked medicine bottle. (If you have no medicine bottle, any bottle will do.) Pretend you are a doctor, with a hobby for nicknaming (as doctors, you know, will) the corks of your medicine bottles. You call this cork "Cuckoo"—having previously arranged with the captain on the balcony (see trick 1) that he shall be called "Cuckoo" too. You then say, in the presence of the hostess's husband, who is on the point of opening the shutters, "Cuckoo, jump out!" Out pops the cork, and at the same time the "cuckoo" captain jumps from the balcony; so that when the husband opens the shutters he finds no one outside. This never fails to amuse. (It is well, in case of accidents, to provide yourself beforehand with a corkscrew.)

3. *The Hare Trick.* Having previously obtained a hare from the cook, you secrete it in your coat-tail pocket. Then you go about with a gun, pretending to be a jealous husband meditating suicide. When your wife and the rest of the household have been wrought to the proper pitch of nervousness, you retire behind a curtain and let off the gun. You now turn the laugh against the company by coming forward and producing your hare. If the children are home for the holidays, you can improve the occasion by observing, "The mountains were in labour, and brought forth a ridiculous hare."

And so on. You will now see, I trust, how *Peril* amuses. The reason why it fails to convince is, I think, no less clear. It places an action of serious dramatic interest—the intrigue of Captain Bradford and Lady Ormond—in an environment of extravagant caricature. You are expected to believe in the captain and the lady as real people, while the horde of false, envious, mischief-making friends, the "intimes" of the French title, are put forward, without disguise, as sham people, mechanical figures which perform grotesque antics to make you laugh. And midway between the two sets of characters, the real and the unreal, you have the husband of Lady Ormond, who is represented as real when he suspects his wife's fidelity and unreal when he calmly interrupts his agonised suspicions to go out and shoot the hare (see trick 3) which has been ravaging his flower-beds. Now the mind of the average playgoer refuses to take these gymnastic flights from the world of reality to the world of fantasy in the course of a single evening. Hence *Peril* fails to convince.

Though the play serves to make clear to us the change which has taken place in the position of Sardou, it was not, one may reasonably suppose, revived with that object. Some years ago Mr. Tree

had essayed the part of Sir Woodbine Grafton, the *choregus*, so to speak, of the chorus of "intimes"; he had made a great success in the part, which offers endless opportunities for his signal talent for "character" acting; and, with a handsome Lady Ormond at hand in Miss Julia Neilson, there was really no reason why he should not vary the solid fare of *Hamlet* with the light refectory of *Peril*. Mr. Tree's Sir Woodbine is a remarkable study of ferociously selfish, testy, hypochondriac senility. It is like his Falstaff—a *tour de force* of disguise. Here is an instance of the pleasure to be derived from sheer acting. The playwright has little or no share in such a performance; all, or practically all, the invention is the actor's own. I am bound to add that this pleasure, the pleasure afforded by "character" acting, seems to me distinctly inferior to that given by acting proper—that is, by acting as an art of interpretation. The one is the rudimentary pleasure of the child or the savage in recognising a likeness, the other (provided always that the playwright gives the player ideas to interpret) may be an intellectual gratification of the highest order. Nor, of course, is the skill required to mimic the cough, the grunt, the gouty gait, and other physical peculiarities of a Sir Woodbine to be compared with that which goes to the rendering of a Hamlet. But, as Mr. Tree proves his fitness for the higher work in the afternoon, it would be churlish to grudge him the relaxation of the lower in the evening.

It is curious to pass from the acting of Mr. Tree in Sir Woodbine—the triumph of disguise, acting carried to the limits of the artificial—to the acting of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, which is frankness itself, acting brought as near as art can ever be to actual nature. There is, of course, as G. H. Lewes and many other critics of histrionics before him have pointed out, no such thing as absolutely "natural" acting: for the simple reason that art is not nature. "That is why we call it art." But there is a kind of art which is quite without artifice, and you get that kind from Mr. Hawtrey. His performance in *Time is Money*, a little piece by Mrs. Hugh Bell and Mr. Arthur Cecil, now to be seen at the Comedy, is the perfection of this kind of naturalness. All that he has to do is to make-believe to be a timid, absent-minded gentleman, who has called on a lady with the purpose of offering her marriage, but is constantly interrupted in his proposal by rude messages from the cabman whom he has left waiting at the door. He has forgotten his purse, is afraid to ask the lady of his affections to lend him eighteenpence, and is put to all sorts of ludicrous shifts before the harmless truth is confessed and the abusive cabman paid off. To impersonate this sort of gentleman may seem no great achievement; but just as it requires the greatest singers to do justice to the simplest ballads, so it takes the most skilful acting—on the principle, once warmly discussed by Johnson and Boswell, of *difficile est proprie communia dicere*—to play a natural part naturally. In such work as this Mr. Hawtrey is now quite unapproachable.

There is a new departure to be noted at the Adelphi, where the vulgar melodramas usually associated with that house have been superseded by a piece of Cavalier-and-Roundhead romance, *The White Rose*, founded partly on some incidents in "Woodstock," and partly on a ludicrous misconception of the character of Cromwell which one would have thought impossible to any merely human intellect. But it is well to be prepared for abnormal developments when the historic erudition of a Mr. George R. Sims is reinforced by the critical sagacity of a Mr. Robert Buchanan. Their Cromwell *pour vivre* must be seen to be believed. No expense has been spared with the scenery and costumes; and the acting of a comparative novice, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is so full of promise that one heartily hopes the lady will soon have an opportunity of being seen amid more rational surroundings.

A. B. W.

## AN "AVERAGE" ACADEMY.

THE question that seemed to interest everyone most on Wednesday morning was whether the Academy was or was not an average Academy. I confess that the curiosity of the critics on this point surprised me. I never feel any curiosity about averages. The exception is sometimes sublime, but the average is always remorselessly dull and disagreeable. If we could suppress, obliterate, and deliver ourselves for ever of the average! If there were no average in art, in poetry, in fiction, in plays, in man, in woman, above all, in Academicians!—where alas, all is average. But if everything in life were exceptional I suppose we should have no opportunity of studying the stream of tendency. A fair stream, no doubt—in places, but somewhat muddied after flowing through the brains of forty Academicians. So we will avoid the stream of tendency, trying, by a less solemn route, to arrive at some conclusion regarding this year's exhibition.

Last year's exhibition contained two or three masterpieces—Mr. Orchardson's portrait of a man in yellow clothes and Mr. Sargent's portrait of a Spanish dancer—therefore last year's exhibition was extraordinary. But this year's exhibition contains nothing that can be compared with those beautiful portraits; so I suppose this Academy is an average Academy. In the first room I noticed at once a small picture of two mowers at work in a very flowery meadow. The sky is deep and lowering—a sultry summer sky, a little unpleasant in colour, but true; at the end of the meadow the tall trees gleam as if thunder were in the air. This is a picture by Mr. Clausen. I do not often like his work, but this picture seems to me to be the best thing he has done. The handling is woolly and unpleasant, but handling can be overlooked when a canvas exhales a deep sensation of life. The two men are well in the atmosphere, and their movement is admirably expressed. I should have said their movements, for the men mow differently—one man is older than the other. The difficulty of the trousers has been overcome by generalisation—the garment is not a portrait, copied patch by patch. The picture has depth—in a word, it is a picture. On the opposite wall I saw a sea-piece by Mr. Henry Moore. There is light upon the water, and the movement of the clouds, that the wind winnows, has been seized, but the clouds are hard and disagreeable. In the same room there is a picture by Mr. G. Leslie, R.A., "The Rose Queen." This picture seems to me to be admirably suited to please the stupidest and most uneducated part of the population. Opposite hangs a picture by Mr. Waterhouse, a "Circe poisoning the sea." I suppose I must admit that it is well drawn and well painted, but it bores me dreadfully. In the next room there are two pictures by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A. I have never denied either talent or learning to Sir Frederic, but he seems utterly unable to distinguish between what is good and what is bad in his own work; and this is all the more unfortunate as I know few painters whose work is so unequal. In these two pictures he seems to me to have gone lower than he ever went before, and "The Garden of the Hesperides," in the next room, is one of his best pictures. Before leaving the second room I remarked a picture of a game of tennis which reminded me of a beautiful picture by Mr. Lavery, exhibited some five or six years ago in the Academy. I have never forgotten the first tennis picture; I wish the second were as good.

In Room 3 there is a large picture by Mr. Watts. It is unkind to look at it twice, and, remembering what the painter has done, it would be unpardonable to write one word of disparagement or ridicule. Not very far away I noticed a fine landscape by Mr. Alfred Parsons. It seems to me to be by far the best work this painter has done, and it certainly is one of the best, if not the best, landscape in the Academy. The brook that flows through the orchard is perfectly drawn, and the blossoms on the

apple-trees are equally well drawn, and in their masses. No one draws a bunch of flowers or grasses like Mr. Parsons; where he often fails is in the values, but here I have no fault to find.

The place of honour has been given to the President's "Garden of the Hesperides." The striking merit of the picture is in the arabesque, which is charming and original. The maidens are not dancing, but sitting round their tree. On the right there is olive gown, in the middle the usual strawberry-cream drapery, on the left a purple drapery. The brown water in the foreground balances the white sky, and the white birds in it—diminutive swans—are most happy. The faces of the women are charming in colour, and were it not for the strawberry-cream garment in the middle of the picture, I would feel inclined to say that this picture is as good as anything Sir Frederic has done. A little further on we find a landscape by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Sir John had great talent; he sold it to the highest bidder, and now he has none to sell. Many a talent perishes on the scaffolding of a great house. Another picture in Room 3 is Mr. Orchardson's picture of Napoleon dictating the account of his campaigns. It is surprising that a man of such great talent as Mr. Orchardson should waste time narrating anecdotes when he might be painting portraits. Two small figures and a small table in a large canvas, a great simplicity in the surroundings, and all the points of character insisted upon with the view to awakening the spectator's curiosity, and the whole conceived and executed in that pale yellow tint which seems to be the habitual colour of Mr. Orchardson's mind. When I turned from this picture my eye was caught by a picture by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. I should not be surprised to learn one day that this R.A. had invented a method of painting by machinery. For one set of years, it is true, the rejected lover goes out on the right: for another set of years he goes out on the left; but he wears the same costume, and stands looking back in the same attitude; in the lovers themselves, and in the garden, I have never been able to discover any change. Mr. Stone's palette knows neither change nor modification, and that is a pity; for it is not more entertaining than a cheap wall-paper. Distributed through this and the adjoining rooms there are quite a number of portraits by Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Fildes. As one walks they flit by like shop-windows, but if one stops they stare like shop-windows—like empty shop-windows.

Room 4 is remarkable for Mr. Stanhope Forbes' large picture of "Forging the Anchor." No doubt the painter has realised certain effects of firelight: the difficulties that he set himself to solve were immense, and I suppose that it is meritorious not to shirk but to plod steadily through difficulties; and it is quite obvious that Mr. Stanhope Forbes has plodded. He has worked as hard as any one of his smiths, but the picture is without charm, without interest, and as heavy as the anchor that is being forged.

Mr. Swan exhibits a couple of leopards drinking. The animals fill nearly the entire canvas, the corners being filled in with some casual vegetation. The group is effective, and the eye is glad to rest on it, but not for long: it does not compare with the leopards he exhibited last year. A little further on there is another picture by Mr. Swan, a lion and his family out hunting at early morning. The sky is all yellow, and the tawny animals are very still. The picture is good, but Mr. Swan has done better. Still further on, in another room, there is a picture by Mr. Albert Moore. It is very beautiful, but somehow the usual stress and enchantment of his work does not seem to be here. I dare say that the picture loses in its present surroundings. The two greens are very beautiful, or, to be more exact, the repetition of the same green on both sides of the picture is very harmonious. Wandering on, I noticed "The Annunciation," by Mr. Arthur Hacker. This is just one of those modern pictures which inspire in the critic a desire to run to Mr. Frith, to Mr. Faed,



to Mr. Sidney Cooper, to the very worst of our dear "old masters," for never did they perpetrate such badness; such barren nonsense was unknown in their day.

Wandering on I met with more landscapes and more portraits, and then the Academy seemed to me like a great library in which there was nothing but shilling shockers. Last year there was in one of these rooms a beautiful portrait by Mr. Sargent of a lady in a shot-silk dress. Everyone spoke of the Spanish dancer, but to my mind the lady in the shot-silk dress is one of Mr. Sargent's best portraits. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that there is nothing in these last rooms this year like the lady in the shot-silk dress; and I would commend to the attention of the Academicians the necessity of a couple of good pictures in Rooms X. and XI. One wants a good curtain speech in a picture exhibition as much as in a theatre.

G. M.

## THE WEEK.

INTERESTING as it is from beginning to end, MRS. RITCHIE's long article in *Harper's*, while it never allows its double subject to lose due prominence, gives us delightful glimpses of the writer herself, of her father, of the CARLYLES, of MACREADY, and of MR. MILSAND, the man who could punctuate BROWNING's poetry better than himself. Towards the end there is a curious picture of the penalty BROWNING paid in De Vere Gardens for the long-delayed appreciation of his genius—a chimney-board heaped with invitations, at which Lothair himself might have wondered, ladies waiting in the dining-room, members of the Browning Society in the drawing-room, and Americans in the study.

THE only memorandum MRS. RITCHIE has of MRS. BROWNING's talk was a remark made of someone else: "That, without illness, she saw no reason why the mind should ever fail"; and perhaps the most striking thing among her numerous notes of MR. BROWNING's conversation is the following:—"It may seem to you strange that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour in every day. But, nevertheless, I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning after breakfast to our separate work. She writes in the drawing-room, and I write in here"—a little back room. "I never read a word she writes until I see it all finished and ready for publication." Nothing seems to have been more unaffected in both the BROWNINGs than their dislike to be treated as "lithary charyacters." They refused to discuss their own works: sentimental visitors found their conversation too matter-of-fact—they kept their poetry for their poetry.

THE writer in the *Cornhill* "Concerning Leigh Hunt" has alluded to the few persons who can still remember the power of his personality, but there is a sense in which every reader of his prose has come under it. HUNT was the prince of egoists, and cheerfully betrayed his character in all he wrote. He loved his reader—"the average man"—without WALT WHITMAN's teaching, and always accosted him as "a good fellow." Still, his personal friends had advantages which they appreciated, as this article bears witness. The writer has given us some interesting notes from the BROWNINGs, but is apparently unaware of that most striking letter from ROBERT BROWNING to LEIGH HUNT which appeared in the *Athenæum* for July 7th, 1883, and in the matter of length even rivals that from CARLYLE, printed on p. 488 of the *Cornhill*.

CONCERNING the ill-natured remarks of the CARLYLES (for MRS. CARLYLE sinned in this matter as

housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

deeply as her husband) about the HUNTS, the pity is that they were ever published. People in ill-health may grumble about their friends' irritating peculiarities, and we think the *Cornhill* is unnecessarily serious on this subject. CARLYLE's "Reminiscences" contains the most pleasant portrait of LEIGH HUNT in his old age. It is refreshing to see a just view on two points of HUNT's life. The *Cornhill* writer has the grace to believe DICKENS' repudiation of malice intent in the portrait of Harold Skimpole, and he appreciates the immense losses in health and prosperity that LEIGH HUNT suffered from imprisonment. MR. SAINTSBURY, who ought to have known better, was most unseasonably witty on this point recently (*Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1889). On the whole, these are very pleasant passages "concerning LEIGH HUNT."

MR. MURRAY will publish "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople," by MRS. MINTO ELLIOT, a new edition of MRS. WOODS' "Esther Vanhomrigh," and, in the "University Extension" series, "British Dominion in India," by SIR ALFRED LYALL. "The Gentlewoman at Home," by MRS. TALBOT COKE, and "The Gentlewoman in the Garden," by MRS. CHAMBERLAIN, will be the next issues of MESSRS. HENRY & CO.'s "Victoria Library." "The Billsbury Election," papers from *Punch*, by MR. R. C. LEHMANN will also be published by MESSRS. HENRY & CO. "Chiswick Press Editions," a new venture, begins with FIELDING's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," edited by MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, to be followed by SWIFT's "Polite Conversation," edited by MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY. A collection of papers by SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK, and others, dealing with the outlook for our boys and girls, will be published shortly by MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

MR. A. W. HUTTON's "Life of Cardinal Manning" (METHUEN) is admittedly compiled from materials open to all who choose to consult them; but as these materials are not by any means the most accessible in the world they are not likely to compete with MR. HUTTON's book. What has been attempted is a brief chronicle showing precisely what MANNING said and what he did at such and such a time, and what was said about him by observers on the spot. Sundry points on which the author would have been at fault without MANNING's assistance were cleared up in an interview shortly before the Cardinal's death—an interview in which MR. HUTTON was vividly impressed by MANNING's kindly, courteous manner, his dignity, earnestness, and patience.

THE object of MR. PERCY GARDNER's "New Chapters in Greek History" (MURRAY) is to try to call more general attention to the results of recent excavation in Greek lands. The "new chapters" are not the chapters of the book, but the chapters which have been opened at Mycenæ, at Olympia, and in the other scenes of recent researches. MR. GARDNER has endeavoured to set forth briefly, and in a way tending to interest all Phil-hellenes, the gains which the excavations of the last twenty years have brought us in regard to our knowledge of Greek history, using the word history in the widest sense, as covering not only political events, but all sides of the activity of a nation.

MR. and MRS. G. A. SALA are very much in evidence this week. *Sala's Journal*—the first number of which is full of good things and ought to command a large sale—shows that the veteran journalist is as youthful as ever in spirit and as easy and skilful in the use of his old weapon; while MRS. SALA's "Famous People I Have Met" (OSGOOD) contains a good deal of charming gossip, to say nothing of the *facsimiles* of letters by the various celebrities—not mere notes, but in many cases good long epistles.

THE centenary of the composition of the *Mar-seillaise* was celebrated at Choisy-le-Roy, near Paris, on Sunday. A statue to the composer, ROUGET DE L'ISLE, who spent the last years of his life in the little town, was unveiled with due pomp in the presence of the local notabilities and the Senators and Deputies of the Department. The President of the Republic was present by deputy.

MR. W. S. LILLY'S address on the Temporal Power of the Pope, which has been reconstructed by the author from the newspaper reports and other sources, deserves a more permanent form than can be given it by the pages of the *New Review*. It is a valuable justification of the existence in mediæval Europe of the Temporal Power; and by contrast with the extreme claims of irreconcilable Roman Catholics, his proposals deserve consideration as at least admitting of discussion from the point of view of practical politics. We ourselves cannot be expected to agree with them, for obvious reasons.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of LORD CASTLEMAINE, one of the Irish representative peers; SIR LEWIS PELLY, Conservative M.P. for North Hackney, who had done good service in various difficult diplomatic positions in Persia, Zanzibar, the native states of India, and Afghanistan; the RIGHT REV. J. W. WILLIAMS, D.D., Anglican Bishop of Quebec; the VEN. JOSEPH WOOLLEY, Archdeacon of Suffolk; SIR JAMES ALLPORT, long the manager of the Midland Railway; COLONEL SIR FRANCIS MORLEY, chairman of the old Middlesex Sessions from 1878 to 1889; GENERAL LATREILLE DE LORENCEZ, commander of the French expedition to Mexico; M. ÉDOUARD LALO, the composer; M. HENRI DUVEYRIER, the African explorer; MR. WILLIAM ASTOR, one of the New York millionaires family; and the REV. J. G. LONSDALE, once Professor of Classics in King's College, London.

#### A MOUNTAIN CHAPEL.

THE sentimental traveller who goes to Wales out of a feeling for its past, "whose history is romance," does well to avoid it at the fashionable holiday time, when the irreverent Saxon is fluttering his sandwich papers in its sacred places. But when the rains and storms of late autumn and winter have driven the last Saxon away, then the Wales that used to be reappears under the Wales that is. In winter, under stormy sunsets and mysterious twilights, or in early spring, its fields take on again something of a natural loneliness, and in its larch woods and on its mountain sides one still believes in King Arthur and Merlin. This recall of the past and the native aspect of things is not only to be had in time of storm, moreover; for after the apparently hopeless settling down of winter, Wales, with characteristic tricksiness, often robes herself anew, and puts on summer's attire, or something very like it. "When the summer's gone, there comes a second summer!" said of it a Celtic princess, who crossed over from Ireland, and learnt to love this neighbouring Celtic land. In February especially, the rain, if it be an open winter, has a way of falling by night, and leaving the days fair. Rain or snow, what can be better than to reach a good inn at dusk, there to settle down over the fire, with supper and a long clay after, all the more heartily because of the storm on the windows?

Along a valley of North Wales, famous in old Welsh songs and in mediæval knightly adventures, I adventured lately in a more modern spirit, more possessed, I am afraid, with thoughts of Whitehall and the political situation than of Celtic romance and Merlin. The sun, which had been frostily bright, as the evening drew on and the road lengthened was engulfed before its time in a cold stream of cloud

gathering ominously over the mountains to the north and west. As the cold shadow grew, and the mountains towered with a more sombre effect, I forgot London and its political turmoil, and fell into your lonely traveller's mood, when his destination seems farther off at every step, and old traditions seize his imagination. The cloud grew; in half an hour the road entered a wood, where it was already more night than day; and when I emerged the whole valley was changed, and lay in profound twilight. A little farther on and the road began to climb, and presently bringing me to two deserted cottages below a knoll of Scotch firs, divided there into two narrowing lanes. Now, in these two ways I foresaw confusion, and was glad to hear in the near distance of the upper lane the unexpected sound of a horn. This led me on confidently to a turn in the lane and a cluster of three cottages, this time inhabited; and when I had passed these, the blower of the horn suddenly appeared as a boyish-looking, round-cheeked postman, on foot, letter-bag on back, who strode quickly out of the shadow of a hedge. Of him I inquired the way; and his directions were plain enough, given half in English and half in the vernacular. I had two miles or more still to go, it seemed, continuing straight on till I reached a farm.

"And there's a bad-barking dog there—ci drwg, yn wir!" he said, feelingly.

Then, turning up through the farm-yard, I was to follow a rough mountain lane till a broad high road was reached and a small hamlet, not unknown to me of old, whither I meant to spend the night. The inn lay a little beyond this. As my cherubic postman went off again he sounded his horn to warn the cottagers of his passing, and the sound, carried up into the spaces of the mountains, suggested anything but her Majesty's mails. Such a horn Sir Gawain and the Green Knight might have heard at this very turn of the valley seven centuries ago, as is written in romance; and in Wales, as was quoted above, history is romance, happily enough! When the last echo of the horn had ended, the evening stillness let a new sound be heard, new to me at the moment, but older than Sir Gawain, older than Merlin. It puzzled me for a dozen strides, and then I knew it for the noise of the neighbouring river, whose many rapids in its swift course made a natural chorus. While I was still considering its half melancholy quality, a light on ahead, probably from some cottage hearth, seeming to promise a near end to these simple adventures, had a singularly cheering effect. Attracted by it, I left the safe conduct of the straight way to the Farm-of-the-bad-dog, according to my directions, and took a by-path that presently brought me to the brink of a little mountain glen, with the light immediately below. And now I saw it was evidently a little chapel, whose end-window, of a primitive Gothic shape, was brightly lit. From within came a noise of singing, extremely plaintive, not to say melancholy, in character, reminding me of a hymn once heard in a little Catholic chapel in Normandy. The lighted window, the dirge-like music, together served to bring out very impressively the mountain loneliness of the situation. The chapel was approached from above by a narrow path, and following this I found the door, and, hesitating there a moment, entered. It was no Catholic chapel of course, but one of the familiar old-fashioned type commonly found in North Wales. The dirge-like hymn, in a minor key, peculiarly Celtic in character, was ending as I gained a seat—one of those old Welsh tunes that seem to have grown on the lonely mountainsides, very curious, very sorrowful, so unlike the vigorous Saxon hymns of your hearty and unimaginative City Temples, and the rest—

"Pan yn marw myfi,  
At Iesu rho'i gri,  
Am iddo fy ngharn,  
Am beth nis gwn i."

Of a part with the hymn was the young man who now rose in the little pulpit, his black eyes feverishly



bright, his voice intense, as he cried out in his antique vernacular on the God of all Israel, and of His chosen people in Wales, to free His purer religion, and to help His people to the religious liberty and equality which knew no "State-pride," and forbade Cæsar to interfere in the things which were to be rendered only to God. Then, ending this passionate appeal, while his voice rose and fell with the peculiar musical inflection which is more singing than speaking, and which the Welsh call "hwyl" or "full-sail," he last of all, in still more passionate terms, called on Iesu Grist to manifest Himself here to-night—"hennoe, hennoe!"

With this echo in my ears I slipped out quietly into the darkness, wondering much at the young man and the fervour of his indictment of the Church of England and its tithes, and its empty churches, and its pride, and its priests who learnt to preach Welsh—at Oxford!

Reaching my inn something like an hour late, having a difficulty in finding the road after this diversion, I read over the fire that evening, in the local paper, an excellently turned speech, at some clerical conference, by the Vicar of Llan—, in which he very convincingly and humorously pointed out the fallacies of the poor Welsh Dissenters, who, by his account, were losing ground every week. The speech was so taking, indeed, that I resolved on the following Sunday to cross the mountains to the village where this militant vicar had his charge, and hear him preach in Welsh, as a sort of salutary counterblast to my young prophet of the mountain chapel.

It was a delightful Sunday morning of a frosty March sunshine as I passed down a mountain lane into the village of Llan—, while the bell sounded pleasantly from the little church-tower. "Now," said I, "for a well-appointed function of the true Church, with some fervour of eloquence added!" Within the walls I wondered to find only three people assembled. Two more arrived a little later; and to this select audience the vicar read the lessons and his sermon at a very fair pace, with an accent gracefully unintelligible, that somewhat puzzled me until I remembered that the reverend reader had taken Classical Honours at Oxford.

"Fery nice man, the vicar!" said a friendly farmer to me in the churchyard afterward,—"a fery nice man; what a pittee he doesn't know Welsh!"

R.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. LANG AND DR. WATTS.

SIR,—As a lover of fair play, allow me to thank "X Y Z" for his timely protest against Mr. Andrew Lang's criticism of Isaac Watts. In common with many other admirers of Mr. Lang, I read the article in the *Illustrated London News* with pained surprise. Possibly I am less urbane than "X Y Z," or, judging from his confession, more accustomed than he to worship under some one or other of the "various and charming forms of Muggletonianism, United Presbyterianism, and so forth" (to use the critic's tasteful and charming phrase), for I should go much further and accuse this very superior person of one or other of two serious offences.

Either Mr. Andrew Lang knows very little about Watts' writings—in which case he has no right to express an opinion at all—or, knowing the best as well as the worst of the worthy doctor's work, he has been guilty of deliberate unfairness—the greatest wrong a critic can commit.

If Mr. Andrew Lang were compiling an anthology of sacred poetry, it would take more than his admitted ingenuity to keep out some choice specimens from the pen of the man whom he holds up to ridicule. This being so, he ought at least to deal out bare justice, even though the subject is only a poor, common Dissenter.

One might hint without any breach of good manners that there is doggerel in prose as well as in rhyme, and the article in question is a proof, if one were needed, that not even a versatile and industrious critic can always walk the mountain-tops any more than Dr. Isaac Watts.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM FINNEMORE.

84, Trinity Road, Birchfield, Birmingham.

April 25th, 1892.

## THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

SIR.—Professor Murray's letter deserves the fullest consideration, and I hope substantially to meet the objections which he has raised to my article.

1. The Academic Year. At the English Universities there are practically three periods of two months' net work between October and June. This gives six months' net work. The intervening vacations, six weeks at Christmas, and three or four at Easter, are longer than are strictly necessary for rest, and are largely used by the average student for a supplement to the work of the terms. Hence, it is approximately correct to say that the English working year is from October to June. In Scotland there are only five months of net work in the session. A long vacation of six or seven months is far too long for the average student of eighteen or nineteen, without a private tutor to direct his work. Professor Murray entirely misconceives the real state of things. Scotch students, no doubt, in many cases, carry on along with their studies a certain amount of private work to earn money. But such work goes on in summer and winter alike. The Commissioners made inquiries, through the Universities, of the students individually on this subject. Mr. Murray can, doubtless, get precise information as to the result; and he will certainly find that, in Glasgow at least, a much larger number of students take extra work, both in winter and in summer, than those who take it in summer only. Accordingly, if extra employment in summer makes a summer term of moderate length impossible, extra employment in winter would be an equal argument for abolishing the winter session, and shutting up the Universities altogether. But I am informed by a divinity professor who takes a special interest in these hard-working students, that such extra employment is obtained, as a rule, in the large University towns, and is no obstacle whatever to the continuance of University studies.

2. Size and Composition of Classes. I did not, as Mr. Murray says, "speak of classes of 600 in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics," but of "numbers rising as high, in the two larger Universities, as 600 in each subject." The 600, in three or four classes it may be, was the high-water mark attained; and, if Mr. Murray will consult the records of the Faculty of Arts in Glasgow for the last twelve years, he will find that it has been reached once or twice, at least. Of late years, the numbers have declined; but those with which he supplies me, Greek 339, Latin 360, Mathematics 390, are quite sufficient as a basis for all the arguments which I founded on such numbers. With regard to admission to the only classes which will in future have full rank as University classes, it is very doubtful, from the terms of Ordinance 6, XXIX., whether a student can be excluded from them at the discretion of a professor. But in any case a merely classifying examination, entirely at the discretion of the individual professor, would not satisfy those who wish to see a line drawn between secondary and University education. I hardly know what Professor Murray means by "non-curriculum students." That many students follow a curriculum without taking a degree, and even without being qualified to profit by the curriculum, is well known. That a great majority of the students may be following such a dangerous course will be evident from the following figures. In the session of 1890-1 there were in the University of Glasgow 1,085 matriculated students in Arts; in the same session 91 students took a degree in Arts. As the curriculum for a degree is one of three or four sessions, an estimate may readily be formed of the truth of my statement.

3. Assistant Staff. I am glad to find that my critic largely agrees with me on this subject. On one point, however, I must differ from Professor Murray. I do not think that, to any great extent, "the salaries of professors are too high." But I am revolutionary enough to think that a number of posts, less lucrative but fairly independent, should be created alongside the older chairs, and that a country like Scotland, formerly, indeed, poor, but now one of the wealthiest in Europe, is quite able to afford the necessary expenditure. Indeed, I will venture to say that, if the Universities had not been largely indifferent or hostile to the movement for reform, this object would probably have been attained. During the last year a large sum of surplus Scotch grants has practically been going a-begging. It must also be remembered that, since the ordinance on assistants was drafted, the prospect of £30,000 a-year additional has been opened up to the Commission. But this apparently will make no difference; the coat has been cut before the cloth was provided.

4. Junior Classes in Latin and Greek. The Highland students are not a strong argument. Let them go to secondary schools or private tutors before coming to the University, as they would do in any other country. The University should no longer be made an infirmary for the weakest class of students. Too long this tail has wagged the dog; it is now time for the dog to wag the tail, even if he should wag it off!

5. Optional Subjects in the Curriculum. What Professor Murray says on this subject is quite true. My brief criticism was rather more applicable to the Draft Ordinance. But until we know what provisions the Commissioners are going to make for the teaching of new subjects, it is very hard to say whether the options will be anything more than a name.

I am glad to note that Professor Murray announces himself as a "worker for educational reform." Recruits for that service are much wanted. It is only eighteen months since two of his colleagues, long after the passing of the Act of 1889, registered a public protest against any entrance examination. I don't know that much is gained by labelling the Universities with political adjectives. The Universities of Scotland may be democratic; they should certainly be progressive. No one desires to model them upon Oxford or Cambridge, which stand alone in Europe as being specially adapted to an aristocratic society. Reformers in Scotland would be only too glad to see, in the reorganisation of higher education in that country, the method and intelligence which are conspicuous in the systems alike of monarchic Germany and democratic France.—I am, etc.,  
25th April, 1892. YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

SIR,—I do not intend to interfere in the special questions raised by Professor Murray. They relate chiefly to the grievances felt by the Glasgow University Council. But that body, at its special meeting, had already resolved to oppose most of the ordinances now laid on the table of Parliament, and at its ordinary meeting to be held to-day, it is sure to find additional difficulties in the way of accepting the remainder.

But in Edinburgh there is the strongest feeling against the principle which pervades the whole group of ordinances. As to the Faculty of Arts, the Council, which includes six thousand graduates, report that they "have always desired that the exclusively professorial system, hitherto nominally recognised in this Faculty, should be changed into one with extramural, or in some sense, open teaching. Instead of this, it seems to be now proposed to change it into a system of assistance to the professors, with increased professorial control," instead of a control wisely and cautiously diminished. And in Medicine, the conviction that these ordinances as proposed had compromised the independence of teachers, not only in the great extramural school, but within the University as well, produced this spring a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of the academic body, where resolutions in this sense were unanimously passed.

I observe that the Commissioners, adverting to certain special defects pointed out by the mathematical professors, say that they cannot themselves now alter or rescind anything—the only remedy is by moving Her Majesty to withhold her assent. This statutory course, by a motion within the next ten days in the Lower House, is that which the Scottish University Councils have proposed; and while there is much difference in the north on some points of detail, the Scottish members will find that there is a great mass of strong opinion as to the necessity of delay at this point, to prevent irrevocable wrong.—I am, etc.,  
27th April, 1892. EDINENSIS.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, April 29th, 1892.

THEY say frequently that the Irish, a race full of poetry, has produced no great poet, and they marvel thereat. It is almost as tiresome as saying that no woman has produced a masterpiece in art. Yet the people who discuss the anomaly are the people who are quite unacquainted with the poetry we Irish have made. They know not Mangan, Ferguson, and Edward Walsh, three men of genius who have taken the old, wild, golden, Irish songs, and even in the stiff English have given them to us magical, young. Sir George Trevelyan, in the House some years ago paid a tribute to Mangan, whose acquaintance he had just made, and we were all vastly pleased, for we have got in a bad way of not expecting Englishmen to understand us unless we speak in English. I have been thinking about it since reading a little poem by W. B. Yeats, in the "Book of the Rhymers' Club." To that book, greatly interesting because it is the mouthpiece of a little school of young poets, two other Irishmen contribute as well as Mr. Yeats. But they speak in English, as he does except in this one poem. It is called "The Lake Island of Inisfree," and it might have been sung by some bard caught into captivity, some less warlike Ossian in the bondage of a Patrick, and sick at heart for old things that were sweet.

They have been making poetry in Ireland since the time every petty chief kept his bard, and Angus the Culdee wrote his hymn to the sun, and Brindan went his mystic voyage, the record of which was to

furnish a poem to the most mellifluous Englishman of the nineteenth century. The bards' poetry lies for the greater part in the manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy—what has been saved of it. They were writing in their own tongue when Ireland was tossed in wild waves of rebellion and repression. In that great age for England of Elizabeth, when Shakespeare was the sun of literature, and there was such a galaxy of lyrical singers as perhaps there never was before or since, the Irish bards were singing at battles, or keening wildly for the fall and death of their lords.

Anyone who has dipped into Irish poetry will remember Mangan's translation of Owen Roe Ward's Lamentation for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. Even more piercing is the bard O'Hussey's lament for the Maguire, a wanderer.

"Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night, *mavrone*?  
Oh, cold, cold, miserably cold, is this bleak night for Hugh,  
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierce one through and through—  
Pierce one to the very bone.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,  
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchangeable sea,  
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,  
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

Oh mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire,  
Darkly as in a dream he strays. Before him and behind  
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,  
The wounding wind that burns as fire!"

And even more characteristic is the savage reflection with which the old fellow comforts himself

"But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid  
In ashes, warms the hero's heart."

That was one of our ages of poetry. Charles Edward brought us such another, but the Jacobite poetry was written by men in far other circumstances than the bards. They were hedge-schoolmasters, pedlars, labourers, feckless fellows, all alike poor and ill-behaved, and a sore scandal to decent living folk, all steeped to the lips in Jacobite plots, and by their songs Jacobite propagandists. That was the time when Charles Edward was sung of in the sweetest strains as the Blackbird, and Ireland was Maggie Landes, or Dark Rosaleen, or Kathleen Ni Houlihan, or the "Silk of the Rue."

"Sweet and mild would look her face, oh none so sweet and mild,  
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled:  
Woollen plaids would grace herself, and robes of silk her child,  
If the King's son were living here with Kathleen Ni Houlihan!"

But in our century there is no making of poems in Irish. Our people have been learning the English with difficulty, and slowly grasping its finer shades. Moore was the first to write in the English manner, and our poets since have nearly all felt the influence of the language they worked in. Sometimes when the feeling was Irish it only made the English poetry a little bald and commonplace. It is significant that by far the finest Irish work we have had in this century has been translations from the Irish by three men who had absolutely no English influence or tradition.

Aubrey de Vere, English by descent and training, was one of the first to learn the magic of lapsing into the Irish manner. His little book "Inisfail" has many touches of this. Allingham was an Irish poet who had assimilated the English, and kept in his minor but exquisite song the Celtic *esprit* and changefulness, the Celtic gaiety, and not a little its mournfulness. Truth to tell, we have only begun to have Irish poets who can handle the English. Ferguson indeed bent it to his will when he wrote the finest ballad of the Anglo-Irish literature, "The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley"—a savage, great ballad in which the metre beats to the subject in gusts of rage and hatred. But oh, what a magical language the Irish must have been for love-making!



Was the Song of Songs more luxuriously passionate than this?—

"Put your head, darling, darling, darling,  
Your darling black head my heart above;  
A mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,  
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?"

And for sustained and lofty passion, what is more beautiful than "Dark Rosaleen," a love-song to no mortal maid, but from a bard of Elizabethan days to his mistress, Ireland?—

"All day long in unrest  
To and fro do I move;  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, Love.  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!"

"Over dews, over sands  
Will I fly for your weel;  
Your holy, delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn to e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
You'll pray for me through daylight's hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!"

"I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills.  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true  
My Dark Rosaleen!"

It goes out with the vehement roar and shock of battles, this passionate love-song:—

"Oh! the Erne shall run red  
With redundancy of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood;  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!"

What people trained in a polite English school could make of this wild and pure Irish poetry you shall see in the translations from the Irish of Miss Charlotte Brooke, and most of those who contributed to Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy. All honour to Miss Brooke, for she was the first to attempt the task of saving these wild things, even though she caged them in the coldly classical tongue which was her expression. She never got nearer to that soul of sweetness than this:—

"As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom  
Fair flowering greets the sight,  
On strawberries in their rich perfume  
Fragrance and bloom unite,  
So this fair plant of tender youth  
In outward charms can vie,  
And from within the soul of truth,  
Soft beaming fills her eye."

The Irish are Eastern in their love of colour. How they could reproduce it in words to deck their mistresses the old poems show. "Your soft green eyes like dewdrops on young corn springing" is one poet's lovely comparison. And for pure white there is Ferguson's "Coolun"—

"O had you seen the Coolun  
Walking down by the cuckoo's street,  
With the dew of the meadow shining  
On her milk-white twinkling feet."

And again his lady whiter than lilies—

"O Mary dear, O Mary fair,  
O branch of generous stem,  
White blossom of the banks of Nair,  
Though lilies grow on them."

In all the passion, even in the gaiety, of these poems from the Irish lies hidden a soft melancholy, a wistfulness, vague as the cry of the curlew at evening. Perhaps it is the Irish fatalism, perhaps the thought of death, that makes the Irish song ever tinged with mournfulness.

When the Scotch were writing their immortal ballads, we Irish were making our songs in a tongue fast dying. As I have shown, this is the first century in which our poets wrought in English. The wonder is that it has so soon become easy to many of them. How long would it take, think you, for the English to become Hindustani to the extent of making great poetry in the tongue?

Mr. Yeats' kinship with the Irish wild sweetness is a happy augury of the rise of a new race of Irish poets. After all, our reason for being in literature is that we are Irish, and may so bring new wine out of new bottles. Here is how Mr. Yeats charms the ear:—

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfail,  
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

"And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of morning to where the cricket sings;  
Here midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

"I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds on the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey  
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

K. T.

## REVIEWS.

### PRIMATE HARRIS OF THE NEW LIFE.

GOD'S BREATH IN MAN AND IN HUMANE SOCIETY. By Thomas Lake Harris. London: E. W. Allen.

WHETHER Thomas Lake Harris did, by occult and diabolic means, kill and slay Laurence Oliphant, may be a question for some new court of witchcraft to decide. Certain it is that Oliphant is gone, and Mr. Harris remains. He remains, as Macaulay would say, "not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour," in the green old age of "corporate immortality," "holding the key of final resurrection," and in this present volume proffering to mankind "the long-sought, never-found solution of the mystery and the meaning of its existence." This is to speak as a prophet should, with assurance, and shows a creditable knowledge of human nature. For has not Carlyle said that "man is infinitely gullible"? If he has not, then we say it. The "so-called nineteenth century" is an age of science on the surface, but inwardly it hankers after the spirits and snapdragon provided by General Booth, the late lamented Madame Blavatsky, and Mr. T. L. Harris—"Es bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang," slightly to adapt the well-known words of Luther on a kindred topic. Mr. Harris owes a debt of gratitude to the whole house of Oliphant. Whether by praise or dispraise, by evil report and good report, they contrive to advertise him. Mrs. Oliphant's book, which left his very existence in the flesh doubtful, has been to him the trumpet of resurrection. Not, by any means, that he was dead; but, in a manner of speaking, he was buried (at Santa Rosa, in the State of California, United States), and we will not venture to decide which of the two is the less agreeable—to be dead though not yet buried, or buried and still not dead. Laurence Oliphant, in the mad book which, with his indomitable sense of humour, he called "Scientific Religion," has a sly footnote, remarking that he has known four persons to whom a promise of "corporate immortality"—in plain English, that they should never die—had been

given. The last at that time surviving, he adds, was Mr. Harris. If the facts be as stated, the prophet of the New Breath not only is not dead, but has no intention of dying. It is a stalwart creed, and one cannot but wish the valiant propounder thereof good luck.

The "brief volume" we have now in hand is, on the whole, unreadable. We have ourselves read it, because we dislike reviewing a book of which we have not cut the leaves. We were also curious to ascertain how far Mr. Harris had advanced upon his previous publications, with all of which, including (we shudder at the thought) two entire volumes of poetry, given out in trance, we had made ourselves acquainted. Pope has raised a laugh over the bad rhymester, who "wakes himself, to give his readers sleep." When Mr. Harris aims at the same effect he very wisely falls into a magnetic slumber, *Nam similia similibus*. We do not affirm that the present work was written hypnotically, although, as we are told by its author, "this writing is from the consensus of intelligence in the breath," which we take to mean that it is inspired. Alas! it needed no inspiration, so far as we can judge. A mixture of Emerson, Swedenborg, Jacob Behmen, and the Socialism of the day, would have amply sufficed for its production, without being rapt to the third heaven or troubling the nether deeps. Mr. Harris we think a well-meaning enthusiast, but no genius. He is very much below Ram Dass, who had fire enough in his belly to burn up the world. When he utters a good thing, which he does from time to time, it is nearly always a reminiscence of some greater man. He may have become, for aught we know, a creature, as he says, "between the third and fourth dimension"; but we are humbly confident that he has seen no more of the "occult world" than his limited imagination and the study of Swedenborg have enabled him to guess at. He has visited neither heaven nor hell. His account of the planet Jupiter and its inhabitants we feel sure is what Swift would have called "a bite"; and as for the demons, male and female, of prehistoric ages, whose truly scandalous behaviour he touches with a light hand—why, the less we have to say to them the more for our honesty. Mr. Harris would do well to meditate upon that sober and profound dictum of Emerson's, that "the Holy Spirit does not deal in gossip."

But the prophet's modesty betrays him. Swedenborg, "the eye of the eighteenth century," foretold that somewhere in the second half of the nineteenth the New Jerusalem should descend upon earth, and, in American phrase, this time should come to stay. "It is a coincidence," remarks our mild Primate, "that in the first beginning of the latter half," *id est* about the year 1855, "at least one man of the planet" (meaning himself) "was opened to the divine-natural respiration; thereby led to a standpoint between the third and fourth dimension; and thereby opened to the direct presence of the Lord, and thence to the worlds of spirits, and to the heavens and hells that occultly encompassed mankind." If, as he goes on to say, there are now from seventy to eighty thousand members of the "Brotherhood of the New Life," all holding their breath against the corruptions of the nineteenth century, and looking up to Mr. Harris in an ecstasy of devotion, we grant that the coincidence is most remarkable. "Does the Empire of Imposture waver?" asks Cagliostro in his sham prophecy at the end of "The Diamond Necklace." No, it would appear, not for an instant. As long as man shall endure, so long will he pray to be taken in, deluded, led astray, and pleasantly assured of the thing that is not. Eighty thousand human beings, presumably educated, are willing to believe that a "guarded province of the Pacific coast," in California, United States, has, "during the last sixteen years of final struggle for the persistence and preservation of the germs of breath," afforded "the pivot-point on which the destinies of the planet are made to turn." Eighty thousand

brethren and sisters of the New Life look on themselves as the "initiation" of the millennial order. Every one of them opens his or her lungs in the way of breathing taught by Mr. Harris. Men and women alike worship a Deity in two sexes. They do battle with wizards, witches, larval apparitions, and infernal magnetism. They cast out devils, or believe that Mr. Harris does. Shall we borrow one of his aptest phrases, and call these things "the exhalations of pietism grown morbid"? But how to cure them? Burton, writing in the ferment of the sects before the Commonwealth, advises quaintly, "Now for prophets, dreamers, and such rude silly fellows that through fasting"—the Brethren of the New Life are vegetarians—"too much meditation, preciseness, or by melancholy, are distempered, the best means to reduce them *ad sanam mentem* is to alter their course of life, and with conference, threats, promises, persuasion, to intermix physic." Easily said, Master Burton! It is the old prescription, hellebore and Anticyra. But how if the Brethren decline our physic, and will have none of our persuasion? They love to be deluded, and Mr. Harris, having achieved the preliminary miracle of believing in himself, will never be at a loss for disciples.

The best preservative, after the grace of God, would seem to be a little learning, historical even more than scientific. But we speak with diffidence, feeling, as Bishop Butler did, that insanity is contagious, and may seize upon nations no less than individuals. "A mad, giddy company of precisians," again remarks Burton; and it is from the sectaries he was thus describing that our "Theo-Socialists," or New Fifth Monarchy men, are descended. They have multiplied exceedingly in America, where, as even Mr. Harris can tell us, "there is comparatively no class of leisure by which to think with deliberation of any vital problem." The one thing which our American cousins will not look at is the past. They cherish a proud contempt for history, and therefore, when the need of religious belief awakes in them, they fall an easy prey to mountebanks and charlatans. The "hard-shell" money-making Yankee is, when stripped of his shell by ghostly fear and frenzy, like a lobster which has cast its own, defenceless, and liable at any moment to be swallowed down the enemy's throat. His *naïveté* is the most singular thing about him. Mr. Harris feels it, and he talks magniloquently, in spread-eagle style, of "laws and facts" demonstrable in "the logic of pure reason." Of course he does not know that "pure reason," according to Kant, has nothing whatever to do with "facts." But neither will one in a thousand of his American readers. They hear a medley of big words and "theological polysyllables," which in their native innocence they mistake for knowledge. Little slips in science, in philology, and in other mundane matters, are no slips to them. The prophet has had thirty years' practice in the dialect. He is as great an orator as John B. Gough; and when he wants an argument or a piece of startling news he can get it from the "occult world." Nobody else has travelled that way except dead and gone Swedenborg, or the "mediumistic" retailers of fiction whom he has himself laid under a ban. He is very safe, therefore. But whenever the critic arrives who will dissect him and put him on his proper shelf in the Museum of Hallucinations, Mr. Harris will take his place by the side of Joanna Southcote, Joe Smith, and the other æolists who have preferred their private darkness to common daylight. The world-builders and Utopists of our time will appear no whit inferior to those of any former age when they have been duly catalogued. Among them, Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, though not equalling in gifts of mind such lofty spirits as Saint Simon, or in audacity of successful enterprise Brigham Young, will hold his own as the master of Laurence Oliphant, the recluse of Santa Rosa, and the hero of a drama which took for its scene, like some quaint mediæval mystery,



not only the earth, but heaven itself, and the outskirts of the latest Inferno. It has been an idyll and a romance, acted in the thick of modern life, yet as pure a piece of illusion as was ever seen.

### THE LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

LA FIN DU PAGANISME: ÉTUDE SUR LES DERNIÈRES LUTTES RELIGIEUSES EN OCCIDENT AU QUATRIÈME SIÈCLE. Par Gaston Boissier (de l'Académie Française). Paris: Hachette.

M. GASTON BOISSIER, whose works on the Roman religion and on other classical subjects have won for him a deserved reputation, deals in these two volumes with one of the most interesting, but also one of the largest and most difficult, questions which the history of antiquity presents—the gradual extinction of heathenism in the Western half of the Roman Empire, and the establishment of Christianity in its room as the dominant religion. Recognising its difficulty, and disclaiming the attempt to present a complete chronological view of the changes—social, literary, ethical, and economic, as well as political—which make up the process, he has adopted the plan of a series of connected studies rather than of a set history, and takes up in succession a number of events, or persons, or books, that illustrate various branches or aspects of the subject, and serve to show how the pagan and Christian elements in art and literature became fused into that shape in which the barbarian invasions found them. Thus he devotes much attention to the poets and orators of the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., and observes, with justice, in his preface, that the true way of profiting by what they have to tell us is, not to be content with detached citations, but to study each of them as a person and an author. Thus the book becomes, to some extent, a literary history, or rather a history for which literature, as literature and not merely as a record of facts, is made to supply the chief materials.

M. Boissier begins with the Emperor Constantine, his conversion, and his famous Edict of Toleration issued at Milan. He shows how soon, and under what influences, its wise and liberal principles were abandoned, and how the State, in little more than half a century from the end of the persecution of Diocletian, had begun to legislate against heathens as it had formerly legislated against Christians. It was not long till similar measures began to be applied first to Christian heretics, then to the schismatic Donatists of Africa; and in the latter case the interference of the civil power unfortunately received the approval of St. Augustine, whose deliverance on the subject was often quoted by the persecutors of later ages. A chapter is devoted to Julian's effort to turn back the current; and another shows how the policy of intolerance was finally settled by Theodosius. By that time the strength of heathenism had declined, the powerful families were deserting it, and it was only in the rural districts that the temple sacrifices remained popular. The harsh Edicts, therefore, which in the days of the sons of Constantine can scarcely have been put in force, could now be unsparingly applied; and under their application, public pagan worship soon vanished. That it retained some votaries till a far later time cannot be doubted; there are traces of it in Rome even in the days when Belisarius defended the city against the attacks of the Ostrogothic king, Witigis, in the middle of the sixth century. An instructive chapter is devoted to Roman Education, and to the way in which the Church accepted it and accommodated herself to it, just as Christian men of letters adopted the literary forms and phrases, and even to a great extent the ideas, of the classical poets. M. Boissier observes with truth that this, as it was perhaps inevitable, was also of extreme significance for the future development of Christianity. The Christian writers of the fourth century,

"faisaient ce qui s'étaient toujours fait et suivaient un exemple presque aussi ancien que le christianisme lui-même. De littérature

entièrement originale, et qu'il ait toute tirée de lui-même, le christianisme n'en a jamais eu. Il n'y a que les Évangiles et les Épîtres qui ne doivent rien à l'art grec; après, la source cesse d'être pure et se mêle d'affluents étrangers. Dans l'épître de saint Clément, le plus ancien des écrits chrétiens que nous ayons conservé après ceux des apôtres, l'influence de la rhétorique se fait déjà sentir; la façon dont il expose ses idées n'est plus celle de saint Paul, et l'on trouve chez lui de ces développements larges et réguliers comme en contiennent les discours des rhéteurs."

Interrupted by the barbarian invasions and all the changes they brought, this process of blending pagan and Christian literature, or rather of giving an ancient shape and colour to all new ideas that had to be expressed, was resumed in the days of the Renaissance:—

"En réalité le XIV<sup>e</sup> siècle a repris le travail brusquement interrompu par les barbares au V<sup>e</sup>. Sans doute, il l'a repris dans un esprit différent. À la fin de l'empire, le mélange se faisait au profit du christianisme; c'est l'élément ancien qui l'emporte mille ans plus tard; mais au fond la méthode et les procédés sont les mêmes, et l'on peut dire sans exagération que, du temps de Théodose, la Renaissance commençait."

The writers to whom M. Boissier devotes most space in the rest of the book are Tertullian, Symmachus, Minucius Felix, Prudentius, St. Paulinus of Nola, St. Augustine, Salvian, and Orosius; and the two subjects which he discusses most fully, besides that of Roman Education, are the attitude of pagan society to Christianity and the influence of Christianity on the fortunes of the declining Empire. He holds—and we think he is right in holding—that Gibbon has erred in ascribing to the new religion a substantial share in the diminution of population, in the decline of martial spirit, in the disposition to evade public duties and functions. The causes which produced these evils had been in operation before Christianity became a powerful factor. Nor is there any more reason to throw upon it the blame of a literary decadence. In many respects both thought and letters were in a more flourishing state when Alaric appeared before the Salarian gate than when Constantine crossed the Milvian bridge.

M. Boissier's book is interesting throughout, and has no less grace of style than justness of thought.

### AMONG THE ECUADORIAN ANDES.

TRAVEL AMONG THE GREAT ANDES OF THE EQUATOR. By Edward Whymper. With maps and illustrations. Supplementary Appendix, with contributions by various scientific specialists. Two volumes. London: John Murray.

It is a relief to meet with a masterly book of travel outside of Africa. South America has been strangely neglected since the earlier years of this century. The discovery of the New World almost coincided with Vasco da Gama's famous voyage around the coasts of Africa, when for the first time the contour of that continent was laid down with approximate accuracy. Had Columbus not run against the continent on the other side of the Atlantic, there can be little doubt that Africa would not have been doomed to the neglect which was her lot till within the memory of many of us. She was for more than three centuries regarded merely as a source of supply for slave labour for the American plantations. But she has had her revenge. During the last fifty years she has been the great field for exploring enterprise. In the early part of the century South America attracted great attention, especially from German explorers. For many years, however, only isolated naturalists have gathered her riches and traversed her magnificent waterways, and here and there an engineer has cut a line through the unknown. Between the routes, mostly covered by forests, remains an almost virgin field for the explorer; and if he is properly trained, he will reap an abundant harvest. But even in the coast regions there is much to be done yet ere our maps give a correct representation of their geography. This is evident from Mr. Whymper's long-expected book. To keep a narrative of African travel for twelve years before publication would have been a risky thing. The likelihood is that it would be forestalled, and its information grow stale. But there are few explorers

of the type of Mr. Whymper. His manifold qualifications are rarely found combined in one man; many others might have gone over the field of his explorations in the Andes of Ecuador and yet have left the bulk of his observations as fresh as they are now. For though it is twelve years since the expedition here recorded was accomplished, their results are comparatively small.

It would be a serious mistake to suppose that Mr. Whymper went to Ecuador simply to scale a few of the loftiest Andean summits in that primitive republic. It was necessary for his purpose that he should ascend to the highest altitude possible; but the memorable tragedy on the Matterhorn some thirty years ago seems to have deprived him of all ambition to be a mere conqueror of lofty peaks. Yet the reader in search of excitement and of stories of dangerous adventure will find his desire gratified in Mr. Whymper's narrative. True, the Andes of Ecuador are totally unlike the Alps or the Caucasus. To begin with, although they are much loftier, they are not nearly so dangerous. They are mainly a series of more or less isolated peaks rising from a lofty plateau, averaging in height some 9,000 feet. On Chimborazo and some of the other mountains it is possible to ride on donkey-back to a height of 16,000 feet, when the serious work of climbing begins. There are certainly great glaciers and snowfields, with gaping crevasses and hidden pitfalls for the unwary mountaineer. Avalanches of disintegrated rocks may threaten a party with destruction. The greatest skill and caution and surefootedness may occasionally be required in making the final escalade; while a sudden storm may blow you off the mountain altogether. Yet the dangers and difficulties are few compared with the Alps. Except in the greater altitudes none of the mountains ascended by Mr. Whymper presented risks more formidable than Monte Rosa or the Matterhorn.

Yet under the skilful pen, the clear descriptions, the dry humour of Mr. Whymper, his adventures among the virgin peaks of the Andes form attractive reading; for it must be remembered he had to find out his way for himself, and was baffled more than once before final success. The two ascents of Chimborazo (20,500 feet) and the scramble up the pyramidal crater of the volcano of Cotopaxi (20,000 feet) are perhaps among the most exciting adventures in the book. There is also much that is of interest in Mr. Whymper's observations on the Ecuadoreans, among all classes of whom he freely mixed. And here we may say that Mr. Whymper rigidly confines himself to his own observations; he has not the least taint of book-making about him.

But Mr. Whymper never lost sight of the great purpose for which he undertook the expedition to Ecuador. He chose Ecuador because political difficulties prevented his making use of the Himalayas, which he would have preferred, and the war between Chili and Peru rendered it inexpedient to attempt the higher Andes farther south. His object, then, was to investigate the physiological results of living and working at high altitudes. The effects on the human constitution of the rarefied air of lofty mountains are well known. Some persons are affected at comparatively moderate heights, even at 10,000 feet. Others, again, seem to escape on the loftiest of the Alps; while Mr. Freshfield and his companions ran a race on the Caucasus at a height of over 10,000 feet. In Asia, ascents have been made to over 20,000 feet, in one case with very distressing results. But careful and minute observation was much wanted, and this Mr. Whymper undertook. He was accompanied by two of the Carrel family—well-known Swiss guides. With very few halts, the party mounted directly from sea-level up Chimborazo to a height of over 16,000 feet. This was effected without any difficulty whatever. Yet about an hour after arrival the three Europeans were utterly prostrated, lying on their backs gasping for breath, and with the most distressing symptoms through their whole internal systems. Mr. Whymper

noted carefully what these symptoms were. After about three days they had so far recovered that a further ascent was begun. Still their pace was slow, and they had often to rest every few minutes. An almost irresistible desire to sit down possessed them, and their spirits were chronically depressed. But throughout their stay in Ecuador—and about a dozen of the loftiest peaks were ascended—the distressing symptoms never returned. Still they could never exert themselves at the higher altitudes as they could at moderate heights; though at Quito, about 10,000 feet high, Mr. Whymper walked his six miles at an average of 11 minutes 58 seconds a mile, as compared with 11 minutes 4 seconds a mile at Lillie Bridge. It is interesting to note that a Mr. Perring, whom he picked up in Ecuador, suffered no distress whatever, and was able to minister to the others while they were prostrated by "mountain sickness," as it is called. It seems, then, to be merely a question of acclimatisation. At the same time Mr. Whymper has serious doubts whether it will be possible for anyone to exert himself at heights greatly over 20,000 feet, so far as to be able to reach the highest summits on the earth's surface. But this is a point that can be decided only by actual experiment. From Mr. Whymper's own experience the rational conclusion seems to be that if the ascent is made gradually, and sufficient time spent at various stages to secure acclimatisation, there is no reason why Mount Everest itself should not be topped. Of course the rarer the air, the more difficult will active exertion become. It depends to a considerable extent on the constitution of the individual, and also upon his condition at the time. A variety of other conditions are involved; but to maintain that no one will ever be able to reach 30,000 feet above sea-level is against the weight of evidence. Perhaps when Mr. Conway and his party return from their expedition to the Himalayas the question will be finally solved. Mr. Whymper's own observations are a contribution of the first importance to a subject of very great scientific interest.

But his work in Ecuador was not confined to this point. One small volume, as well as a portion of the main narrative, is devoted to a series of highly important observations on the behaviour of the aneroid barometer at high altitudes. It is well known that the aneroid above a very moderate height is quite untrustworthy; but no one has ever made such careful and precise observations as Mr. Whymper. He had several aneroids as well as mercurial barometers with him, and his comparison of the results obtained from this test set is a contribution to science of scarcely less value than his observations on the effects of low pressure on the human frame.

Mr. Whymper is many-sided. His natural history collections would in themselves have rendered his expedition of high scientific value. The insects especially, which he collected in large numbers, have furnished many new forms, and enabled the late Mr. Bates to draw important conclusions as to the physical conditions which in the past have prevailed in this portion of the earth's surface. The biological conditions, so far as animal life is concerned, are very different here from those which prevail elsewhere; and the geological history of a large part of South America must have been very peculiar. With one exception, all the mountains ascended by Mr. Whymper are volcanic in origin: many, as has been said, form a lofty plateau. Cotopaxi is the only active volcano which he attempted, and he succeeded so far as to be able to look right down into its crater. The sides are so smooth and steep, that in order to pitch his tent on the cone, a niche had to be cut in the ashy slope.

But it is impossible within the scope of a short review to give any adequate idea of the results of this remarkable expedition. Mr. Whymper has materially altered the accepted geography of Ecuador; has for the first time correctly located several of its greatest mountains; and has actually discovered a mountain chain of considerable extent



lying between Chimborazo and the coast. The illustrations number 118, and, it need not be said, are masterly specimens of the dying art of wood-engraving. There are also four maps. In the supplementary volumes, devoted mainly to the entomological collections, there are 60 illustrations, in which every marking on the insects is rendered with the most delicate precision. No one can read these volumes, which Mr. Whympers has taken twelve years to prepare, without feeling that he well deserves the gold medal which the Royal Geographical Society has just awarded him.

### THE LOLLARDS OF MODERN PERSIA.

THE EPISODE OF THE BÂB, A Traveller's Narrative written to illustrate, edited in the original Persian, and translated into English, with an introduction and explanatory notes, by Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Persian to the University. Two vols. Cambridge: At the University Press.

ANQUETIL DU PERRON discovered the secrets of the Zoroastrian religion by going to Persia and living among the "guebres" as one of themselves. In much the same way, though at less pains and penalties, Mr. Edward Browne has succeeded in unravelling the mystery of the much-reviled and little-known followers of "the Bâb" by going amongst them and drawing out their hearts by the magical power of sympathy. His sympathy must have verged upon credulity sometimes, but no cynic or sceptic could have so penetrated into the intimacy and confidence of a persecuted people. To Mr. Browne's insight and tact is due the remarkable vindication of a misrepresented sect which is contained in the volume before us. He has done his work admirably, both as a scholar and as an observer. He has seen the down-trodden remnant of the Bâbis in their native Persia, and been admitted to the privileges of their prohibited meetings. He has made his way to the dignified retirement of the minority leader of the sect, at Famagusta, in Cyprus, and held long conversations with him; and he has visited the greater chief, whom the majority of the Bâbis regard with reverential worship, in his secluded retreat—the house called "Joy"—near Acre, where the mystical spirit which pervades the venerable prophet's surroundings descended upon the visitor and filled him with reverential awe. Finally, he has been entrusted with an authentic manuscript history of the sect, which he has edited and translated and annotated with a scrupulous care and reverence which do equal credit to his enthusiasm and his scholarship. We now know all that need be known about the followers of the prophet Bâb—indeed, more than any but professed students will care to pursue—and Mr. Browne may be honestly congratulated on the thoroughness with which he has set forth their history and their personality. He has made their leaders live for us.

The task was worth performing, for two reasons at least. It was imperative to vindicate a persecuted religious body from the unjust aspersions which had often been cast upon it; and it was important to portray clearly the character of a people upon whom, as many believe—though we do not share their belief—the future of perhaps the most hopeless of Asiatic kingdoms largely depends—in whom, in short, many see the only possible salvation of Persia. And in themselves the followers of the Bâb are an intensely interesting folk. No one can read Mr. Browne's narrative of his intercourse with the rival leaders at Famagusta and Acre without being impressed with the dignity and spiritual intensity of their life and converse. It is no wonder that the orthodox Shiites say that the Bâbis cast a magic spell over all who come within reach of their wiles; but the witchery is due to high thoughts and a purified life, quite as much as to the fascination of a mysterious secrecy and ascetic seclusion. The Bâbis in exile and persecution, it must be allowed, are a

different sort of people from what they were in their days of tumultuous agitation. When a young man of twenty-five came forward in 1844 and declared himself the Bâb or "Gate"—"the channel of grace from some great Person still behind the veil of glory, who was the possessor of countless and boundless perfections, by whose will he moved, and to the bond of whose love he clung"—his appearance was the signal for an outbreak of fanatical enthusiasm which carries one's thoughts back to the early days of Islam. The new sectaries, prepared by Shiite teaching for the advent of a Messiah—a Mahdi—flocked to the support of the new prophet, although he professed to be no more than the forerunner of "Him whom God shall manifest," the John Baptist of the coming Christ; and popular zeal, once aroused, led to excesses which are now generally deplored. The Bâbis, disowned and persecuted by Shiite Moslems, and perhaps driven to self-defence, entered upon a course of armed rebellion, accompanied by acts of reprisal inconsistent with their humane and charitable faith. Weak in numbers, their revolt could only end in one way. Their insane attempt upon the Shah's life in 1852, whether the act of a few rash fanatics, or authorised by their chiefs (for the question is not conclusively settled, in spite of Mr. Browne's arguments), was the culminating point in a series of seditious movements, and was followed by a course of severe and often diabolically cruel punishment.

By the rebellion of Zenjân and the plot against the Shah the Bâbis have earned the reputation of Anarchists, and have been viewed in much the same light as the Russian Nihilists by rigid upholders of law and order, whilst their apologists, and those who looked more at the ingenious cruelty of the persecution than at the undoubted provocation, have been branded as sentimentalists. As usual, the truth lies in the middle, and the Bâbis themselves now recognise the error of their early outbreaks, and make as little as may be of the excessive severity of the retribution which overtook them. The proof of their change of sentiment, or policy, is seen in the fact that for forty years they have never raised a hand against the Shah's government (whatever they have done against their rival schismatics), and their present attitude is one of marked conciliation towards the powers that be. This is largely due to the efforts of Behâ-Allah, a companion of the Bâb, who in 1867 boldly announced that he was himself the expected Messiah, "He whom God shall manifest," and forthwith received the adhesion of the majority of the sect; and who is still the object of their devout adoration in his house of "Joy" at Acre. Behâ laboured to keep his followers' minds fixed on the spiritual character of their religion, and to convince the Government that the Bâbis were not a political party: "so that (as 'the Traveller' says) it became clear even to statesmen that the fundamental intentions and ideas of this sect were things spiritual, and such as are connected with pure hearts; that their true and essential principles were to reform the morals and beautify the conduct of the human race, and that with things material they had absolutely no concern." "O people of the world," wrote Behâ, "ye are all the fruit of one tree, and leaves of one branch. Walk with perfect charity, concord, affection, and agreement. I swear by the Sun of Truth, the light of agreement shall brighten and illumine the horizons. . . . This is the intention of the King of intentions, and this is the hope of the Lord of hopes. . . . The language of kindness is the loadstone of hearts and the food of souls." By such words, and by constant inculcation of the principles of universal peace and charity and the brotherhood of all mankind, Behâ has made his people the tolerant, law-abiding folk of whom we read in Mr. Browne's impressive history.

Enough has been said to show the value and interest of his work; but it is impossible to do justice to the many lifelike portraits of the leaders of the religion which are scattered through his

pages. That extraordinary prophetess, Kurrat-al-'Ayn, whose eloquence and learning and devotion thrilled all Persia, and whose martyrdom is an ineffaceable stain upon her persecutors, would by herself justify the enthusiasm which animates the historian of her sect. In her and in many of her co-religionists we see the stuff of which the early Christian martyrs were fashioned. In the founders of Bábism the student of religious thought may realise that in this nineteenth century the old spirit which produced Albigenses, Hussites, Huguenots, and Covenanters, is still fervently alive, though in the followers of the Báb it has happily been tempered and disciplined by time and wise guidance till it is fit, perhaps, to fill an important place in the religious future of the East.

#### MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

A DREAM OF OTHER DAYS. By Lieut.-Colonel Fife-Cookson. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

CLASSICAL POEMS. By William Entrekin Baily. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

POEMS. By William Charles Scully. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE BALLAD OF PITY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Gascoigne Mackie. Bristol: J. W. Atrowsmith.

POEMS OF GUSTAVO ADOLFO BECQUER. Translated by Mason Carnes. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

MIDNIGHT MADNESS. By Walter Hubbell. Chicago: The Bingham Publishing Company.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE; AND OTHER WORKS. By Thomas Latter. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THE lover of Mademoiselle de Maupin admired very much those poets who could write a hundred verses on end without making a single erasure and without once appealing to the ceiling. He envied with all his heart their charming intrepidity and the happy blindness which hindered them from perceiving even their most palpable faults. Sometimes he did not admire their productions. We should say that Colonel Fife-Cookson never looks at the ceiling. His "Dream of Other Days" goes unflinchingly on, with a perfect command of outworn rhymes, including "balm" and "charm;" and a gallant use of new ones, such as "urn," "myrrh," and "jars," "vase," to be found in the thirteenth verse of Canto III. Colonel Fife-Cookson is inclined to take some pride in the metrical arrangement of the stanza in which his romance of India is written; he should rather rest his reputation for originality on the invention of these rhymes: desperate poets have before now employed assonance where rhymes failed them; it remained for Colonel Fife-Cookson to lead the poetical forlorn hope by an easier way.

The preface to Mr. William Entrekin Baily's book is as remarkable as the "Classical Poems" themselves. It is written to explain "the conditions by which the essential number of the poems has been produced," and to defend their didactic import. In a strange American dialect, consisting not at all in changed spelling, but somewhat in the use of words, and chiefly in the outlandish way of thinking, Mr. Baily proves to his own satisfaction that "in a true poem some essential fact of life, the soul of the piece, reveals itself in a unity of details, the fact losing itself apparently in the details at times, but" that "in its impression as a whole, it is effective in inducing a frame of mind in the reader more favourable to its cause than in a single vigorous disclosure of itself." The illumination here is not dazzling; but we turn to the poems, still hopeful. Most of them are unrhymed. The simple beginning of "The Recluse" promises well, and is, with occasional obscurity, fairly intelligible to the end. In half a dozen others, however, the jargon begins at once, and so we give the rhyme a trial.

"Horace, thou scribe of yore!—what wisdom taught  
Thy methods slow!—how well at times indeed  
Couldst thou passions console unduly fraught  
With yearnings false for fickle Fortune's meed!  
Although of pagan creed, yet was thy mind  
Accordant with the truth as then defined."

Another trial—

"Let beguiling butterflies  
(Each with colour bright  
Like a spangled sprite)  
Ramble 'mong non-seeming entities;  
And the lords of maiden roses, bees,  
Lull their loves to sleep with more than human ease."

It is clear that Mr. Baily has not learned Horace's "methods slow"; he writes with "more than human ease," and does not study the ceiling sufficiently.

Mr. William Charles Scully is also rather wanting in respect for the ceiling. He never permits any resistance to the flow of his verse. Now it is the surmounting of difficulties that makes a stream's song sweet and varied; still there is much beauty in a limpid, unbroken current, and that is the main quality of Mr. Scully's longer pieces. The local colour in the South African poems gives them a special interest—one of them, "The Witch-Doctor," possessing much vigour. But it is in such fanciful poems as "The Somnambulist" and in his songs that Mr. Scully's real merit and kinship with Shelley appear. "A Song of Morning," "Lift up thine Eyes," and "Love, Let us Forth," are true lyrics, sweetly tuned to the emotions they express.

"The Ballad of Pity" is not by any means the best thing in Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's book, nor are his more imaginative pieces, though often striking, equal to a few semi-satirical productions which are distinguished by some of the best qualities that go to make good verse. "Rural Life in England," "The Lady Isabel," and "A Factory Hand," have been studied in life as well as in the ceiling, and treat strongly and plainly some of the social evils of the day. Mr. Mackie would be well advised to follow Browning's manner less, and to stick to the ceiling; even in a semi-serious poem he should not have rhymed "sofa" and "Ophir."

Gustavo Adolfo Becquer has been compared frequently with Heine and De Musset. His "Rimas" have this in common with Heine's "Intermezzo," that they may be regarded as a series of poems, embodying the joys, the sufferings, and the aspirations in a poet's life. The translation, which seems to be admirable, reads in many parts like original work. Mr. Mason Carnes, the translator, writes an introduction, giving an account of Becquer's sad, brief career. There is not much modern Spanish poetry rendered into English. Apart from its high quality, this book will doubtless appeal to the English reader as a specimen of what is so little known.

An advertisement tells us that Mr. Walter Hubbell's "Midnight Madness" is "a new book by a great author," and "a sure seller." Understanding "seller" in the sense of one who sells, we advise the reader to have nothing to do with Mr. Walter Hubbell; the fate of Jockey of Norfolk's master awaits the overbold who deals with the author of "Midnight Madness." It is stupid and pretentious, and sometimes unintentionally comical.

"Man has the nature of every beast,  
The horse and the cow and the cat;  
He's like the lion, dog, and bear,  
The beaver, the mouse, the rat.  
He's like the tiger, the stag, the skunk,  
The hog and the elephant too;  
He has some traits of every brute,  
Yes, even the kangaroo.  
Go, read the natural hist'ry through,  
And it will prove what I have said."

Such are "the wildly fantastic and often visionary thoughts," which, says Mr. Hubbell, "my weird imagination" weaves into verse. Happily Mr. Hubbell is not really mad, but only impudent.

Mr. Thomas Latter's "The Power of Conscience; or, The Monopolist and Other Works," is an extraordinary book. The author must at one time have read Crabbe, and, unconsciously imitating, has, in a measure, reproduced the style of his model, often, it must be confessed, emphasising the faults. Many curious things are to be found in the longer works, and some well-turned verses in the miscellaneous pieces. "Incidents of a Life," a prose collection at the end of the volume, contains some interesting matter, and will repay perusal.



## FICTION.

1. A COVENANT WITH THE DEAD. By Clara Lemore. Three vols. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.
2. "LA BELLA," AND OTHERS. By Egerton Castle. One vol. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.

IN "A Covenant with the Dead" the cleverness is very much greater than the charm. The plot is intricate, yet never obscure; it is so well arranged that the second volume is more interesting than the first, and the third more interesting than the second. The author has a secret, and keeps it well; one is baffled continually, without being irritated, until the enlightenment comes. These are not small merits; a story of this kind is, as a rule, a bungling business, with a transparent mystery and unskilful construction, and "A Covenant with the Dead" has no such faults; but it does not seem to us to possess charm. One never pauses, as one reads it, to note the expression of a thought, unexpressed before and yet familiar, new in a book and old in one's mind—almost the most delightful adventure that can happen to an appreciative reader. No character in the book is at once distinct and lovable; we are not brought near to the people of the story; there seems to be an impassable row of footlights between them and us; they are well made-up, and we never forget it. There is no sentence in the novel that will have its place in one's memory, and cries out for quotation. There is none of those many trifles which, now and again, make one quite certain that an author has a proper sense of values, and loves intensely the best things. It is very difficult to define charm, but it is perfectly easy to note some of the ways in which it shows itself. "A Covenant with the Dead" might be compared, perhaps, with a little story, "Green Tea," which recently appeared in the "Pseudonym Library." "A Covenant with the Dead" is clever, but not charming. "Green Tea" was by no means clever; it contained blunders which no experienced novelist would have made. But it had charm; a scrap of dialogue or a choice of detail might be noted on any of its pages in evidence of it. "Green Tea" was the work of an imperfect artist; "A Covenant with the Dead" is a novel by a competent writer. It is not necessary to give here a sketch of the intricate plot; it is a puzzle. Puzzle-novels are of two kinds—in one you hunt the murderer, and in the other you hunt the lawful heir. In this particular novel you, in company with several of the characters in the story, hunt the lawful heir. The story is less melodramatic and more original than might have been expected. The sketch of Clement Borthwicke is rather amusing, and perhaps the best thing in the book. Curiously enough, the men in this story are better drawn than the women.

Mr. Egerton Castle's collection of short stories would seem to show that he is better in conception than in execution. Many of them seem to be well imagined, to contain scenes that might have been intensely dramatic, and characters that might have stayed for a while in one's memory, as new and luminous figures. But there is something unfortunate in the manner, something frigid and unsympathetic, which greatly detracts from the merits of the collection. Where a strong scene is written, Mr. Egerton Castle frequently seems to lose confidence in himself, and either over-writes or hesitates. He has ideas and, we should imagine, great potentialities; there are things in this book which come near to being very good, but there are more which have been quite spoilt.

The stories are divided into groups; the first of them, dealing with Mr. Egerton Castle's favourite art, "La Bella," suffers rather from unhappy memories. There are two brothers who are poor and proud; only one of them can go out at once, because they only possess one suit of outdoor clothes. It was Miss Wilkins who used so successfully this pathetic limitation of the wardrobe. The two

brothers, who had previously been on the most affectionate terms, become rivals. A mimic combat is converted into reality, and one kills the other. The withdrawal of the other to a Carthusian monastery concludes a story which has taken much from the common stock, and invested it with very little that is distinct and individual. In the second group one must say a word for "The 'Son of Chaos.'" It is wild; it would probably make a scientist smile; but it is undeniably effective. The quaint little Japanese wife and her scientific Scotch husband are a striking pair, and the experiment which Brodie conducts is sufficiently horrible. Here, too, the main idea of the story has, of course, been used before, but in this case the use is justified by much that is artistic and original in the treatment. In the third group, "A Paragraph in the *Globe*," is the most dramatic story in the book, and, we think, the strongest. It is strong in its situations, and especially strong in the delineation of one character, a woman. The volume concludes with a short story by Mrs. Castle, which is pretty and rather poetical. Mr. Egerton Castle is always readable; he never tells a story unless he has a story to tell; but although he is by no means without experience, his work seems to be chiefly valuable for its promise. Mr. Castle might be said, perhaps, to be the literary converse of Mr. Henry James, whose execution is always better than his conception, just as his fulfilment is always better than his promise.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE—MAINLY FOR FOREIGNERS.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. By Dr. A. Schäffle. With a Preface by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. (Social Science Series. Double Volume.)

THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN ENGLAND IN 1844. By Frederick Engels. (Same publishers and size.)

WHATEVER Dr. Schäffle writes is no doubt worthy of attention, but the series of letters before us is hardly adapted to English readers—as, indeed, the Preface admits. "When you come to practice," said a well-known Fabian to the writer of this notice, "Socialism, after all, reduces itself to municipalising the waterworks." Dr. Schäffle, however, attacks (*inter alia*) free love (and here we remember Mr. Belfort Bax's attitude to the *bourgeois* institution of marriage in another volume of the series) and the Materialistic Atheism which is often only the swearing at large which expresses the general and justifiable discontent of which German Socialism is the outcome. But German Socialism is, after all, an exotic with us, and English economists will do well to take the advice once given to his English brethren by a very eminent German classical scholar: "Don't translate our books; write your own." Being what it is—a work suited for Germans only—the book is interesting enough, and well translated. It is a pity to use the term Positivism in a sense quite different from its accepted meaning, Comtism. This "Positivism," or "Positive Social Reform," by which Prof. Schäffle hopes to combat German Social Democracy, includes Boards of Conciliation and a sliding scale of wages, the identical introduction of an eight hours' day by general agreement among civilised nations, extended legal protection of labour, and the preservation of the peasantry, without which, he maintains, a modern state would hardly be manageable. On the whole, it strikes us as very much like English advanced Liberalism. Concealed in the latter part of the book there will be found some interesting matter relating to the position of the agricultural classes in Germany.

Mr. Frederick Engels, the well known Socialist thinker, prefixes an explanatory preface to the work of his youth, which, substantially, is as follows: England at present is far beyond the stage herein described. As commercialism develops, a better moral standard is introduced, simply to save time and trouble. The truck system, adulteration of food, and other tricks of trade, belong to an epoch which England has now left behind. Not so other countries; the United States for instance. The descriptions given in the book might still be applied to the working classes there or on the Continent. At present, England is approaching the stage when the supply of new markets will stop and no further expansion of her trade will be possible. Then will come the chance of English socialism. Of drawing-room Socialism, indeed, the author does not think much; but he looks hopefully to the changes in the East End and the new Unionism—though he admits that its leaders have made grave mistakes. For his own errors and prophecies in this book, now nearly forty years old, he apologises good-humouredly. Those who disagree with him may read the book with pleasure, and measure by its help the progress made in living between 1844 and 1892.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

THERE are plenty of wild birds even yet "Within an Hour of London Town," and "A Son of the Marshes" is well acquainted with their leafy haunts. The woodlands of Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire and the marsh-lands of Kent form the happy hunting-ground of the genial and enthusiastic student of nature who is responsible for this book. He knows the most sequestered parts of the southern counties, and is as clever in making his way across country as Reynard himself. He is familiar with the nooks and corners of woodland and dale and with the summer and winter aspects of moor and stream. Beyond this, he is an accurate and skilled observer, and his love of the birds, though never paraded, makes itself felt, by hints and allusions, on almost every page. Occasionally the peasantry, with their quaint traditions and simple kindness, figure in the unconventional record; but, after all, the charm of the volume consists in its minute descriptions of the haunts and habits of the starling, the plover, the blackbird, the thrush, the woodpecker, and a score or so more of our feathered friends.

Canon Knox Little has often spent his vacations on board the yacht of a friend, and in this delightful way he has visited many historic places along the shores of the Mediterranean. "Sketches in Sunshine and Storm" is one of the literary results of his travels, and all who have listened in recent years to perhaps the most eloquent and impassioned pulpit orator amongst the clergy of the Church of England will doubtless recall many other glowing word-pictures gathered by the preacher in the course of his wanderings by land and sea. These descriptive papers are concerned with Algiers, Italy, and the holy places of Palestine. They are written in a rhetorical strain, and the sentiment which pervades them strikes us as being at times somewhat forced, while the moralising tendencies of the writer might certainly have been curbed with advantage. On the other hand, Canon Knox Little possesses to a certain extent what Dean Stanley was accustomed to term historical imagination, and this circumstance enables him to conjure up the great associations of the past, and to throw around his pictures of famous places something of the light of other days. Unfortunately, the ecclesiastical, as apart from the spiritual, convictions of the writer obtrude themselves too often upon the printed page, and this fact renders an otherwise attractive record of travel rather irritating reading to those who do not agree with Mr. Knox Little's interpretation of the controversies which have marked the progress of the Christian Church. Perhaps it may be as well to give our readers a taste of the quality of the book, and for that purpose we turn to the description of Orvieto, one of the most renowned, as well as one of the most characteristic, of the smaller cities of Italy. The little city is built upon a cliff which overlooks a wide expanse of vine-clad plain:—"Entering its mediæval gate, we feel ourselves at once in a fortress of the Middle Ages. There are dim, narrow streets, and tall towers which once may have worn an air of menace, but have now an aspect monumental and melancholy. Here and there, bearing their part in ordinary life, are some decorated walls of a palace of the Middle Ages, sometimes with cross-keys and tiara recalling the refuge of a Pope in flight from his foes. The city does not seem populous. Grass grows between the stones and traffic of any sort there cannot be said to be." Mr. Knox Little declares that he found the people of Orvieto kindly and courteous, but solemn and dignified. He stayed at a spacious, rambling old inn which bore all the marks of having known better days. It proved to be an ancient palace, and one from which, we need scarcely say, the glory had departed. In the dreamy streets of Orvieto there are several such buildings, "grim and stately, giving that temper of departed greatness to the little city which marks it at every step." This book is sure to prove welcome to the many friends of the distinguished preacher whose experiences it recounts.

Scarcely a year ago Mrs. Fawcett edited an edition of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women," and, therefore, we are inclined to think that Mrs. Pennell has produced a quite superfluous volume. This latest edition of poor Mary Wollstonecraft's once famous book can hardly be described

as an improvement on its immediate predecessor, and the "Scott Library" makes, in consequence, a poor start with a fresh reprint of a treatise which is already in the hands of most people who are at all interested in the subject. Mrs. Pennell admits that the faults of Mary Wollstonecraft's book assert themselves on almost every page: that her style is turgid, and rhetorical rather than speculative; but she is right in claiming that the work, with all its faults, possesses unusual power, and has the stamp of sincerity upon it. We doubt, however, whether Mrs. Fawcett or Mrs. Pennell, or both combined, will do more than awaken a languid degree of public interest in a book which is hardly likely at this time of day to renew its vogue.

Early in the reign of William and Mary, John Dunton, an eccentric bookseller, started *The Athenian Mercury*, a journal which at once hit the public taste, and was the forerunner of all modern newspapers which deal largely in answers to correspondents. It was a single folio sheet, printed on both sides, and amongst its contributors was Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of Methodism. The paper took the town by storm, or, at all events, that part of the town which was represented by the shopkeepers of the period, and all who had questions to propound or doubts to solve seem quickly to have responded to the editor's invitation to "send their questions by a penny post letter to Mr. Smith at his coffee-house in Stocks Market in the Poultry," and thus in due time *The Athenian Mercury* became more and more a mirror of the times. Afterwards, in the reign of George II., the cream of the then long-defunct journal was printed in four volumes as *The Athenian Oracle*, and now, in a handy little volume of two hundred and sixty pages, Mr. John Underhill gives the present generation the cream of the cream. He says with truth that, if science did not exactly flourish in the eighteenth century, superstition was everywhere rife, and proof of this assertion abounds in many quaint and detailed statements about witchcraft, apparitions, and nonsense of a similar kind. Love, courtship, and marriage are responsible for many questions, and the unconscious self-revelation of the mysterious correspondents of the paper is often droll. Religious problems fill one section of the book, and if they do nothing else they at least reveal how far the grounds of controversy have shifted since Dunton's time. Mr. Underhill has made his selections with care, and he has enriched the little book with an interesting preface, in which the connection between journalism and literature from the Restoration to the period of Addison and Steele is indicated. The book reflects the manners and customs, the prejudices and virtues, the vanity, the honesty, the superstition, and the self-respect of the citizen class—the quiet, decorous tradesman, who held aloof from the follies of the town and knew little of fashionable life and nothing of the Court. It is the shopkeepers and their assistants who talk for the most part in these diverting pages, and all students of men and manners will do well to listen.

"A Tramp to Brighton" scarcely describes the characteristics of Dr. E. S. Kennedy's vigorous and unconventional pamphlet. Nearly half of the little book is concerned with studies of the shady side of humanity, as it presented itself in the poorest districts of London five-and-thirty years ago, and, therefore, we need scarcely say long before "Amateur Casuals" startled the world with their social revelations. Dr. Kennedy, accompanied by a friend, determined to make himself acquainted with the thieves' quarters of the town. He had some odd experiences, and he recounts them with sympathy and skill. Afterwards the two friends duly tramped leisurely to Brighton in a guise which would certainly have startled their friends. On the road they met with some odd adventures, and they seem to have enlivened the way by the frank discussion of some of the deepest problems of faith and morals. Altogether, the book is a curious medley, but there is no lack of thought and suggestiveness in the moralisings and speculations which abound in its closing pages.

## NOTICE.

—o—

## EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	...	...	...	...	...	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	...	...	...	...	...	14s.
Quarterly	...	...	...	...	...	7s.

\* WITHIN AN HOUR OF LONDON TOWN: AMONG WILD BIRDS AND THEIR HAUNTS. By A Son of the Marshes. Edited by J. A. Owen. London: William Blackwood & Sons. Crown 8vo.

SKETCHES IN SUNSHINE AND STORM. A Collection of Miscellaneous Essays and Notes on Travel. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. By Mary Wollstonecraft. With an Introduction by Elizabeth R. Pennell. ("The Scott Library.") London: Walter Scott. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

THE ATHENIAN ORACLE. A Selection. Edited by John Underhill. With a Prefatory Letter from Walter Besant. ("The Scott Library.") London: Walter Scott. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

A TRAMP TO BRIGHTON. By E. S. Kennedy, M.A., Ph.D., Editor of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers." London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s.)



# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT quoted with great effect at the Hôtel Métropole on Tuesday SIR HENRY JAMES'S indictment of the treason which seeks to stir up a rebellion in Ulster against the authority of an Irish Parliament. What SIR HENRY JAMES said six years ago is even more apt now, when even the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE does not hesitate to suggest that the Ulster Presbyterians ought to take a course which would be nothing but flat disloyalty. Some of the Unionist party try to show that under Home Rule, Ulster would owe no allegiance to the Crown, and would therefore be entitled to resist the decrees of a Dublin Legislature. This is Separatism with a vengeance. Such a resistance, as SIR HENRY JAMES pointed out, would set the Crown at defiance, and as the *Times* chooses to think differently, it had better employ a constitutional lawyer to save it from sedition.

THE abuse heaped upon MR. HALDANE'S head for his temerity in suggesting that the unearned increment ought to be the property of the community recalls the tirades against the principle of "betterment." When it was proposed that people who benefited specially by public improvements should be specially mulcted for them, there was a wild shriek from the champions of property. This demonstration was renewed on Wednesday in an even shriller key. MR. BAUMANN said that MR. HALDANE'S proposal was worthy of a Hindoo, Hindostan being in MR. BAUMANN'S opinion the customary field for Radical experiments; and MR. RITCHIE lost his wonted equanimity in superlatives of horror. That a landowner should profit by the growth of a town is a cardinal axiom of Toryism, and that his fellow citizens should purchase his interest compulsorily for the general benefit is the worst excess of social revolution and robbery. The public will probably consider the question as time goes on with less heat than animates MR. BAUMANN'S researches amongst the Hindoos, and with a growing conviction that the unearned increment, at all events, should be withdrawn from private ownership.

SINCE JOHN STUART MILL first propounded the doctrine of unearned increment, it has been constantly asked, "But why treat land differently from other property, since there is obviously an unearned increment on both?" But the reasons for the difference of treatment are plain enough. In the first place, as Mr. Asquith pointed out on Wednesday, there is not that free competition between landlords that usually takes place between industrial undertakings; and there cannot be, because land is strictly limited in amount. Secondly, it is not to the advantage of society generally that land should be held for a rise in its value. Indeed, it is to the existence of this practice among speculators in America that MR. HENRY GEORGE'S theory owes its origin. But it is, broadly speaking, to the advantage of society that capital should be induced to flow into undertakings in which the prospects of a return are somewhat speculative and remote. Capitalists would hardly finance railways or harbours, especially in new countries, were it not for the deferred shares, which represent a contingent and remotely future value; capital would not be

put into mines and industrial companies unless the shares could be bought and sold—and they are bought largely on the chance of a stroke of luck, which may, of course, be due to the mistakes of other buyers, or to other accidents, quite as much as to the merits of the management. Unearned increment of land no doubt has its share in these strokes of luck, but it is only one of a multitude of conditions. Were the mere ground landlord—*quà* landlord—as essential to the development of his land as the railway contractor or the exploration company is to the progress of Argentina or Mexico, there would be an excellent reason against taxing the unearned increment. The general good of society may demand in his case what it forbids in the case of the investor of capital.

THE contest in North Hackney will very likely be the last before the Dissolution, yet it is being carried on with as much vigour as if it were part of the General Election. A Liberal victory is quite possible—if only because there are now 10,500 voters on the register, while the total poll in 1886 was under 5,200—but it can only be secured by the most energetic efforts on the part of every Liberal who can spare the time to work among the new voters. MR. MEATES is a sound Liberal, who adopts the "London programme," while the Tory candidate, MR. BOUSFIELD, who seems to have been selected only after some difficulty between the local Conservative Association and the Primrose League, goes as near—in his professions of faith—to advanced Liberalism as he can. He would like to reconsider the Poor Laws, to make the landlords pay a share of the rates, to revise the incidence of taxation, and to make income from investments contribute to the revenue more heavily than earnings. As a member of "the advanced wing of the Constitutional Party," he desires to promote "social reforms rather than constitutional changes." That is, he wishes to effect his objects with legislative machinery that is already greatly overburdened and wholly inadequate to its tasks. However, when next his party returns to power, the less advanced section of it will probably take good care that his aspirations after social reform and Radical measures shall remain without effect.

FOR Eastbourne, at any rate, a Select Committee of the House of Commons has made an end of exceptional legislation. The preamble of the Bill to repeal the obnoxious clause in the local Act which has occasioned the Salvation Army disturbances was declared proved on Tuesday. The municipal authorities have now nearly four months in which to frame reasonable bye-laws under the Municipal Act of 1882, such as that which has put an end to similar disturbances at St. Albans. The result, of course, is regarded in some quarters as the triumph of lawlessness, and we are reminded that there is still a House of Lords. Really, of course, it is the triumph of constitutional right and reasonable compromise over exceptional legislation backed by the forces of disorder as well as the power of the local authority.

THE incomplete and inconclusive report of LORD WANTAGE'S Committee has been followed up by a War Office paper giving estimates of the cost of the